

766

THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

---

VOL. XXIII.

PUBLISHED IN  
*SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1847.*



LONDON:  
THOMAS RICHARDSON AND SON,  
172, FLEET STREET; 9, CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN; AND DERBY.  
J. MARSHALL, EDINBURGH—HUGH MARGEY, GLASGOW.  
NEW YORK: EDWARD DUNIGAN, 151, FULTON STREET.  
A PARIS: 9, RUE DU COQ, NEAR THE LOUVRE, STASSIN AND XAVIER.

---

1847.





# CONTENTS

OF

No. XLV.

ART.	PAGE
I.—The Sieges of Vienna by the Turks. From the German of Karl August Schimmer, and other sources. By the EARL OF ELLESMERE. 8vo. Murray, London: 1847. ... ..	1
II.—Die Psalmen Erläutert.—The Psalms Explained. By JOSEPH HANDSCHUH, Director of the Archiepiscopal College, Vienna. Five Vols. small 8vo. Franz Wimmer: Vienna, 1839-44. ... ..	27
III.—Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries, with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c. By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. With Illustrations. Murray: London, 1847. ... ..	59
IV.—Travels in Central America, being a Journal of nearly Three Years' Residence in the Country; together with a Sketch of the History of the Republic, and an Account of its Climate, Productions, Commerce, &c. By ROBERT GLASGOW DUNLOR, Esq. London, Longman, 1847. ... ..	78
V.—The Early Jesuit Missions in North America. Compiled and Translated from the Letters of the French Jesuits, with Notes. By the Rev. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, M. A., Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society. London: Wiley and Co., 1847. ... ..	89
VI.—A Scholastical History of the Canon of Holy Scripture, or the Certain and Indubitate Books thereof, as they are received in the Church of England. By JOHN COSIN, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Durham: Collected Works, New Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Reprinted from 4to. Ed., 1672. Talboys: Oxford, 1843-5. ...	104
VII.—The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome, and Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. Book 1st.—Actions of St. Philip from his birth till he went to live at Santa Maria in Vallicella. London, Dublin, and, Derby: Thomas Richardson and Son, 1847. ... ..	124

# CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE
VIII.—The Constitution of the Church of the Future. By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D. P. L., D. C. L. Translated from the German under the superintendence of, and with additions by, the Author. Longman : London, 1847. ... ..	132
IX.—La Lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, jugée d'après l'écriture, la tradition, et la saine raison. Ouvrage dirigé contre les principes, les tendances, et les défenseurs les plus récents des Sociétés Bibliques, comprenant un histoire critique du canon des livres Saints, du vieux Testament, des versions protestantes de la Bible, et des missions protestantes parmi les païens. Suivi des documents relatifs à la lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, émanés du Saint Siège depuis Innocent III. à Grégoire XVI. Par J. B. MALOU, Professor of Theology in the University of Louvain, &c., &c. J. Fonteyn: Louvain, 1846. ... ..	145
X.—1. Ellen Middleton. A Tale. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 3 vols. 8vo. London : Moxon, 1844.	
2. Grantley Manor. A Tale. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON, Author of "Ellen Middleton." 3 vols. 8vo. London : Moxon, 1847.	
3.—Amy Herbert. By a Lady. Edited by Rev. W. SEWELL, B. D. 4th Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. London : Longmans, 1847.	
4.—Gertrude. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." 3rd Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London : Longmans, 1846.	
5.—Laneton Parsonage. A Tale for Children. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. 3rd Edition. London : Longmans, 1847. ... ..	178
XI.—1. The Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the Time of George III. By LORD BROUGHAM, &c. "Dr. Johnson." Charles Knight and Co., London.	
2. The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL. 8vo. Burns : London, 1847. ...	203
XII.—The Constitutional History of the University of Dublin, with some Account of its present Condition and suggestions for Improvement. By DENIS CAULDFIELD HERON, A.B. 8vo. Dublin : Mc'Glashan, 1847. ...	228
XIII.—The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary : A Selection of Poetry arranged in accordance with the Prayers and Meditations of the Rosary. By a Member of the Sodality of the Living Rosary. Thomas Richardson and Son : London, Dublin, and Derby, 1847. ...	251
Notices of Books. ... ..	257

THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

---

ART. I.—*The Sieges of Vienna by the Turks.* From the German of Karl August Schimmer, and other sources. By the EARL OF ELLESMERE. 8vo. Murray, London: 1847.

“**I** SOUGHT to take Rhodes and to subdue Italy,” was the significant epitaph inscribed, at his own desire, upon the tomb of Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople. From the fall of the capital of the Greek empire, the arms of this enterprising warrior had never ceased to point towards the west. Imbued with the true spirit of Mahomedan propagandism, and yielding in ambition and enterprise to no chief since the days of Caliph Omar himself, he had aspired to the glory of founding a western empire not inferior in extent and importance to the vast realm which he had received from his father Amurat; and even cherished the hope of fixing upon the summit of the Mother-Church of Christendom, in the city of St. Peter himself, the victorious crescent, which already gleamed upon the time-honoured dome of St. Sophia. The numberless expeditions which he undertook for the purpose—the unexampled armaments which he equipped—the two hundred cities and towns which he wrested from the christians—may be taken as evidence of the strength and earnestness of his resolve; and the inscription which he caused to be placed upon his tomb, contained, as it were, his last testament, and bequeathed to his successors, as their most sacred inheritance, the great duty of extending and carrying the vast scheme of universal conquest, in the execution of which he had been arrested by death.

Nor were they unmindful of the inheritance thus transmitted. From his death in 1481, the Turkish arms continued with varying success, to advance westwards. Mahomet's immediate successors, Bajazet II., and Selim I., it is true, were too much engaged in domestic wars, or in schemes of conquest nearer home, to secure any very important advantages over the christian powers of Europe; but the third in succession, the celebrated Soliman II., accomplished, in the conquest of Rhodes, (1522,) half the dying injunction of Mahomet; and by the occupation of Belgrade, opened the way, as he fondly hoped, for its complete fulfilment.

The Christmas of the year 1522, therefore, was a gloomy and portentous one for Western Christendom. On the night of that festival, Rhodes, so long the bulwark of Europe against the encroachments of the Moslem, yielded to the arms of Soliman. He took possession of the city in triumph; and quartered within its walls, long deemed impregnable, only to meditate new conquests and to devise means of prosecuting them with success.

It is at this exciting period, that the volume before us commences. It regards an episode in Turkish history, of which little has hitherto been generally known; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most interesting and stirring narratives which we have met for a long time. Not that it contains many of the brilliant and striking views, the picturesque and highly-wrought descriptions, and the elaborate sketches of character, which now form the staple of regular historical compositions constructed according to the rules of modern art. The interest of "The Sieges of Vienna," lies in the closeness and rapidity of the narrative, which is crowded even to overflowing, not with thoughts or views, but with facts; and which, were it not for the nature and the intrinsic interest of those facts, would hardly rise beyond the charge of dryness, perhaps even of bald and meagre mediocrity. There is no attempt at display,—no seeking after effect,—no elaborate effort at dramatic grouping of persons and events:—all is told in the calm, passionless, unwondering, unspeculating tone which constitutes the charm of the simple chronicles of the olden time; and yet with all this simplicity and heartiness, the narrative unites, in quite a sufficient degree, the orderly and well digested arrangement of a philosophical history.

It will be seen from the title-page, that the work is not original, being "from the German of Karl Schimmer and other sources." It is far, however, from being a mere translation, especially that part of it which regards the Second Siege. Into this portion of the narrative Lord Ellesmere has introduced much additional matter, derived partly from other histories, partly from the correspondence of the celebrated John Sobieski, whose name indeed is identified with many of the most important passages in these transactions. But the interpolation is so judiciously managed as not to interfere, in any sensible degree, either with the unity of the style, or the continuity of the narrative.

Perhaps, however, so simple a history may require, in order to be fully appreciated, somewhat of a kindred and congenial spirit in the reader. It is not easy for us now-a-days, to realize the feeling with which the Turkish name was regarded of old. Every hateful association which it is possible to conceive,—all that is degrading in superstition, all that is odious in despotism, all that is debasing in sensuality, all that is atrocious in cruelty, all that is revolting in barbarism, would seem of old to have been united in the idea, as it presented itself to the minds of our Christian forefathers. The feeling of the old Crusaders had descended to their posterity without alteration. The war with the Turks was still a war of religion, with this additional feature, that it was now a defensive, rather than an offensive war.

At no former period had this feeling been stronger or more active than that in which the present history is laid. The memory of the cruelties of the olden conqueror was still preserved in the stirring ballads and traditions of the country; and the near prospect of a return of those scenes of horror, gave a terrible, because almost personal, interest to the recollection. It was not alone that the occupation of Belgrade and the mastery of Rhodes, opened an easy way for the advance of the Turkish armament; but the position of affairs in the frontier countries of Europe was such as to encourage, if not absolutely to invite, its approach. Hungary, which from its frontier position was necessarily to be the theatre of the struggle, was torn by internal dissensions; and far from presenting that united front which might have checked the invader in the first steps of his career, became, through the treachery of one

of its most influential nobles, the strongest support of the invasion. The young king, Louis II., had offended the pride of the powerful John Zapolya, Count of Zips, and Governor of Transylvania, by passing him over in the election for the office of Palatine, though his name was one of those presented by the States for approval. The disappointed noble, though at the head of a numerous army, looked on passively, and in sullen discontent, while the forces of the Sultan, seizing city after city, advanced into the heart of the kingdom; and when in the fatal field of Mohacs, (August 20, 1526,) the fall of the young king left the crown of Hungary vacant, he consulted at once for his ambition and revenge, by seizing upon the throne and causing himself to be proclaimed king, in opposition to the claim of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and brother of the Emperor Charles V.

These dissensions naturally tended to facilitate the progress of the Turkish arms. Soliman pushed onwards as far as Fünfkirchen, and even Pesth; burnt these important towns in great part, and laid waste the country by every destructive device which he could employ. But, fortunately for the security of the city itself, the intelligence of domestic disaffection and revolt, which the conqueror received in the very flush of his conquest, compelled him to abandon the idea of any further advance; and he suddenly withdrew his forces, dragging with him into captivity, two hundred thousand prisoners, of every age, sex, and condition.

The respite, however, was brief. Zapolya's pretensions to the throne met but limited and feeble support at home. He was defeated in two successive engagements by the Palatine Bathory, Ferdinand's faithful supporter, and in an evil hour, like many a disappointed aspirant before him, was induced by the counsel of his friend, Jerome Laski, to throw himself into the arms of the common enemy of his country and his faith. Soliman eagerly accepted his proposals and espoused his cause; undertook, (in requital of Zapolya's promise to pay an annual tribute, to place, every ten years, a tenth of the population of Hungary, male and female, at the Sultan's disposal, and to secure his forces at all times a free passage through his dominions), to place him upon the throne of Hungary; dismissed the ambassadors whom Ferdinand had sent at the same moment to negotiate a peace; and told them

that he would go "to seek their master in person in the field of Mohacs, or even at Pesth; and that, should he fail of these appointments, he would meet him under the walls of Vienna itself."

For a time the Viennese could not be brought to believe that the purpose thus vauntingly announced was seriously entertained; happily, however, for the empire, the unprecedented violence and duration of the rains, which set in just as the Sultan's preparations were completed, compelled him to postpone for a year his intended expedition, and gave them time to make some, though very inadequate preparation.

It was not till April 1529, therefore, that the Turkish army (at least 200,000 in number) began to advance; its movements being supported by a demonstration at home on the part of the traitor Zapolya, who, almost at the same moment, entered Hungary with about two thousand men; and although defeated in a first engagement, yet, soon afterwards, rallied his scattered forces, and gathering strength as he advanced, was at the head of a small but active force of six thousand men, when he joined the Sultan, and, on the ill-omened field of Mohacs, did homage for the prospective sovereignty of Hungary. The progress of this enormous armament was marked by every species of excess and violence.

"Before the main body marched a terrible advanced guard of 30,000 men, spreading desolation in every direction. Their leader was a man worthy of such command of bloodthirsty barbarians, the terrible Mihal Oglou, whose ancestor, Kose Mihal, or Michael of the Pointed Beard, derived his origin from the imperial race of the Palæologi, and on the female side was related to the royal houses of France and Savoy. His descendants were hereditary leaders of those wild and terrible bands of horsemen called by the Turks 'Akindschi,' i. e. 'hither streaming,' or 'overflowing;' by the Italians, 'Guastadori,' the spoilers; by the French, 'Faucheurs' and 'Ecorcheurs,' mowers and flayers; but by the Germans universally 'Sackman,' possibly because they filled their own sacks with plunder, or emptied those of other people."—pp. 8, 9.

"Contemporary writers have exhausted their powers of language in describing the atrocities perpetrated by these marauders. We find, for example, in a rare pamphlet of the time, the following: 'At which time did the Sackman spread himself on every side, going before the Turkish army, destroying and burning everything, and carrying off into captivity much people, men and women, and even the children, of whom many they grievously maimed, and, as



Turkish prisoners have declared, over 30,000 persons were by them carried off, and as has since been told, such as could not march were cruelly put to death. Thus have they wasted, destroyed, burnt, and plundered all in the land of Austria below Ens, and nearly to the water of Ens, but on the hither side of the Danube for the most part the land has escaped, for by reason of the river the Turk could do there but little harm; the towns also round about Vienna beyond Brück on the Leitha, have remained unconquered and unwasted by the Turk, but the open country wasted and burnt.'—pp. 12, 13.

Under the terror thus inspired, town after town surrendered, almost without a blow. Fünfkirchen and Pesth, which had only begun to recover from the havoc of the recent invasion—Stahlweissenburg, Gran, Comorn, Raab, and Altenburg, fell one after the other, either by treachery or by surrender; a few strong cities or castles, for the time, resisted the assault of the Sultan, but their resistance had not the effect of retarding his onward movement; and at length "the Austrian frontier was crossed at several points by the terrible bands of Michael Oglou, and even from the walls of Vienna the horizon was seen reddened with the flames of burning villages."

Meanwhile, the preparations at home were far from keeping pace with the magnitude of the danger. In Austria, it is true, every tenth man was called out for service, and in Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol, considerable levies were raised; but the Diet of Spire, which should have been readiest in this fearful crisis, not only limited its vote of succour to the paltry force of twelve thousand foot and four thousand horse; but, with the enemy upon the very border, protracted its discussions as to the propriety of making even this scanty grant, till, with the true German phlegm, a deputation had been despatched into Hungary to investigate upon the spot the reality and extent of the danger!

Nothing could be more inadequate than the defences of Vienna itself. It is well observed by Schimmer, that the old name, *Stadtzaun*, (city-hedge), was no inappropriate description of the walls, which were scarce six feet thick, ruinous in great part, and everywhere frail and insufficient. But the zeal and ardour of the garrison, though tardy in being awakened, went far to compensate the weakness of the fortifications. It numbered about 20,000 foot, and 2,000 cavalry; vigorous, well-appointed, and full of spirit; some of them, as for example, the Pfalzgraf Philip,



had only succeeded by long and forced marches, in throwing themselves into the capital almost at the moment of its investment; and the young Count Rupert of Mander-scheid, and Wolf of Oettingen, actually swam the river while the city was strictly besieged, and were drawn up over the wall! All the houses adjoining the walls were thrown down: the shingles, of which the roofs were then most commonly formed, were removed as a precaution against fire; in the end, it was resolved to destroy the entire suburb, with all the sumptuous buildings it contained; and, to guard against the danger of a lengthened siege, all useless hands, women, children, ecclesiastics, and old men, were, as far as possible, obliged to leave the city.

On the 29th of September, the main body of the Turkish army, under the command of the Vizier, sat down before the city. Some days previously, however, when an advanced guard pushed forward almost to the very walls, a vigorous sally was made by the garrison; it was not attended with any very important results, but the particulars related of Christopher von Zedlitz, one of the officers engaged in it, who fell into the hands of the Turks, are so exceedingly curious, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing them. They are taken from an original narrative preserved in the archives of Vienna.

“For when, in the year before mentioned (1529,) the Turk assailed Vienna, this noble knight had fallen upon him, and well conducted himself, and in a skirmish had fallen from and parted company with his horse, which had not trusted itself to come back to him, and a cry being raised to save the standard, which was performed by a Fleming, Cornet Christopher had taken post on a small round hillock, where three Turks perceived and assaulted him, but he with his sword stood at bay, and stuck one of their horses in the head, and would have got clear off, but that twelve other Turks assailed him before and behind, and by numbers struck him to the ground; and when he had wounded one of these through the arm, they wrung his sword from him, and endeavoured to loose his armour, but as he was armed with a whole cuirass, no one could strip him, else, without doubt, in their fury they would have sabred and cut him to pieces. As it was they made him prisoner, and carried him off among them, by the side of their horses, a good quarter of a mile, and then set him in his cuirass on a baggage-mule, and carried him on through the night as far as Brück on the Leitha, the head quarter of the Turkish emperor. When they entered the camp there was much concourse to see a figure in full harness, cuirass, and head-piece, all screwed up, so that there was

nothing but sheer iron to be seen ; then one of the bystanders spoke to him in the Croat tongue, and asked him what he could do and compass, having such a load of iron on him ; and he answered : ' Had I a horse, and were I loose and free, thou wouldst then quickly see what I could do.' Being further asked whether he, Von Zedlitz, could touch the ground with his fist, he quickly bent himself down thereto : meanwhile the girth of the baggage-saddle burst, and he fell with a crash to the ground ; and when the Turks began to laugh, he (Von Zedlitz) rose nimbly up, and without a run, jumped in his heavy armour on the tall mule, so that the Turks admired and forbore to laugh. In this expedition there was about the Emperor Ibrahim (in German Emerich) Pacha, an eminent and notable man, the next to Solyman in that day, ruler and minister of everything in the Turkish realm, and who in this war counselled and directed everything. Before him when Von Zedlitz was brought, he gave order that they should take him out of his armour ; but among the Turks was no man familiar with knightly equipment, who could deal with the manner of fastening of such a cuirass, then no longer much used and quite unknown to the Turks, and he remained armed till questioned by Solyman himself. To him Count Christopher made answer, that if assured of his life he would undo himself. When Ibrahim Pacha had given him such assurance, he showed the interpreter two little screws at the side, which being loosed, the cuirass came to its pieces, to the great wonder of the Turks. When he had laid aside his harness, the Turks, observing a gold chain about him, fell upon him violently to tear it off ; but he, seizing it with both hands, tore it in pieces and flung it among them. They also took from him his seal and ring, and on account of the gold, concluded him to be of great means and condition ; but he held himself out for a gentleman of small means, who had won these things in war. As the account of these things spread itself through the camp, much was said of the feats of this man-at-arms, and of his singular dexterity under his strange attire, and every one was curious to see him, being, moreover, among the first who had been taken prisoners out of the city itself of Vienna. He was, therefore, ordered to exhibit himself in full cuirass, armed at all points for fight, and to prove whether in this fashion he could, without vantage, lift himself from the ground. On the following day, mules and several kicking horses being produced, Count Christopher laid himself on the ground with his cuirass screwed, and rising nimbly, without any vantage, sprung on a horse, and this he repeated several times ; and then, with running and vaulting, afforded those hellhounds a princely spectacle of knightly exercises to their great admiration, and specially that of Ibrahim Pacha, who soon after took him to himself, and kept him safe in his own custody. Meanwhile, there came to him certain officers to frighten or to prove him, telling him to hold himself in readiness, for that the Pacha would do him right that same day.

To these he answered, that as a Christian he was in truth not afraid of death; as one who, in honour of his Redeemer, in obedience to his sovereign, and in defence of his country, had prepared himself by prayer for death at any hour or instant, and hoped and believed most certainly to enjoy eternal joy and happiness through Christ; but, nevertheless, could not credit that such was the order of the Pacha, for he knew for certain that what the Pacha had promised he would perform like an honourable soldier. When this reached the Pacha, the longer he considered the more he admired, not only the knightly feats, but the noble spirit of this hero. When, also, Soliman himself asked him whether, if he (Soliman) should release him, he would still make war upon him, Count Christopher answered, undismayed, that if God and his Redeemer should grant him deliverance, he would while life lasted fight against the Turks more hotly than ever. Thereupon the Sultan replied, 'Thou shalt be free, my man, and make war on me as thou wilt for the rest of thy life.'—pp. 48-51.

There are some not unamusing episodes in the history of the siege. The Sultan, when upon his march from Brück, had sent forward a threatening notification, that upon the feast of St. Michael (Sept. 29), he would breakfast in Vienna. As a substitute, possibly, for the fulfilment of this promise, the Vizier upon this day made the circuit of the walls on horseback. The besieged, in the midst of their anxiety, could not resist the temptation of a joke at the Sultan's expense. They released a party of prisoners with a message, "that his breakfast had waited for him till the meat was cold, and he must be fain to content himself with such poor entertainment as they could send him from the guns on the wall."

The total force of the besiegers is stated at nearly 300,000 men. Of these, however, only one-third appears to have been fully armed and equipped. The artillery amounted to about 300 pieces; but not more than thirty were of any considerable calibre. The precautions of the besieged are in some respects not a little curious. The pavement of the streets was taken up in order to deaden the fall of the shot thrown into the city. The bells of the city were condemned to strict silence with the exception of the great bell of St. Stephen's. The troops were divided into messes of four men, to each of which a fixed allowance of bread and wine was daily served out; and the chroniclers relate that it was soon discovered that the allowance of wine allotted to the native soldiers, was quite beyond the capacity of the foreign Lanzknechts who had

been embodied for the service; and that it was necessary to strike off no less than five-eighths of their allowance. In the tactics of those times, the mine formed the unfailing resource of the besieging army. The precautions adopted by the garrison against the mining operations of the enemy, are equally curious. They contrived to open countermines at all the suspected points; they propped up the walls from the inside, with posts and beams, in order that in the event of the mines being sprung, the ruins might be thrown outwards, and thus block up the way to the breach: guards were posted in all the cellars near the walls; trenches were dug near the foot of the rampart; and drums strewn with peas, or tubs filled with water, were placed at every spot likely to be selected for a mine, in order to indicate by the rattling of the peas, or the agitation of the water, the near presence of the Turkish miners and the course in which their operations were directed. It is interesting to add that by these judicious precautions many of the mines were detected, and either destroyed by countermines, rendered ineffective by being flooded with water, or robbed of the powder with which they had been charged, in one instance amounting to no less than twenty barrels.

The siege was prosecuted with the utmost vigour till the 14th of October. We can only afford room for one or two passages in its history.

"The difficulties of the defence became every day more urgent, and a proclamation was issued, forbidding, on pain of death, all self-indulgence and neglect of duty. To illustrate and enforce this edict, two lanzknechts, who, over their cups, remained absent from their posts after the alarm had been given, were hanged at the Lugeek as traitors. On the 8th the whole artillery of the Turks played upon the city. The timber bulwark in front of the Karnthner gate was set on fire, and the walls, deprived of their breastwork, threatened to fall inwards. To avoid this, possibly fatal, catastrophe, trunks of trees and huge beams were brought to their support, and a new breastwork was thrown up with incredible celerity. A similar work was thrown up before the Scottish gate, and mounted with two guns, which did much mischief in the Turkish camp towards Sporkenbühl. On the 9th October an alarm took place at daybreak, and preparations for a storm were evident in the Turkish camp. At 3 p.m. mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate. The one on the left opened a breach in the wall, wide enough for twenty-four men to advance in order. The assault was nevertheless gallantly repulsed by Salm and

Katzianer in three successive instances. Several Spaniards and Germans had been buried or blown into the air by the explosion; others were hurled back into the city without serious injury. The explosions would have been more effective if the besieged had not succeeded in reaching some of the chambers of the mines by countermining, and in carrying off eight tons of the charge. During the repeated assaults the heaviest artillery of the city was discharged incessantly upon the Turkish cavalry, and with such good aim, that, to use the words of Peter Stern von Labach, man and horse flew into the air. Upon every retreat of the storming-parties, trumpets from St. Stephen's tower, and warlike music on the place of St. Clara, celebrated the triumph of the besieged. The Sultan, dispirited at these repeated failures, adopted a precaution which indicated apprehension on his own part of a sally from the city, for he directed trenches to be dug round the tents of the Janissaries and other picked troops. In the city, when quiet was restored, the old wall was rapidly repaired, a new one constructed, the houses which interfered with it levelled, and their materials employed to fill up the wooden breastwork."—pp. 33, 34.

The great blow, however was not struck till the 14th of the same month. The entire of the previous day was spent in most active preparation, the firing and other offensive operations being suspended for the purpose; and on that evening the Sultan inspected the arrangements in person; expressed his fullest satisfaction, and offered a reward of 30,000 aspers, (nearly £300), to the first soldier who should mount the wall. This trial decided the fate of the expedition.

"At daybreak of the 14th October, the flower of the Turkish army was arrayed in three powerful bodies for the assault, and towards nine o'clock they advanced, led on by officers of the highest rank. On this occasion, however, the desperate courage and cheerful contempt of death which had usually been conspicuous among the Turkish soldiery were no longer distinguishable. It was to no purpose that their officers, the Vizier in person at their head, urged them forward with stick and whip and sabre-edge, they refused obedience, saying they preferred to die by the hands of their own officers rather than to face the long muskets of the Spaniards and the German spits, as they called the long swords of the lanzknechts. Towards noon two mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate, but a third, which had been carried under the Burg, was fortunately detected, and its entire charge of twenty barrels of powder fell into the hands of the counterminers. A breach, nevertheless, twenty-four fathoms wide, was the result of the mines which succeeded, and through this, supported by the fire of all their batteries, repeated attempts were made to storm, but in

every instance repulsed as before. These attacks were the last expiring efforts of exhausted men. Two incidents connected with them have been considered worthy of record. The first is the adventure of two officers, a Portuguese and a German, who had quarrelled over night, and were proceeding to settle their difference with the sword in the morning, having selected the breach or its immediate neighbourhood for their place of meeting. Being interrupted by the Turkish assault, they naturally enough, instead of proceeding with their own foolish and useless purpose, agreed to turn their arms against the Turks. The point of the story seems to be, that after one had lost his left arm and the other the use of his right, they stood by one another, making a perfect soldier between them, till both were killed. The other incident is one of more historical importance. It is that of the severe and ultimately fatal wound of the brave Count Salm, who, after escaping all the previous dangers of the siege, was hit on the hip towards 2 p.m. by the splintered fragments of a stone, and carried from the breach, which till then he had never quitted. He survived till the spring of the following year, when he died of the effects of this injury at his residence of Salm Hoff, near Marchegg in Lower Austria. King Ferdinand caused a sumptuous monument to be erected to this deserving soldier in the church, then existing, of St. Dorothea, in which was the family vault of the Salms. This church was pulled down in 1783, when the Salm family took possession of the monument, and removed it to their residence at Raitz in Moravia.

"On the failure of these last attacks, Soliman abandoned all hope of gaining possession of the city, and the troops received accordingly a general order of retreat. Its execution was attended by an act of atrocity which throws a shadow over the character of the sovereign by whose servants it was perpetrated,—a shadow not the less deep because contrasted with many recorded indications of a noble and generous nature. It may, indeed, possibly be considered as another specimen of unavoidable condescension to the passions of an ill-disciplined soldiery, such as the massacre of the garrison of Pesth, and rather as an exhibition of the weakness than the misuse of despotic rule. The Janissaries broke up from their encampment an hour before midnight, and set on fire their huts, forage, and every combustible article which they could not or would not carry with them. Under this latter head they included the greater portion of the vast swarm of prisoners of all ages and both sexes collected in their quarters. Of these the younger portion alone, boys and girls, were dragged along with their retiring columns, tied together by ropes, and destined to slavery. The old of both sexes and the children were for the most part flung alive into the flames of the burning camp, and the remainder cut to pieces or impaled. The glare of the conflagration and the shrieks of the sufferers disturbed through the night the rest so dearly earned by the brave defenders of the city, and though their



approaching deliverance might be read in the one, it was probably easy to conjecture from the other the horrors by which that deliverance was accompanied. When this act of cowardly vengeance was accomplished, a parting salvo from all their fire-arms was discharged at the walls; and after all remaining buildings in the suburbs and adjacent villages had been set on fire, the army commenced its retreat."—pp. 38-40.

It is almost ludicrous to read, that notwithstanding this signal and disastrous failure, (which involved a loss to the invading army variously estimated from thirty to eighty thousand men,) the Sultan halted *in the very midst of his retreat*, to receive the congratulations of his principal officers *on the fortunate issue* of the campaign. On their being admitted to kiss hands for the purpose, they received rich rewards from the Sultan himself in person, so that it is computed that this farcical termination of the siege, cost the "conqueror," in mere money distributed as the reward of successful valour, no less a sum than £125,000. The tone of the bulletins was in keeping with this absurd display. One of these documents, which is preserved by the great orientalist Von Hammer, concludes with the following monstrous "official lie;" monstrous even when we remember the proverbial privilege of lying attributed or assumed in all such compositions.

"An unbeliever came out from the fortress and brought intelligence of the submission of the princes and of the people, on whose behalf he prayed for grace and pardon. *The Padischah received his prayer with favour, and granted them pardon.* Inasmuch as the German lands were unconnected with the Ottoman realm, and that hence it was hard to occupy the frontier places and conduct their affairs, the faithful would not trouble themselves to clear out the fortress, or purify, improve, and put it into repair; but a reward of 1000 aspers was dealt out to each of the Janissaries; and security being established, the horses' heads were turned towards the throne of Solomon."—p. 41.

The same extravagant assumption pervades even the professedly historical narratives which the Turkish writers of the day have left us. The following extract from the historian Ferdi may be taken as a sample.

"As it came to the ear of His Majesty that a portion of the Christian army had shut itself up in the city, and from this it was to be conjectured that the accursed Ferdinand was among them; the victorious army besieged the said fortress for fifteen days, and

overthrew the walls in five places by mines, so that the unbelievers prayed for mercy from the faithful. As some of the garrison were taken prisoners, and from these it was ascertained that the accursed was not in the fortress, the Imperial mercy forgave their offence, and listened to their entreaties; but His Majesty, who governs the world, to gain the merits of this holy war, and to ruin the aforesaid accursed, had sent out the Akindschis, the runners and burners, in all directions into Germany, so that the whole country was trodden down by the hoofs of the horses, and even the lands north of the Danube wasted with fire by the crews of the vessels. Cities and hamlets, market towns and villages, blazed up in the fire of vengeance and destruction. The beautiful land, the treasury of spring and abode of joy, was trodden down by the horsemen and filled with smoke. Houses and palaces were left in ashes. The victorious army dragged away captive the inhabitants, great and small, high and low, men and women, strong and weak. In the bazaars were sold many fair ones with jasmine foreheads, eyebrows arched and thick, and countenances like Peris; and the booty was incalculable. Property, moveable and immoveable, men and cattle, the speaking and the dumb, the rational and the senseless, were destroyed and slaughtered at the edge of the sabre. Thus on the page of time was written the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Koran, 'Thus deal we with the wicked.'"—p. 44, 45.

Amid the cruelties and atrocities which marked both the advance and the retreat of the Turkish army, it is interesting to record one instance of generosity on the part of the Sultan. On the morning which brought the assurance of the city's safety, the joy of the citizens broke forth in a general discharge of artillery from the walls, in bursts of warlike music through the streets and squares, in merry peals of the bells so long condemned to silence, and in joyous processions, chaunting the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for their deliverance. The Sultan asked the prisoner, Cornet Zedlitz, (to whom we have already alluded,) what was the cause of these unusual sounds? The blunt and manly soldier did not hesitate, even in the midst of the solemn flatterers who surrounded the Sultan, to tell him that it was the joyous triumph of the citizens at their deliverance; and Soliman, far from being offended at his frankness, took that occasion of setting him at liberty, presenting him with a richly embroidered robe as a mark of his esteem, and sending him home in safety accompanied by two of his fellow-prisoners who had been taken in the course of the siege.

The failure of this expedition did not prevent Soliman



from renewing, a few years later, his ambitious projects of western conquest. But the expedition of 1532, though the army, according to the most probable account, consisted of little less than 500,000 men, of whom three-fifths were cavalry, was equally unsuccessful. Hostilities were renewed in 1541, and though suspended in 1547 by an armistice of five years purchased by humiliating concessions on the part of Austria, they were resumed at the very moment of its expiration, and continued without much decisive result, till after the death of Ferdinand in 1564.

The campaign of 1566, is memorable by the almost unexampled defence of the small and unimportant Hungarian fortress Szigeth, under the celebrated Nicholas, Count Zriny, at that time entrusted with the chief command on the right bank of the Danube.

"Soliman had undertaken the siege of Erlau; and the Pacha of Bosnia was on the march with reinforcements, when he was attacked near Siklos by Zriny, completely defeated, and slain. The Sultan, furious at this disaster, raised the siege of Erlau and marched with 100,000 men upon Zriny, who, with scarcely 2500, flung himself into Szigeth, with the resolution never to surrender it; a resolution to which his followers cheerfully bound themselves by an oath. To the utmost exertion of his vast military means of attack, Soliman added not only the seduction of brilliant promises, but the more cogent threat of putting to death the son of Zriny, who had fallen into his hands. All was in vain. The Sultan's letter was used by Zriny as wadding for his own musket; and for seventeen days the town held out against repeated assaults. The enfeebled garrison were then driven to the lower castle, and at last to the upper one. No hope remained of repelling another general assault, for which the Turkish preparations were carried forward with the utmost vigour under the eye of the Sultan, who, however, was not destined to witness their issue. On the 6th of September he was found dead in his tent, having thus closed, at the age of seventy-six, by a tranquil and natural death, a reign of forty-five years, which for activity and variety of military enterprise, for expenditure of human life, and for the diffusion of the miseries of warfare, unmitigated by the conventional usages and inventions of later times, could scarcely find its parallel. His decease afforded no respite to the besieged. The event was kept a rigid secret from the soldiery by the Vizier Ibrahim, who adopted the Oriental precaution of putting to death the physicians in attendance. Zriny did not wait for the final assault. On the 8th September the Turks were pressing forward along a narrow bridge to the castle, when the gate was suddenly flung open, a large mortar loaded with broken iron, was discharged into their ranks, according to their own historians killing 600

of them, and close upon its discharge Zriny and his faithful band sallied forth to die. His resolution was evinced by some characteristic preparations. From four swords he chose a favourite weapon which he had worn in the first campaigns of his youth, and, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, he wore no defensive armour. He fastened to his person the keys of the castle and a purse of a hundred ducats, carefully counted and selected, of the coinage of Hungary. 'The man who lays me out,' he said, 'shall not complain that he found nothing upon me. When I am dead, let him who may take the keys and the ducats. No Turk shall point at me while alive with his finger.' The banner of the empire was borne before him by Laurence Juranitsch. In this guise, followed by his 600 remaining comrades, he rushed upon the enemy, and by two musket shots through the body and an arrow in the head obtained the release he sought. With some of his followers the instinct of self-preservation prevailed so far that they retired from the massacre which followed into the castle, where some few were captured alive. It is said also that some were spared in the conflict by the Janissaries, who, admiring their courage, placed their own caps on their heads for the purpose of saving them. Three Pachas, 7000 Janissaries, and the scarcely credible number of 28,000 other soldiers, are said to have perished before this place. The Vizier Ibrahim's life was saved by one of Zriny's household, who was taken in the castle, which the Vizier had entered with his troops. This man, to the Vizier's inquiry after treasure, replied that it had long been expended, but that 3000 lbs. of powder were then under their feet, to which a slow match had been attached. The Vizier and his mounted officers had just time to escape, but 3000 Turks perished in the explosion which shortly followed. Zriny's head was sent to the Emperor; his body was honourably buried, as some accounts state, by the hands of a Turk who had been his prisoner, and well treated by him. Szigeth never recovered from its destruction, and some considerable ruins alone mark the scene of Zriny's glory."—pp. 61-63.

With the death of Soliman, (1568,) their schemes of conquest were virtually abandoned. Selim II. concluded an armistice with Maximilian, on the basis of their respective occupation of territory at the time, and in 1575 it was renewed for eight years. The war which broke out in 1590, led to no very important ultimate results, though in 1595 the Turkish arms had become so formidable, as seriously to threaten Vienna itself; and in 1612, a formal truce of twenty years was concluded by the Emperor Matthias, which (notwithstanding the temptation held out by the divided state of Germany, and by the ambitious

schemes of France during the thirty years' war,) was scrupulously observed on the side of the Infidel, and was renewed by Amurath IV. at its expiration.

The distracted condition of parties in Hungary, once again furnished occasion to the renewal of the Turkish aggression in 1662; but though for a time they were eminently successful, the signal defeat which they sustained in 1669, in the bloody battle of St. Gothard, under the celebrated Count of Montecuculi, led to the truce of Basvar, the specified term of which was twenty years, like that concluded on a previous occasion by the Emperor Matthias. Its duration was destined however to be abridged.

The discontent with which the Hungarians had long regarded their connection with Austria, and the injudicious severities by which it was sought to suppress this long cherished feeling, eventuated at length in the natural and unfailing crisis to which such relations seldom fail to lead, a general and deep-rooted disaffection throughout the kingdom of Hungary. In an evil hour the malcontents were betrayed into the fatal course adopted a century before by the ambitious Zapolya; they resolved to call in the aid of the Turkish arms, and though the suppression of a formidable conspiracy for this purpose in 1674, delayed for a time the execution of this unworthy project, yet the revolt of the celebrated Count Tekeli in the year 1679, and the war to which it led, presented to Europe once again the anomalous and disgraceful spectacle of a Christian chief making common cause against his Christian brethren and the general interests of the Christian religion, with the inveterate and hereditary enemy of Christianity. It was in the campaign thus undertaken, that Vienna was doomed to be subjected a second time to the rigours of a Turkish seige.

The Turkish armament employed in this expedition, was entrusted to the command of the Vizier, the celebrated Kara Mustapha; it was not inferior in number, and perhaps was superior in every other respect to those engaged in the previous campaigns. The muster-roll found in the Vizier's tent in the lines at Vienna, gives the number of regular troops at no less than 275,000. The troops under command of Tekeli were at least 60,000, and if the irregular bodies attached to the expedition be taken into account, it will be difficult to estimate the total force

at less than 400,000. Against this formidable army, the Christian interest had made but slender preparation, nor did the Emperor Leopold possess the talents or the decision which in such a crisis might have supplied the deficiency. But happily for the well-being of religion and of civilization, a treaty concluded just at the critical moment, secured for the Christian arms the services of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, to whose genius and enterprise Europe is mainly indebted for her safety in this hour of peril. A fair discussion of the character of this extraordinary man, would demand more space than our present limits afford. Perhaps we shall find some other opportunity of returning to this subject, and for the present we must content ourselves with cautioning the reader against assuming as correct, still less as complete, the account which the author has given, (pp. 77-80,) of the feelings by which he was influenced, and the motives by which he was animated, in this the most important crisis of his history.

We must pass over the preliminary history of the campaign, in order to come to the details of the siege. The old and experienced officers of the Turkish army, strongly condemned the policy of the Vizier in attempting the siege of Vienna, till the strong towns of Hungary should first have been reduced;\* but his blind impetuosity would brook no delay, and at sunrise, on the 14th of July, 1683, the main army appeared before the walls.† The number

---

\* "A king," said the veteran Ibrahim Pacha, governor of Pesth, adopting the favourite oriental form of apologue, "a king once placed a heap of gold in the centre of a carpet, and offered it to any one who could take it up without treading upon the carpet. A wise man rolled up the carpet from the corner, and thus obtained possession of the gold. Hungary was the carpet, and if rolled up in like manner, the gold might be reached in the Autumn, or at latest in the following Spring."

This apologue only drew down the insolent wrath of the Vizier upon the venerable councillor, and Raab was left unmolested in the rear of the advancing army.

† The emperor Leopold, as soon as he had received certain intelligence of the intended advance of the Turkish army, lost no time in withdrawing from Vienna. One of the officers on whom the command of his escort devolved, was an Irishman, whose name as given by the German authorities, is *Von Haffti*, possibly *O'Hafferty*, or *O'Haverty*, not, as Lord Ellesmere supposes, "*O'Haggerty*."

of citizens capable of bearing arms had been sadly reduced. On the 6th and 7th of July, no less than 60,000 left the city, and of these a large proportion fell into the hands of the enemy. But the defence of the city was entrusted to Count Stahremberg, a gallant and experienced soldier, and the remnant of the citizens generously seconded his efforts for the maintenance of discipline, and the adoption of active measures of defence. Every class without exception, the highest nobles of the city, the wealthiest of the citizens, even women and ecclesiastics, laboured unceasingly at the fortifications, the burgomaster setting the example, and working as vigorously with his wheelbarrow as the humblest labourer in the group. The account of the precautions which were adopted for regulating the supply of provisions, of the sanitary measures which were enforced, the devices which were employed against cowardice or treason, and in general, of the discipline which was maintained during the siege, is one of the most interesting that we ever remember to have read. It is not a little curious to observe the various employments assigned to the ecclesiastics; many of them took their regular share of duty in common with the rest of the citizens; and to the Jesuits was entrusted the important and anxious office of watching the motions of the enemy, two of the body being constantly stationed day and night with telescopes upon St. Stephen's tower, and commissioned to furnish written reports of their observations.

The following account of one among the attempts to communicate with the Christian camp, notwithstanding the strict blockade maintained by the enemy, is so interesting that we are induced to insert it.

"The condition of affairs in the city began to be serious: the enemy made daily progress in his approaches, and no more volunteers came forward for the dangerous task of conveying intelligence to the army of the increasing pressure. At last George Francis Kolschitzki, a partisan officer whose name deserves honourable record for the importance of his services, and the courage and dexterity with which they were executed, stepped forward. A Pole by birth, and previously an interpreter in the service of the Oriental merchants' company, he had become a citizen of the Leopoldstadt, and had served since the siege began in a free corps. Intimately conversant with the Turkish language and customs, he willingly offered himself for the dangerous office of passing through the very camp of the Turks to convey intelligence to the Imperial

army. On the 13th of August, accompanied by a servant of similar qualifications, he was let out through a sally-port in the Rothenthurm, and escorted by an aid-de-camp of the Commandant as far as the palisades. He had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when he became aware of a considerable body of horse which advanced at a rapid pace towards the place of his exit. Being as yet too near the city to escape suspicion, he hastily turned to the left and concealed himself in the cellar of a ruined house, of the suburb near Altlerchenfeld, where he kept close till the tramp of the passing cavalry had died away. He then pursued his course, and, singing a Turkish song, traversed at an idle pace and with an unembarrassed air the streets of Turkish tents. His cheerful mien and his familiar strain took the fancy of an Aga, who invited him into his tent, treated him with coffee, listened to more songs and to his tale of having followed the army as a volunteer, and cautioned him against wandering too far and falling into Christian hands. Kolschitzki thanked him for the advice, passed on in safety through the camp to beyond its verge, and then as unconcernedly made for the Kahlenberg and the Danube. Upon one of its islands he saw a body of people, who, misled by his Turkish attire, fired upon him and his companion. These were some inhabitants of Nussdorf, headed by the bailiff of that place, who had made this island their temporary refuge and home. Kolschitzki explained to them in German the circumstances of his mission, and entreated them to afford him an immediate passage over the river. This being obtained, he reached without further difficulty the bivouac of the Imperial army, then on its march between Angern and Stillfried. After delivering and receiving dispatches, the adventurous pair set out on their return, and after some hair-breadth escapes from the Turkish sentries, passed the palisades and re-entered by the Scottish gate, bearing a letter from the Duke to the following purport:—'He had received with deep emotion the intelligence of the loss of so many brave officers and soldiers, and of the sad condition of the city consequent both on this loss in action and on the epidemic. He retained his hopes that the defenders of a place so important would never relax in their noble efforts for its preservation. A considerable army was already collected for its relief. Reinforcements were daily arriving from Bavaria, Franconia, and Saxony, and the Duke was only waiting the arrival of the numerous forces of Poland, commanded by their king in person, which was to be expected by the end of August at the latest, to put the united mass in motion for the raising of the siege.' As an appendix to these assurances, was added the consolatory intelligence of the surrender of Presburgh to the Imperialists, and of the defeat of Tekeli in two actions. The safe return of the bearer of this dispatch was announced as usual by rockets as night signals, and in the day by a column of smoke from St. Stephen's spire. On the 21st of August the daring Kolschitzki



was on the point of repeating his adventurous undertaking, when a deserter, who had been recaptured, and was standing under the gallows with the halter adjusted, confessed that he had furnished to the Turks an accurate description of Kolschitzki's person. He was himself deterred by this warning, but his gallant companion, George Michailowich, found means twice to repeat the exploit, with the same safety and success as in the first instance. On his second return he displayed a remarkable presence of mind and vigour of arm. Having all but reached the palisades, he was joined by a Turkish horseman, who entered into familiar conversation with him. As it was, however, impossible for him to follow further his path towards the city, in such company, by a sudden blow he struck his unwelcome companion's head from his shoulders, and springing on the riderless horse, made his way to the gate. He did not, however, after this success, tempt his fortune again. He brought on this occasion an autograph letter from the Emperor, full of compliments and promises, which was publicly read in the Rathhaus."\*—p. 111-113.

It is with very great reluctance we hurry over the more minute history of this memorable siege. The twelfth chapter of the narrative is not inferior in interest to the pages of Josephus, though it is wanting in most of the horrors with which his history abounds. But we are induced to pass it by, in order to make room for the account of the relief of the city, and the final defeat of the Turkish army under Sobieski. After a defence of two anxious months, the main army advanced to the relief of the city. The following scene might be deemed in many of its features, not unworthy a place in the history of the old Crusades.

"At sunrise of the 12th September, the crest of the Kahlenberg was concealed by one of those autumnal mists which give promise of a genial, perhaps a sultry day, and which, clinging to the wooded flanks of the acclivity, grew denser as it descended, till it rested heavily on the shores and the stream itself of the river below. From that summit the usual fiery signals of distress had been watched through the night by many an eye as they rose incessantly from the tower of St. Stephen, and now the fretted spire of that edifice, so long the target of the ineffectual fire of the Turkish artillerists, was faintly distinguished rising from a sea of

---

\* "Kolschitzki's services would appear to have made a deep impression on the public mind. Several narratives of his adventures were published at the time; and his portrait, in his Turkish costume, figures in the frontispiece of most of them."

mist. As the hour wore on, and the exhalation dispersed, a scene was disclosed which must have made those who witnessed it from the Kahlenberg tighten their saddle-girths or look to their priming. A practised eye glancing over the fortifications of the city, could discern from the Burg to the Scottish gate an interruption of their continuity, a shapeless interval of rubbish and of ruin, which seemed as if a battalion might enter it abreast. In face of this desolation a labyrinth of lines extended itself differing in design from the rectilinear zigzag of a modern approach, and formed of short curves overlapping each other, to use a comparison of some writers of the time, like the scales of a fish. In these, the Turkish lines, the miner yet crawled to his task, and the storming parties were still arrayed by order of the Vizier, ready for a renewal of the assault so often repeated in vain. The camp behind had been evacuated by the fighting men; the horse-tails had been plucked from before the tents of the Pachas, but their harems still tenanted the canvass city; masses of Christian captives awaited their doom in chains; camels and drivers and camp followers still peopled the long streets of tents in all the confusion of fear and suspense. Nearer to the base of the hilly range of the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg, the still imposing numbers of the Turkish army were drawn up in battle array ready to dispute the egress of the Christian columns from the passes, and prevent their deployment on the plain. To the westward, on the reverse flank of the range, the Christian troops might be seen toiling up the ascent. As they drew up on the crest of the Leopoldsberg they formed a half circle round the chapel of the Margrave, and when the bell for matins tolled, the clang of arms and the noises of the march were silenced. On a space kept clear round the chapel a standard with a white cross on a red ground was unfurled, as if to bid defiance to the blood red flag planted in front of the tent of Kara Mustapha. One shout of acclamation and defiance broke out from the modern crusaders as this emblem of a holy war was displayed, and all again was hushed as the gates of the castle were flung open, and a procession of the Princes of the Empire and the other leaders of the Christian host moved forward to the chapel. It was headed by one whose tonsured crown and venerable beard betokened the monastic profession. The soldiers crossed themselves as he passed, and knelt to receive the blessing which he gave them with outstretched hands. This was the famous Capuchin Marco Aviano, friend and confessor to the Emperor, whose acknowledged piety and exemplary life had earned for him the general reputation of prophetic inspiration. He had been the inseparable companion of the Christian army in its hours of difficulty and danger, and was now here to assist at the consummation of his prayers for its success. Among the stately warriors who composed his train, three principally attracted the gaze of the curious. The first in rank and station was a man somewhat past the prime of life, strong limbed



and of imposing stature, but quick and lively in speech and gesture, his head partly shaved in the fashion of his semi-Eastern country, his hair, eyes, and beard, dark-coloured. His majestic bearing bespoke the soldier-king, the scourge and dread of the Moslem, the conqueror of Choczim, John Sobieski. His own attire is said to have been plain, but we gather from his letters that in his retinue he displayed a Slavonic taste for magnificence which strongly contrasted with the economical arrangements of Lorraine, and even of the two Electors. Painters, and others studious of accuracy, may be glad to know that on this occasion the colour of his dress was sky blue, and that he rode a bay horse. An attendant bearing a shield, with his arms emblazoned, always preceded him, and his place in battle was marked by another who carried a plume on his lance point, a signal more conspicuous, though less inseparable, than the famous white plume of Henry IV. On his left was his youthful son Prince James, armed with a breastplate and helmet, and, in addition to an ordinary sword, with a short and broad-bladed sabre, a national weapon of former ages; on his right was the illustrious and heroic ancestor of the present reigning house of Austria, Charles of Lorraine. Behind these moved many of the principal members of those sovereign houses of Germany whose names and titles have been already specified. At the side of Louis of Baden walked a youth of slender frame and moderate stature, but with that intelligence in his eye which pierced in after years the cloud of many a doubtful field, and swayed the fortunes of empires. This was the young Eugene of Savoy, who drew his maiden sword in the quarrel in which his brother had lately perished. The service of high mass was performed in the chapel by Aviano, the King assisting at the altar, while the distant thunder of the Turkish batteries formed strange accompaniment to the Christian choir. The Princes then received the sacrament, and the religious ceremony was closed by a general benediction of the troops by Aviano. The king then stepped forward and conferred knighthood on his son, with the usual ceremonies, commending to him as an example for his future course the great commander then present, the Duke of Lorraine."—pp. 136—138.

The engagement terminated in the total rout of the Turkish army.

"It was five o'clock; his infantry was not yet at hand; the only artillery which had kept pace with the speed of his advance, consisted of two or three light pieces which the veteran commander of his artillery, Kouski, had brought up by force of arm and levers. Sobieski pointed these at the field tent of crimson silk, from which the Vizier was giving his orders. The ammunition carriages were, however, far behind, and a few charges carried by hand were soon exhausted. A French officer, it is said, rammed home the last

cartridge with his gloves, his wig, and a packet of French newspapers.

"At this moment of hesitation the infantry came up. They were led by the Count Maligniz, the King's brother-in-law, against a height which commanded the quarters of the Vizier. The attack was successful, and the King determined on the instant to pursue his fortune. As he led his troops in a direct line for the Vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognized by the infidel. 'By Allah, the King is really among us,' exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea, Selim Gieray. The mass retreated in confusion. Those who awaited the attack went down before those lances of the Polish cavalry of which it was said by a Polish noble to one of their kings, that if the heavens were to fall they would sustain them on their points. The Pachas of Aleppo and Silistria perished in the fray. The panic became universal, and the rout complete. The Vizier, hurried along with the stream, weeping and cursing by turns—had neither time to deliberate nor power to command. By six o'clock his gorgeous tent was in possession of Sobieski. His charger, too heavily caparisoned for rapid flight, was still held by a slave at the entrance. One of the golden stirrups was instantly sent off by the conqueror to the Queen as a token of the defeat and flight of its late owner. On the left, meanwhile, the progress of Lorraine, though less rapid from the difficulties of the ground and the tenacity of the resistance, had been equally victorious. The great Turkish redoubt, of which the traces yet remain, held out against repeated assaults till near five o'clock, when Louis of Baden, at the head of a regiment of Saxon dragoons, dismounted for the purpose, and two Austrian regiments of infantry, carried the work. The Turks now gave way at every point, and poured into their camp in the wildest confusion."—pp. 141, 142.

We shall add one other extract, descriptive of the captured pavilion of the Vizier and of its contents.

"The King writes to his wife that the quantity of ammunition saved was at most a third of the whole, and says that the continual explosions in the camp were like the last judgment. His letters give some very amusing details of that portion of the spoils of the Vizier's tent which he contrived to rescue for his own share from the fangs of his officers. They illustrate also the character of the man whose penetralia were thus rudely exposed to investigation, and show that Kara Mustapha had superadded every description of refinement to the simpler sensuality of the East. Tissues and carpets and furs are natural appendages of Oriental rank and wealth, and jewelled arms and quivers, studded with rubies and pearls, were equally consistent with his functions as commander of the armies of the faithful. Baths, fountains, a rabbit warren, and a menagerie, were found within the encampment. A parrot took

wing and foiled the pursuit of the soldiers. An ostrich had been beheaded by the Vizier's own hand, as it had been a woman of the harem, to prevent it falling into Christian hands. This rarity had been taken from the Imperial Menagerie at the Favorita, where the King mentions having found a famished lioness and a small body of Janissaries, who had been left behind at that post, and still held out some days after the action. The Janissaries surrendered to the personal summons of the King. Their lives were spared, and the lioness fed by order of the good-natured conqueror. 'The Vizier,' writes the King, 'is a *galant homme*, and has made us fine presents: everything in particular which came near his person is of the most *mignon* and refined description. Father Louis will have reason to rejoice, for I have in my possession the medicine chest of the Vizier. Among its contents are oils, and gums, and balms, which Pecovini\* is never tired of admiring. Among other things we have found some rare fishes called Eperlans de mer. *Informez-vous-en, mon cœur, chez le Père Louis; ce doit être une chose précieuse pour rechauffer les entrailles.*' Among the treasures of the Vizier, diamonds were found in great profusion; many, set in girdles and otherwise, fell into the hands of the King, and many more carried off by the officers and soldiers. The King remarks that they were not used for ornament by the Turks of his day, and conjectures that they were destined to adorn the ladies of Vienna when transferred to the harems of the Vizier and his Pachas.

"Among other trophies of interest, Roman Catholic historians have particularized an oaken cross six ells in height, remarkable from the fact that in the camp of the infidel it was set up for the daily celebration of mass by one of their Christian allies, Servanus Kantacuzenos, Prince of Wallachia. A chapel was built for it in the so-called Gatterholz, near Schonbrunn, on the spot where it had thus braved the scoffs of the Moslem. It was stolen thence in 1785."—pp. 145, 146.

But little more remains to be told. From this signal defeat we may date the liberation of the city, and the close of the second and more formidable of the "Two Sieges of Vienna." The Vizier retreated, rapidly and with great loss, as far as the fortress of Raab, where he wreaked his mortification under the defeat which he had sustained upon the veteran Pacha of Pesth, whose sagacious counsel already referred to, would probably, if adopted, have led to a more successful termination. Sobieski, who is accused of having loitered unduly among the rich tents of the Vizier, came up with the retreating army and engaged them at Barkan, and although in the first assault he was

---

\* The King's Italian physician.

defeated and only saved his life by a precipitate flight, yet a second engagement terminated in the total rout of the Turkish army, with very small loss on the side of the Christians, and in the fall of the important city of Gran, which for nearly a century had been in the hands of the Moslem.

The history of this Eastern expedition would be defective in a most characteristic point, were we to omit the doom of the ill-fated Vizier, to whose command it had been entrusted; nor can we conclude more fitly, than with the graphic account which the author gives of this event.

"At length the vacillation of the Sultan was overcome, and a chamberlain of the court rode out from Adrianople with the simple order to return as soon as might be with the head of Kara Mustapha. The officer, on approaching Belgrade, communicated his mission to the Aga of the Janissaries, who gave his prompt acquiescence and ready assistance to the objects of the mission. The transaction was conducted, on the part of the servants of the crown, with that decent privacy and convenient expedition which usually attend the execution of Turkish justice, and submitted to by the patient with the quiet dignity with which the predestinarian doctrine of Islam arms its votaries against all accidents. The insignia of authority were politely demanded and quietly resigned. The carpet was spread, the short prayer uttered, the bowstring adjusted. In a few moments the late dispenser of life and death, the uncontrolled commander of 200,000 men, was a corpse, and his head on the road to Adrianople."—pp. 165, 166.

From the failure of this memorable expedition, we may date the marked decline of the Ottoman power, and the comparative security which the South Eastern frontier of Europe has since enjoyed; and the head of the unfortunate Kara Mustapha is still shown in the Arsenal of Vienna, a grisly monument of what may be regarded as the latest struggle of the Crescent and the Cross, and the last of that long series of holy wars, for so many centuries the constant theatre of Christian chivalry.

ART. II.—*Die Psalmen erläutert.—The Psalms explained.* By JOSEPH HANDSCHUH, Director of the Archiepiscopal College, Vienna. Five Vols. small 8vo. Franz Wimmer, Vienna: 1839-44.

WE are told in the second book of Kings, that when David was intending to build God a temple with the spoils he had taken from his enemies, God refused to allow him to do so, because he was a man of war and had shed blood. David's submission to God's will in this case has been amply rewarded: though he was not permitted to build the material temple with the spoils he had taken from carnal enemies, he has been allowed to build the spiritual temple, to edify the Catholic Church, with the spoils he had taken from spiritual foes. For there is scarcely any devotion, public or private, scarcely any office of the Church, joyous or plaintive, there is no feasting nor fasting day, when the spoils the excellent Psalmist of Israel took from these foes, are not, one way or the other, called into requisition. Neither Jesus nor Mary are praised without the stores which their forefather David had laid up. His foes and their foes differed in the persons engaged, not in the cause in which they were engaged; both David and Christ were employed in setting up God's kingdom upon earth, and that is one reason why the weapons employed against the earlier foes of that kingdom, are so perfectly adapted for warfare against its later enemies.

Such then being the case, all contributions towards the easier understanding of the Psalms, from whatever country they come, seem entitled to lay some claim upon the attention of Catholics. If, in spite of our being of kindred blood with the German, their books of devotion are in this country less frequently met with than those of French or Italian writers, the present contribution to the object just mentioned, will have an additional interest. It will have the advantage of coming from a country in whose devotions our countrymen are, so to say, less travelled; from a country too where Protestant Commentaries on the Psalms, of every shade of heterodoxy swarm, so that a Catholic antidote of any kind would be desirable. The present book indeed in its outward form and make, is not of the learned pretensions of which many of the Protestant Commentaries are; it does not profess

anything but a practical object, and that object is the better understanding of the Breviary. It was at the request of the Archbishop of Vienna, that our author began his work, by publishing a Commentary upon Psalm cxviii., as one in daily use in the Breviary; and the Commentary upon the rest of the Psalter was brought out subsequently, to quote from his own preface :

"The author offers these lectures only as that which they are, as an introduction presented to the younger clergy, in order to their understanding the Psalms according to the sense of the Church, and with special reference to their signification in her offices, according to the exposition of the holy fathers and others who explain them in the spirit of the Church, in order also that they may learn to value and to use the Breviary, this rich fountain of Church-life and of comfort and of inward converse with God; and he hopes by this little work of his in some measure, by God's help, to promote the same object in a wider circle. The Vulgate translation is, in consequence, made the basis of this explanation throughout, since this also forms the text of the Breviary; and we shall pass always from the literal sense or the historical argument of the Psalm to its higher ecclesiastical meaning, because this higher understanding of the Psalms is what the Church has at heart, which in choosing them as the expression of her daily prayers and sighs and her most inly converse with God, does not wish to celebrate the typical events of the Old Testament, but would go on solemnizing the fulfilment of all that was foretold by the mouth of all his prophets, of the union of God with his people through the one Redeemer and Mediator, Jesus Christ."

Here, then, we see an attempt in Germany of a similar kind to one noticed in a former number in France, to make the Breviary not what Protestants fancy it is, a vain repetition of so many idle words, but a means of devotion, a vehicle for singing with the spirit and singing with the understanding, 1 Cor. xiv. 16. Or, as our author says upon the words 'Psallite sapienter,' Ps. xlv. 8, vol. ii. p. 220, in the words of St. Bernard, "That we may sing the Psalms not only frequently but also with attention, because it is fitting that we should discharge with all diligence that office which we discharge to the most high God." Of course the reciting of breviary, rosary, and what not, imply a sacrifice of time in obedience to the mind of the Church, so that if they were said through with the lips only, the mere sacrifice of time would in itself be a restraint upon self-will, such as those who talk most



against such devotions would probably like as little as any one. Next to this lowest species of obedience would seem to come what would require a farther restraint upon self-will, namely, the recital of the hours as nearly as may be at the canonical hours. Krazer, in his work on the Western Liturgies, p. 660, quotes "*Francolinus de tempore horarum Canonicarum*," as calling the present mode of anticipating the proper times, "a certain calamity of our days, not to call it an abuse."\* Most persons would think this going a little too far; and there can be no doubt that, occupied as the time of priests often is, it would occasion endless difficulties and scruples if they had not the largest possible latitude allowed them as to the time when they would say their office. Still it is quite clear that (supposing such legitimate hindrances away) the office is shaped with a view to its being said at certain times of the day and not at others. It must be a very unpoetical mind which cannot discover a want of propriety in praying against the nocturn phantasmata at a hour when there are no symptoms of night-fall, or be quite satisfied with '*jam lucis orto sidere*,' as prelude the first to airing his night-cap. Such a mind will, of course, find no beauty in the adaptation of the hours of the Church to those of the day, and doubtless would feel as comfortable in a climate where Christmas came at summer-time, as where the very season reminded him of the circumstances under which our Lord was born. Where it is a duty to deprive oneself of such associations, nobody would complain of a person who took the licence which the Church allows him: where it is no duty to do so, and the mind of the Church, i. e., (what she *wishes*, not what she commands,) is plain from the very language of the different hours—we will not complain of any one for differing from us, all we will say is, that he puts himself into a less favourable position for entering into many of the applications of the Psalms to different times of the day or the year. There is a difference between hearing music and listening to it: if we take this difference as an illustration, we shall say that he who says his office at any time, hears the Church; he who says it as near as he can to the right times, listens to the Church.

Lest, however, any one should think, that thus insisting upon the duty of attempting to recite the Office with

---

\* See also the *Horolog. Ascet.* of Card. Bona, iii. 5.

devotion savours of a Jansenistic punctiliousness, it will be well to remember, that the "*Tertius orandi modus*" is recommended by the Jesuits in the *Directorium*\* as conducive to this end. Of course we do not mean to assert, that a person is bound under sin to aim at such devotion;—all we say is, he is a loser if he does not aim at it; and that it is well to get such perfection as lies in our way, and is no hindrance to our vocation.

It will be a step in obedience beyond this, when we endeavour to make ourselves able to understand the Psalter as we go on with it. "*Psallite Regi nostro, psallite,*" is not enough, when we consider in whose presence we are, whose praises we are singing, and by whom inspired, when in fact we consider "*quoniam rex omnis terræ Deus,*" then we ought to aim at the "*psallite sapienter,*" above spoken of. And to this object we think Professor Handschuh's little work will be found to contribute: we have read through a large portion of it, and consulted it in other parts. It is, we think, true to the principles it states in the preface, and constantly brings before us in a touching way, the sorrows and joys of our blessed Saviour; it abounds with penetrating observations upon the duty of preserving innocence, and of continuing penance when it has been lost; has a great variety of reflections which savour not only of a pious mind, but of one acquainted with the higher branches of theology, and points out successfully the way in which the Psalms as it were invite the priest to apply them to himself in the course of his ministrations. The work is also written in pure German, free from that inundation of Latin words so common in most modern German writers, and so unnecessary in a language which is perfectly adequate to the expression of almost every conceivable idea in

---

\* The words of the Directory are worth adding (xxxvii. § 12.): "*Tertius modus orandi ita intelligendus est ut in considerandis singulis vocibus alicujus orationis tantum tempus insumamus, quantum communiter una respiratio durare solet. Quod si quis pro suâ devotione amplius morari vellet, poterit quidem, sed tunc potius ad secundum orandi modum pertinebit quam ad hunc tertium. Juvat autem hic modus, ut assuescamus facere orationem vocalem cum attentione et devotione debitâ, ut servemus illud Apostoli, Orabo spiritu, orabo et mente. Quare hæc exercitium est valde utile eis qui obligati sunt ad horas Canonicas, vel ad alias orationes vocales.*"



its own terms. This praise is worth mentioning among more serious ones, both because it may induce students in theology to avail themselves of this book for the double purpose of learning German, and understanding the Psalms; and also because it is important to remark how real simplicity of thought is the natural parent of homely and easy language.

A great deal might be said in defence of the principles upon which this work is written; principles which have indeed been concisely stated in the quotation from the preface, but which admit of being put out in a more scientific form than can be expected in a commentary. An attempt shall be made in the present article, to do somewhat towards such a statement of these principles as may seem likely to be useful. A full and proper statement of them, with a notice of all that might be objected against them or urged in support of them, would require an ample volume. But something we think may be done here to some purpose perhaps, though this something may fail to satisfy either ourselves or our readers. So much comes into the mind if it has once studied the Psalms, that it is difficult to select without suppressing things which ought to be stated, or to write in a way which appears connected to ourselves without leaving the reader in perplexity. Much also may be suggested by the book before us, but here an endeavour shall be made to keep to two or three definite objects, which may be stated as follows:

1st. To unfold and justify that principle upon which our author's work is based, viz., the assumption that David writes in the Psalms as the representative and type of Christ, considered as the head over many members struggling with the world.

2nd. To notice some few of the liturgical applications of the Psalms which flow out of this principle.

3rd. To say somewhat upon the applicableness of the Psalms to private devotional purposes.

It is quite evident that, if the first of these objects can be made out satisfactorily, very little will be enough to say about the two latter. If, therefore, our remarks upon the subject of the first division be disproportionately long, the reason of this will be obvious. What we have first to do then, is to consider in what particular respects David was a type of Christ and of His Church also; this will require to be put in as clear a light as possible; and therefore we trust

our readers will forgive us if we try not only to show them the building, but also the foundations on which it is the superstructure; not only to state what is absolutely necessary in order to understand the subject immediately before us, but also to state a principle or two, to which there must be perpetual recurrence.

If there be one principle to which the Church throughout appears to have borne a consistent testimony, it is the allegorical principle. All writings of the holy fathers with which we are acquainted, polemical or exegetical, practical or dogmatical, bear witness to the truth of this assertion. Whether the writer is pious and devotional, or acute and argumentative, makes no matter: all exhibit specimens of this principle, some in a greater degree and some in a less, yet all in some degree. Even St. Chrysostom, notwithstanding his education under Theodore of Mopsuestia, is not exempt from it. Those giants of acuteness, St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and St. Cyril, abound with it: St. Ambrose in the West, is not behind St. Ephrem in the East, in this respect: St. Gregory in Rome, St. Jerome in Palestine, St. Hilary in Gaul, St. Basil in Cæsarea, and his brother of Nyssa, St. Epiphanius in Cyprus, and others that might be mentioned, many of them zealous opponents of the abuse of allegory, yet all furnish abundant samples of the use of it. The Church, in her different office-books, has done her very best to maintain this principle, which seems so childish a principle to the world, because it is always confounding what is childish with what is child-like. This the Church has done not only by the applications of Scripture and the sermons and homilies of the Fathers which the Breviary contains, but also by a vast quantity of ceremonies wholly unmeaning without reference to this principle. If it be asked in what manner the abuse of this principle is to be distinguished from the use of it, these ceremonies will suggest some sort of answer to the question. For while they admit of a spiritual application, they use the actual elements mentioned in Scripture, salt, oil, candles, incense, and the like: they use the letter in order to bring the spirit before us, whereas heretics would have the Gospel system to be all spirit. In a similar way orthodox writers do not deny the letter, while they suppose it to convey other and spiritual teaching behind the letter; whereas Origen seems to suppose that it is mere matter of indifference whether the

letter is true or not. Abraham's sacrifice is true, for instance, and highly instructive to men in the letter: but to Christians as such, it is additionally instructive, owing to the fact that it is a type of the Sacrifice on Calvary. The letter is good and instructive for its own sake, but better and more instructive for that which is contained under it. Some principles there must have been according to which certain actions, and not others, of the patriarchs were selected, and if we were left to choose what that principle was, and had no clue furnished us by the New Testament, we could not well have assumed a more reasonable principle of selection than this, that it was those things which happened to them *in figure*, which were written for our correction. "The writer of those Scriptures, or rather the Spirit of God by him, goes through those events by which not only past things are narrated, but also future things foretold.....not that everything related as having been done, should be supposed to signify something besides: but for the sake of those things which do signify somewhat besides, even those which do not are added," says St. Austin, de Civ. Dei, xcv. 333. Those things in fact which had a typical meaning as well as a real one, are selected out of a vast number of other exemplary acts of virtue or of vice. Nor can one forbear to add, (though nothing to our present purpose), that the same principle appears to extend to the selection of miracles from the many others which Jesus did: the letter of them goes towards the conviction of unbelievers, the spirit of them contains doctrine about the Sacraments of the Church.

This principle is of such vast importance towards a christian understanding of the Psalms, that it is necessary to speak a little more distinctly as to the use and abuse of it. It is commonly said, that allegory cannot be applied to the establishment of any doctrine,—a position stated in terms somewhere in St. Austin, though we much doubt if he acted upon it in the sense it is often taken. Certainly, many of the Fathers argued from the allegorical meaning of passages against heretics in controversy. Had we time and scope for proving this here, it might be readily done: but for the present we must assume it, and endeavour to make it clear in what sense this position, viewed in connection with the fact just mentioned, may be taken. Allegory, then, cannot be used to prove a doctrine unknown from another source. Origen, for instance, appears to use

it to justify fancies of his own: whereas orthodox writers use it to prove the doctrine of the Church, supposed to be already known. Allegory, which does not act in submission to a rigid creed, deserves all the ill names which the driest disciple of Theodorus of Mopsuesta may please to heap upon it. But it seems perfectly and strictly in accordance with reason to say, here is a certain doctrine which claims to be from God, and which is found to explain certain parts of those Scriptures which heretics allow to be from God; and this doctrine is like a key which fits the wards of Scripture, and tallies with them, which is a plain proof that it was made by the same Artificer as Him who made that which requires unlocking: it is a proof of sufficient cogency for practical purposes, that the same Workman not only made the lock and key, but also intended the connection between them. If any one cannot see the reasonableness of arguing against heretics from allegory in this way, we have nothing more to say to him but that we do not see what is to keep him from denying all final causes whatever.

Moreover, it is a particular condition required of those who have to come to Christ, that they shall be of a child-like temper. It may be fairly considered, whether the probation of certain heretics—not of other people, but of heretics—does not lie in their submitting their intellects to something which seems at first sight so childish, as allegory does seem to some minds. They acknowledge their obligation to submit to Scripture: but they think they are to be taught by it in what they are pleased to hold to be the only rational, manly way. Now, it is very possible that God may teach men in what seems a roundabout and foolish way: Christianity has always seemed to be foolishness (1 Cor. i. 18-25.) to those external to it. Little children are instructed by fables, which, so far as they convey a truth by things in the letter, which mean something else than the letter, are analogous to allegory: the minds of little children, if once supplied to certain aliens from the Church, might enable them to see that many passages applied by the Church to the Blessed Virgin do contain doctrine concerning her. It is not these passages alone which prove this doctrine to Catholics, but it may be that they are the proper proof of them to those not yet Catholics. Light and certainty are promised to those in the Church; but where are they promised to those out of

the Church? These last must not beg the question by assuming that they are in the Church, and then quarrel with the weak evidence—weak, comparatively speaking—which God furnishes to those out of the Church, at least for some doctrines. The want of this childlike spirit will be fatal to those out of the Church, and would make all the offices of the Blessed Virgin (to instance no more) vapid and unmeaning to those in the Church. It seems perfectly possible that the application of several parts of the Psalms and Canticles to Mary, should be intended by God to be just as clear as it is, and no more so, in order that those who will not attend in a childlike spirit to weak evidence, should not have the clearer proofs vouchsafed to them. The intellect must be prostrate before it can be illuminated—must believe before it can know. In illustration of what we here mean it may be observed, that the New Testament does not distinctly assert that Mary remained ever a Virgin. Catholics know it from tradition: but when they know it, they can see it in the type of the burning bush. “*Rubum quem viderat Moyses incombustum*,” says the Church after St. Gregory Nyssen, “*conservatam agnovimus tuam laudabilem virginitatem*.” This type might be the only Scriptural proof furnished to the sceptic who has cut himself off from the secure grounds of tradition, and he may be severely punished for not going by such weaker evidence as he has yet left.

Now to apply this principle to the Psalms: there can be no doubt that David describes in many of them his own sufferings and trials, his own feelings under these or in time of victory, and that with an intermixture of some expressions which seem at first sight alien to the christian temper, and so calculated to make the book not altogether fit for christian devotion. David was a man; and therefore our common humanity would give us some community of feeling with him. But this is not enough to account for the fact, that God to all appearance designed David's compositions in particular to be the Church's chief book of devotion. We ought to have a more distinct conception of David's relation to the Church's Lord and Head, as a type of Him, in order to feel that interest in the Psalms which the Church seems to expect us to feel. Upon what principles, then, is this expectation built? Our author brings the fact before us, that David does thus prefigure the sufferings of the Church's Head: but we have no

room to give the facts in detail, and must endeavour, therefore, to put some of the principles before our reader as well as we can.

David and Christ were, it may be said, engaged' both of them in the establishing of a theocracy upon earth: they had enemies in so doing who were to be won, if possible, by gentleness and forbearance, to be anathematized where this was impossible; enemies who would try every method which open violence or subtle fraud could suggest to subvert this kingdom. The greatest foes both of David and of Christ were pretended friends: by these each was driven out from his kingdom. Of each it might be said, "His own did not receive Him."

This is a rude outline of the main points in which they were alike: there are a great many points in which they were different. David foreshadowed only the royalty of Christ's priesthood, not the priestly functions of it; much as the Jewish sacrifices, taken collectively, foreshadowed all the attributes of the great Sacrifice, which, taken singly, they did but foreshow in part. This kingdom of Christ is what the devil tried to put down by heretics, whom antiquity held to be the organs and members of Satan. The troubles and the foes of David formed a type of its struggles with other foes, and the Psalms contain reflections upon the former, which have been so overruled as to suit the latter. A knowledge of David's history will help much to understand the latter, without a knowledge of which last the spirit of the Psalms cannot be understood.

In considering this history with a view to our present purpose, David's character and qualifications as a moral governor require to be attended to. A moral governor is one who rewards the virtuous and punishes the vicious; but as vice and virtue both of them escape notice, it is plain that a mere human governor could not carry out what moral government, to be perfect, requires. Nevertheless, a religious man may make a greater approximation to this than another person can. If we view a moral governor as considering himself to be responsible, not only to right reason and conscience, but also to his Maker, forthwith we shall expect him to use not only the ordinary natural means for bringing about the punishment of vice and reward of virtue, but also such supernatural ones as prayer will help him to. A person, indeed, under



all ordinary circumstances, should be quite certain of the permanence of his own virtue, and of the irretrievableness of another's guilt, before he could venture to imprecate punishment on another—that is to say, under ordinary circumstances he never could do it at all. We require, then, some statement, or attempt at the statement, of what the extraordinary circumstances are which can enable a moral governor who has human frailties, to use such imprecations as those used in the *Psalms*. Our author avails himself of a very common, though very unsatisfactory, expedient for getting over the difficulty which these imprecations occasion. He takes them (See vol. i. p. 272, p. 305; vol. ii. p. 61, p. 293; vol. iv. p. 205.) as prophecies: this, however, is a plain elusion of the real difficulty, which neither the Hebrew nor the Latin form of the words employed will bear. They are as plain, clear imprecations as can possibly be.

The supposition now before us of a governor able to see men's hearts, and secure of his own continuance in virtue, will, we think, help us to see our way through the difficulty before us. Christians, however "*memores conditionis suæ*," are surely bound to pray against God's enemies. We pray God in the Litany of the Saints, "*ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris*;" but as mindful of our own frail estate, and our ignorance who his enemies are (perhaps our own selves), we leave it to him to decide the manner in which they should be humbled, and the persons who are to be humbled. Yet there would not seem anything particularly uncharitable, if we were to pray God at once to turn into hell such as he knows to be irrecoverably plunged into hatred to Himself and His Church. Nay, when we consider the exceeding mischief that one bad man does, the ruin of innocence and virtue he spreads around him, the pattern of sin, and the discloser of the way and method of being iniquitous, such a condemned soul would be, it seems as if to pray for his speedy destruction would be perfectly charitable—even the only charitable course. If we had a discernment which should enable us to see which individual was precisely of this character, then it would be charitable to pray against this individual reprobate.

Such a gift of discernment might be carried so far as to make this life insupportably miserable, unless that gift were rendered tolerable by some miraculous counterpoise.



It is plain that Almighty God could reveal to us who have already made themselves the settled and deliberate enemies of His elect to all eternity, and who are at present in the course of making themselves such. Such a gift of discernment our Lord's soul actually possessed: it formed a part of the burden of suffering which He bore for us. But because He came to teach us who have not that discernment, He did not for the most part allow it to appear that He possessed such a power. Nevertheless, meek as He was beyond all description, there were times when He spoke with severity to the reprobate Pharisees. "Fill ye up the measure of your fathers. You serpents, generation of vipers, how will you flee from the judgment of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33.) This is not the language of one who entertained hopes for those whose hearts he read. Again, St. Paul's "Let him be anathema, Maranatha," is surely an imprecation, not to mention other passages in the New Testament.

The question then is, had David any such gift of discernment as should enable him to read men's hearts, and see who were reprobates? If he had, it is natural that a body like the Church, gifted with that infallibility by which she can discern what is heresy and what is not, should adopt as a large portion of her devotions the Psalms which abound with imprecations. Without presuming, in most cases, to decide who they are on whom they are to fall, she yet wields them in trembling obedience, knowing by what Spirit they were originally inspired, and believing that they will crush at last those on whom they fall.

*Ὅψ' ἔ θεῶν ἀλεῶνσι μυλοί, ἀλεῶνσι δὲ λεπτά.\**

"Slow grinds the mill of heaven, but fine it grinds"—

as even the heathens observed. Isaac, when he had once cursed those that cursed Jacob, could not remove the curse for all the reprobate huntsman's bitter cry. The Church's anathemas, then, may form a counterpart to these imprecations; and the latter may tell against her enemies, although she be not supposed to discern individuals as David seems to have been allowed to do, in order, it should seem, to make him a more exact type of Him who knew what was in man. For, it does seem that David

---

\* Prov. ap Sext. Empir. p. 279, ed Fabr.

foreshadowed our Lord as in other respects, so in this most remarkable one, that he was endowed with a power of seeing men's hearts.

This character is most strongly brought out in his history by what the woman of Thecuah says to him: "Thou, lord, my king," she says, "art wise according to the wisdom of the angel of God, to understand all things upon earth." (2 Kings xiv. 20.) This same character appears in many passages of the Psalms. The following are some of them: "The unjust hath said within himself." (Ps. xxxv. 1.) Here it is implied that David knows what goes on in the heart of the wicked; a literal rendering of the Hebrew, though obscurer as a whole, would put this knowledge of David's in a plainer light: "A declaration of the transgression of the wicked, made in the midst of my heart." The Psalmist proceeds: "There is no fear of God before his eyes: for *in his sight* he hath done *deceitfully*, that his iniquity may be found unto hatred. The words of his mouth are iniquity and guilt: he would not understand that he might do well. He hath *devised iniquity on his bed*: he hath set himself on every way that is not good, but evil he hath not hated." Here we have put before us an account of the private thoughts of the wicked, as though David could see their hearts. Again, in Ps. x. 6, (alias ix. 27.) "He hath *said in his heart*, I shall not be moved from generation to generation, and shall be without evil. His mouth is full of cursing, bitterness, and *deceit*: under his tongue are labour and sorrow." And presently after, "He hath *said in his heart*, God hath forgotten: he hath turned away his face." And the next verse but one, "He hath *said in his heart*, He will not require it." And in Ps. xiii. 1: "The fool [or Nabal, as the word is in the Hebrew] hath *said in his heart*, There is no God." In xxvii. 3: "With the workers of iniquity destroy me not, who speak peace with their neighbour, but evils are *in their hearts*." In Ps. li. he describes Doeg's character as if he knew his thoughts. "All the day long," he says, "thy tongue hath *devised injustice*.....Thou hast loved malice more than goodness, and iniquity more than to speak righteousness. Thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." In lvii. he has the following: "If in very deed you speak justice, judge things right, ye sons of men. Nay, but [etenim] *in your heart* you work iniquity: your

hands forge injustice in the earth. The wicked are alienated *from the womb* [Compare Rom. ix. 11.]; they have gone astray from the womb; they have spoken false things." Ps. lxi. 5: "They blessed with their mouth, but cursed *with their heart*." Ps. lxxiii. 8: "They said *in their heart*, the whole kindred of them together, let us abolish all the festival days of God from our land."

Some of these passages put the thing more strongly, and some less; but those which put it less strongly derive a meaning and force from those which put it more so. On the whole it should seem there could be no doubt that David was allowed to see much of what went on in the hearts of the wicked, and by having through grace and in part what Christ had in His own right and in its entirety, as Heir of all things,—through having, that is, such a knowledge of what was going on in the hearts of the wicked,—David seems to be eminently gifted for a moral governor in the high sense here contemplated. In one place he even seems to have the very book of predestination opened to him: "Let them be blotted out of the book of the living, and with the just let them not be written." (lxviii. 39.) Here he prays that some designed for life may forfeit it for their sins, as if he saw what they had been designed for, as well as how they had forfeited it.

Here, then, is the ground for these terrible imprecations we find in the Psalms, of which the one just given is a specimen. Turn them how you will, call them prophecies or what not, evade the plain and natural use of the optative forms in Hebrew as you please, still there is an evident exultation in the destruction of the wicked which sorts ill with that theory of christianity which makes benevolence the sum and substance of it, much as atheists have made it the sum and substance (so to say) of God's character. Yet, somehow or other, the Psalms have been used in the Church in all ages more than any one book of Holy Writ. They are more quoted in the New Testament than even Isaiah is, and more in the Fathers than any part of the Old Testament. A Church which believes herself gifted with infallibility, in thus acting acts naturally: it is natural for her to anathematize heresy (and heretics, too, if obstinate), and therefore natural to mould her spirit upon a book, which, while it is replete with all that is tender in devotion, yet savours of the king as well as of the penitent, and nerves her heart against wearing the sword entrusted to

her in vain. If David was a penitent, so was St. Peter; if David was a king, Cephas also had not a priesthood only, but a *royal* priesthood. The anathemas of the Church, then, are a counterpart to the imprecations in the Psalms, the spiritual sword to the material sword of David, and heretics to his crafty enemies. It is not possible for a ruler to be conscious that he rules in God's stead, without his being willing also to use God's weapons against his enemies. Even the indiscreet use of the material sword which Simon made before he was converted, did not make God bid him throw it away, but put it up into its sheath, which seems to convey some intimation as to the right use of the spiritual sword. It is by hearing that faith comes; and this sword is not given to the Church to deprive men of the very organs of conversion, but to cut them off from the people of God after they have refused to be converted. "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, avoid," (*St. Paul* says,) "*knowing* that he that is such an one is subverted and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment." (Acts iii. 10.)

It is somewhere mentioned by St. Ephrem as a characteristic of certain heretics, that they are unwilling to anathematize; yet this anathematizing spirit, so Catholic, though so often condemned by Latitudinarians, and regarded with so much reasonable apprehension by them, really is perfectly odious when severed from other portions of the Christian character, of which it forms a part only. Outside the Church, people contemplate the Christian character as an object at a distance and external to themselves, and so misjudge of it. Without faith it is impossible to anathematize, and faith is impossible out of the Church. "The Reformation," (said an acute lawyer some years ago, as we have been told,) "substituted opinion for faith;" therefore the Reformation destroyed the right to anathematize. The Reformation took away the veneration of the blessed Virgin, and by so doing deprived our Lord's passion of all its tenderness, left man without a medium through which to contemplate it, and put a stop to those minute and detailed meditations upon the sufferings of Christ, which are absolutely necessary in order to acquire what may be called a true sympathy with those sufferings. The reason why this is mentioned here is, because the Christian character is made up of contrasts and seemingly contradictory constituents; and this fervent

and adoring appreciation of Christ's sufferings, is the particular contrast which is set over against the anathematizing temper, and keeps it in check. He who does not heartily feel that God suffered in the flesh for us, cannot but be backward in damning the heresies that rend from him the creed upon which alone this feeling can set its foot securely, and act with freedom and confidence. To anathematize without faith and humility is perfectly odious; to use the imprecations of the Psalmist properly, we ought to have the faith of the Psalmist and his humility also. What he gazed forward to, that we ought to look back to, by the same faith; what he suffered as a type, that we ought to suffer as feasting on the real sacrifice with the same humility. Unless we can forgive our own enemies, we cannot hate God's enemies, because the unforgiving are his enemies; unless we can see Christ in his Sacraments, we shall not understand the foresight of him in his prophets. In order to have this forgiving temper, we must have faith, and faith exercised in the contemplation of those details of the Passion in which the spirit of forbearance and longsuffering is so wonderfully inculcated. The Mother of God might have prayed to her divine Son to destroy his enemies in a moment, but she forebore to do so. She then should come in as a principal actor in that drama, whose whole moral, so to say, is patience in suffering despite of power to destroy. That drama must be seen constantly by the eyes of faith, looking back to it in us, as it looked forward to it in the prophet. "I hold," (says St. Leo,) "that the sacred history of our Lord's passion which we have gone through the gospel account of as is usual, made such impression on the breasts of you all, that to every one that heard it, the very lection of it has proved a kind of vision. For such is the power that true faith has, that it is not wanting in the mind to those among whom the presence in the body could not be; such that whether the heart of the believer return to the past or reach itself out into the future, the apprehension of the truth should not feel affected by any of the delays which time occasions." *De Pass. Dom. xix. init.*

This property of faith is, to our mind, so beautifully illustrated by our author's commentary upon the twenty-first Psalm, that we shall give the whole of it here; it will serve at once as a specimen of his style and manner, as a

proof of what was just observed, viz., the need of orthodox faith in order to enter into David's feelings, and as a link between this and what we wish to say about that humble and forgiving character of David, which portrays prophetically the temper of our Lord and his disciples. The passage we allude to occurs Vol. i. p. 188; we should differ from one of the grounds the author gives for the expression "*Deus meus*," as thinking it might sound somewhat heterodox, were it not for a subsequent portion of the extract which completely explains it. (on verse 10.) However, to proceed.

"That this Psalm belongs to the Messiah throughout, is not only put beyond a doubt by the declarations of Christ and the Apostles, John xix. 24; Heb. ii. 11, 12; Matt. xxvii. 46; Mark xv. 34; but the contents themselves could not be applied either to David or to any one else, without doing plain violence to the text. It pictures then the bitter sufferings and offering up of God who was Man, in the most lively features, and indeed David speaks in the same, in the person of the Saviour, to his heavenly Father. The Church uses this Psalm in the Ferial Office for Prime on Friday, and could not better solemnize the memory of the Son of God, who was offered up for us in his death."

### 1, 2. *Deus, Deus, meus, &c.*

"David speaks here in the person of Christ when he was hung upon the cross, and in his most vehement pangs cried out: '*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*' which words are borrowed from this Psalm, for the '*respice in me*,' is an explanatory addition of the Septuagint's. The Saviour calls the Father *his* God pre-eminently, not only because he was generate from eternity from him, [In this respect he might be the Holy Ghost's God,] but because notwithstanding the fact that in the Son, and that even when he had become man, the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily, yet when the Saviour was offering himself up, the guilt of the human race with which of his own accord he had loaded himself, stood in a special way in opposition to the angry and much offended Godhead. He says, '*why hast thou forsaken me?*' not as if the hypostatic union of the Godhead and manhood in Christ were done away with and the man Christ only suffered, not as if the Father had departed from his Son, since he had said a little before his passion, '*I know that thou hearest me always*;' but because in this bitter passion it was his divine manhood which suffered, and that without having the comfort and help of the Godhead which dwelt in him. And the Saviour poured himself forth in these words of complaint, to show how sorely in reality his manhood suffered, how strictly sin must be repented of, and how guilty every one is who through new

sins increases the burden of Christ's satisfaction, or, as the Apostle expresses himself, crucifies Christ anew. From this also the sense of the other part of the verse is explained. To desertion, and to all contempt, and to all pain, and to death itself, crieth the Redeemer, am I given up, because the multitude of sins which are laid upon me, have called down such punishments and such chastisements from thee, O Father, upon thy Son. My remedy, my delivery is far off, I cannot be pardoned, because the sins of the world, which are laid upon me, cry to thee for vengeance and punishment. The reason, however, why the Lord calls the sins of the world his own, is to be found in this, that he has become the surety for us, just as he is called also the Lamb of God that beareth the sins of the world; as also it is said of him, he hath borne our sins in his body upon the tree; and as the Apostle saith: He that knew not any sin, is become sin for us, i. e., an offering for sin."

### 3. Deus, meus, clamabo, &c.

"The Saviour pictures again and again his dereliction. He says, I cry by day and thou hearest not. Some think that Christ here alludes—to that prayer which he put up repeatedly in the garden of Gethsemani, when he found indeed comfort from his heavenly Father, but not deliverance from the passion, for which however he had only prayed conditionally, saying, 'if it be possible;' and to that prayer which he had just uttered upon the cross, which however was just as little able to deliver him from death, since he knew that sin required this offering. Bellarmine explains the verse so, that by 'day,' is to be understood our Saviour's lifetime, and by 'night,' that time when his soul was already severed from his body and this rested in the grave. And he cried by day for the preservation of his life, yet that was not heard by the Father, because the peace-offering must fall: but he cried by night, in the night of his death, in order to be raised to life again, and therein he will not appear foolish in his hope before his foes: this much greater prayer was to be fulfilled to him, in order that his foes might be ashamed."

### 4. Tu autem in sancto, &c.

"The Saviour begins here to praise his Father for his eternal holiness, righteousness, and mercy: 'Thou dwellest in a holy place, thou, the holiest thyself, and uniting holiness and mercy, hast been of old the praise of Israel, hast elected for thyself this people of Israel, that in thee honoured its God, and Deliverer, and Lord, and in thee counted itself happy.'"

### 5. In te speraverunt, &c.

"To put the fearfulness of his passion more clearly before us, the Saviour mentions all the loving mercies of God which he let the Fathers of the Old Testament enjoy, and which now seem



to form a contrast with the sternness with which he chastised his Son. Yet the holiness and mercy could only be united in the satisfaction previously devised by justice, and this offering of atonement is Jesus Christ; on which account the plaintive Saviour adds,"—

### 7. *Ego autem sum vermis, &c., &c.*

"Since we, thoughtlessly enough, prize so little the passion of Christ our Saviour, the Lord has cried to our very soul by the word of his prophet, what he has become for us, 'I am a worm and no man.' He, of whose exalted manhood the prophet had written that he was lowered but a little below the angels, appears here as scarce more than a worm, mercilessly trodden under foot, become a reproach of the people, who forget in him the worker of wonders, and the mighty teacher, of whom Peter was ashamed; and who as the last, the cast-off of the people, was put beneath a Barabbas and crucified in the midst between street-robbers. And here begins a picture of the Prophet's, which goes into the minutest features, and which could not be more exact if it had been written down under the Cross of the Saviour. The Evangelists relate to us in fact just what the Psalmist here plaintively puts into the Saviour's mouth. The people stood staring, and the chiefs of the people laughed at him; nay, the very words of the Psalmist did the foes of Jesus use, as Matthew tells us. They mocked him while they wagged their heads, and said, 'Vah, thou that destroyest the temple and in three days dost rebuild it, save thy own self; if thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross. He trusted in God, let him now deliver him if he will have him.' "

### 10. *Quoniam tu es qui extraxisti, &c.*

"Marvellously was the Son of God conceived of a Virgin by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost; born marvellously without pain, and (as the Church expresses herself) without the loss of her virginity. Wherefore Jesus calls his Father who had begotten him from eternity, also his God, so far forth as he had made him become man wonderfully, through whose omnipotence he came forth from the Virgin's womb, who nourished him at the breasts of a Virgin and Mother; who with fatherly care watched over him, protecting him from the savageness of Herod; him, the Son, who, after he had once given himself up from obedience to the Father, and from love and mercy to man's race for the redemption of the same, even from his Mother's body serves him as his God and Father with perfect obedience and an entire resignation, in order to atone for the disobedience and apostacy of the human race."

### 12. *Ne discesseris a me, &c.*

"The work of redemption, which began with Christ's first becoming man, now approaches its accomplishment, and with it

affliction in full measure, a sea of pain and ignominy, in which the sins of the world were to be drowned. According to some, the Saviour had here alluded to that agony of death which he suffered in the garden of Gethsemani: still the whole passage seems rather as if it should be understood of approaching death, since our Lord also adds thereto: They have pierced my hands and feet, they have shared my garment among them; and had a little before adduced the words of the Jews who mocked him; and because our Lord intoned the first verse of this Psalm when hanging on the Cross, so that the whole Psalm may fitly be called the prayer of the dying Saviour.

"Our Saviour now begs, that the Father may stand by him at the approaching accomplishment of the great and difficult offering, since there is no one to stand by and help him, no one either in heaven or in earth to be found, who would support the great sacrifice of the High-priest for ever, when redeeming mankind: since there is but one name in which we can be saved, the name of Jesus. Moreover, it is here forced upon us how the Saviour really took the punishment of sins from us, and upon himself, since he suffered death in its whole bitterness upon the hard tree of the cross, amid the most unutterable pangs of body and of soul, in order to work out grace for us to die that same death which the guilt of the human race had deserved, among the comforts of faith, in the arms of the love of our reconciled Father, and in the peace of hope."

### 13. *Circumdederunt, &c.*

"The dying Saviour complains now of the savageness of his foes, whom he compares with oxen and lions, and afterwards, v. 17, with dogs also. To the ox, indeed, is peculiar that wildness with which it throws down everything that comes in its way, to the lion that strength and savageness with which it goes howling after its prey, but dogs bellow and bark even when they can do no further harm. Thus the foes of Christ persecuted the Lord with the wrath of wild oxen, with the cry of lions going out for their prey, and with the irritating bark of yelping dogs. Like wild oxen did the high-priests, Pharisees, and members of the high council in Jerusalem, hasten together, set the whole city in motion, and were offended in their rage even with Pilate, because he stood in their way to protect Jesus against them. Like lions, who when hungry roar after their prey, the enemies of Christ filled the air with the cry, 'Crucify him,' and when the victim of their rage already hung bleeding upon the cross, these hounds still yelped with biting reproaches after him."

### 15, 16. *Sicut aqua effusus, &c.*

"The Saviour pictures what he was brought to by the savage treatment of his foes, and says, he is poured out like water, i. e., his powers are unstrung, deprived of all internal connection, all

tension of the nerves, broken and melted like water which is poured out, his bones drawn asunder, torn apart, distorted, as happens in crucifixion. And, indeed, our Saviour suffered not only externally, was not only covered with wounds, pierced with nails, stretched miserably in all his limbs: but the fulness of his pain was interior, his divine human heart, in which the holiness of a God and the feeling of mercy for the manhood he had taken, struggled in a marvellous way; this heart of his was torn asunder by pain, was melted within in woe like wax in a hot oven: and so, dried up through loss of blood and strength, and deprived of all interior comfort, did he, who was God and man, lie like a broken vessel, that his tongue cleaved to his gums. Thus was he brought then to the dust of death: his dissolution approached, and inevitably was that death to be executed upon him through which we were to have life."

17, 18. *Quoniam circumdederunt, &c.*

"That no doubt may remain to us who is the burden of this Psalm, the act by which Jesus offered himself up is most plainly pointed out by the Psalmist, viz., what is quite peculiar to crucifixion, that the victim was fastened to wood with nails which were driven through his hands and feet, by which also the members of the body were so stretched that the ribs and bones of it could, so to speak, be counted."

*Ipsi vero consideraverunt et inspexerunt me.*

"In addition to all the vexation of this savage crucifixion, was also the shame of an entire unclothing, through which the most holy and most innocent was exposed to the insolent gaze of sinners. So did the Saviour wish to do penance for all our sins, even the most shameful disgrace of man, through the lower desire of senses, was avenged upon him.

"While the holy virgin Potamia was condemned to be immersed in boiling pitch, and the coarse soldiers were going for that purpose to strip the chaste virgin of her clothes, when she asked them one favour, to leave her her clothes; she succeeded however in her request, on condition of being immersed in the vessel of boiling pitch as long as they pleased, and thus making her sufferings longer. And they acquiesced in her request, and by two hours' suffering did this noble virgin purchase an escape from shame. But such a favour was not granted to the Lamb who loaded himself with the sins of the world, and every species of them."

19. *Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea.*

"In this too the words of the Psalmist could not be more literally fulfilled, since according to the account of St. John, the soldiers who had executed the crucifixion of Jesus, had divided his garment amongst them, as was the traditional usage; but as the

vesture was woven throughout, and as being of one piece could not be separated, they cast lots for it."

20. *Tu autem Domine, &c.*

"After the Saviour has so described his passion, he goes back to prayer again, in order to move his heavenly Father to give him, after his death was fulfilled, life, resurrection, and victory over his enemies. Since, although the Saviour had said before, that he had power to lay his life down and power to take it up again, and although, as the Church teaches, he came forth by his own power as conqueror of death and hell from the grave, on account of the hypostatical union of the Godhead and manhood, which in no one moment of his passion and death was taken away; yet on the other hand, the Saviour appears in his entire resignation and annihilation as if entirely in his heavenly Father's hands, to whom he had dedicated himself as an offering for the sins of the world, and upon whom it now depended, after the fulfilment of his passion and death, to give him resurrection, life, victory, and glory. Hence the Saviour begs that the Father would not neglect to protect him, since the wrath of his enemies aimed at destroying him entirely."

21. *Erue a frameâ, &c.*

"The Saviour begs here for the delivery of his life, that happy life with the Father, the only one that deserves the name, not to escape giving up his earthly life which was through death to be offered up. Yet as if the Son of the eternal Father, with the surety for the human race, and charged with the satisfaction for the same, had staked every thing upon it, even his own being, so he here begs of the Father, as if for a gift or a grace for himself, for what he had possessed from eternity with the Father. Thus the Spirit of God lets us take a glance into the mysterious work of Christ's satisfaction, which, however, makes his love and merit for us, as well as our guilt, appear equally great."

22. *Salva me ex ore leonis, &c.*

"Here there is the same prayer of the Saviour, only with a new turn of language and under a new figure, as an expression of the agonized soul, and of the humiliation of the suppliant."

23. *Narrabo nomen tuum fratribus meis, &c.*

"The Saviour begins now to depict the fruits of his humiliation, which would soon show themselves in the faith in him, which was to be established through his resurrection, so that he would then be in a condition to make known the name of God to his brethren, to finish the mission that he had received from the Father on earth. He calls us that were to be redeemed by him his brethren, as he, the risen Lord, said to Magdalene, 'I shall go to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God.' And truly he will praise God

the Father in the midst of the assembly in the church of God, through the continual mediation of his manhood with the Father, through which atonement and sanctification of the assembly, honour and service will be given to the Father. Moreover, the apostle quotes this passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where he says, (ii. 12,) for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying, I will declare thy name to my brethren."

#### 24, 25. *Qui timetis Dominum, &c.*

"To fear God, means to know him and to serve him. Thus when Jonas was asked of what people he was, I am a Hebrew, and fear God who hath made heaven and earth. So also in Daniel it is said, Then shall all fear the God of Daniel. Of Judith it is said that she feared God greatly, that is, served him incessantly and faithfully. So in that place of the Psalm, 'Blessed is man that feareth God;' which is then explained by what follows, 'and longeth after thy commandments.'

"The Saviour therefore here requires all who, serving him, walk in the knowledge of God, and consequently have a longing for eternal happiness, to praise God, because through the accomplishment of the redemption, the fulness of grace will be poured upon all those who seek the Father with faith in his Son. And, indeed, these fruits of the redemption will those true Israelites first obtain, who from the beginning have lived in faith in the promised Redeemer, and in this faith have died, and wait for the moment when they, having become partakers of Christ's redemption, shall go in with him to the Father: but then that spiritual Israel which, coming forth from the old, shall form the new church of Christ, in which now justification and grace are continually obtained by those who are washed clean in the blood of the Lamb. And indeed our thankfulness for this should pass on to the Father, because he has had respect to the prayer of the poor—the prayer of him, that is, who for our sakes became so weak and wretched; through our sins was so ill-treated, that it was only through much crying and invoking that he obtained a hearing for his reverence to the Father, as the Apostle writes, Heb. v. 7."

#### 26. *Apud te laus mea in Ecclesia magna: vota mea reddam, &c.*

"The Saviour who before had summoned all those who had obtained justice through him, to the praise of God, now himself proclaims that from this time an incessant praise shall sound forth from those who through this atoning death have obtained grace, to God the Father in Christ his Son: and that in the great assembly, in the Church universal, which was to spread through the whole world, in which Jesus will continually offer through his priesthood, that which he had vowed to the Father for men, that offering of

atonement which restores again the reverence due to the Father, which he offered in blood upon the cross, in that bloodless offering of the New Testament, which from the present time will be offered in the sight of those who fear God, confess him in truth, and serve him in holiness; offered, not like those offerings of the heathen, in superstition and vice."

27. *Edent pauperes et saturabuntur, &c.*

"The poor in spirit, that is, who in lowly faith turn to Jesus, and with a sense of their interior necessitousness, are driven by a holy hunger to seek for grace and justice, who will eat of the meat offering which is daily renewed in the Church of God, and be satisfied and obtain contentment, since they possess their God, are united with him in a way throughout gracious and wonderful: and so will all praise the Lord who seek him, who in faith have found and serve him. For how could a greater grace be given them? And so will their hearts, filled with overflowing joy, live in truth, whereas they would have pined away without their God; but they will live thus in God eternally, as our Saviour says, Whosoever eateth of this bread, shall live for ever."

28. *Reminiscentur et convertentur, &c.*

"This, then, will be the great fruit of the redemption, that mankind who had erred so far in ignorance and sin from their Lord and God, will recollect themselves, and turn themselves to him: and this service will be paid to the true God, not as formerly by one people, but all ends of the earth will turn to the Lord, the whole world will be Christian, all the different peoples of the heathen will throw themselves down in prayer before him whom they have acknowledged as their Lord and God, who bled for them on Golgotha."

29. *Quoniam Domini est regnum, &c.*

"The kingdom is the Lord's, that is Christ's, who as Lord and King of the new realm of grace, is to rule over the earth; to whom the Father has given all power in heaven and in earth, to whom all people will turn themselves, and to whom the Lordship belongs as the Prince of the kings of the earth."

30. *Manducaverunt et adoraverunt omnes pingues terræ, &c.*

"St. Cyprian explains this passage of the Lord's Table, where we both adore and eat the Saviour; and indeed, as it was said before, 'the poor shall eat and be satisfied,' inasmuch as the kingdom of God will chiefly consist of the poor; so here is added that in a short time even the rich and great will worship the Lord and be fed by him. Thus will all, poor and rich, high and low, fall

down before his face, believing in him and adoring him, all mortals will serve him, in which, in fine, the full operation of Christ's work of redemption is to consist."

### 31. *Et anima mea illi vivet, &c.*

"The Psalmist goes here, in conclusion, as in most of the Psalms about the Messiah, back to himself; sees his own soul live through the grace of redemption in Christ, and sees entranced in spirit his seed, his posterity, the Juda who is converted to the Lord in the new covenant of grace, serving in holiness and justice."

### 32. *Annuntiabitur Domino generatio ventura, &c.*

"This race to come, then, will receive the joyous message of salvation, the gospel of grace: the heaven, through its messengers, will make known the justice we have through Christ to the people, which shall be born again through water and the Holy Ghost, which the Lord has created, has acquired for himself, an acceptable people to him, which pursues good works, as the Apostle writes."

This is rather a long quotation, but it is useful when we speak about anathemas to bring out the meek and gentle spirit of suffering displayed in the passion with somewhat of detail, in order to allay any harsh and unchristian feelings, in which possibly some people might be tempted to indulge, if they looked at the anathematizing side of the Christian character only. However, it so happens, that there are passages in the Psalms, in which these two features of the Christian temper stand side by side. Specimens of this shall be furnished presently, but previously to doing so, it will be advantageous to notice a passage in the history of David, in which the forgiving temper of our Lord is strongly brought out, although this same anathematizing spirit also finds its place close beside it.

When David went up by the ascent of that very Mount Olivet on which the agony took place afterwards, he was told that Achitophel, the type of Judas, was in the conspiracy against him, and he said, "Infatuate, O Lord, I beseech thee, the counsel of Achitophel." This is an imprecation; a little while after, when Simei, the type of faithless Judah, cursed David and threw stones at him, we find the exiled king forbidding the sons of Sarvia to hinder him; "let him alone," he says, "and let him curse, for the Lord hath bid him curse David.....perhaps the Lord may look upon my affliction, and the Lord may render me



good for the cursing of this day." There is not in the whole Old Testament a more striking lesson of forbearance, and one might have thought that David was lifted above the ordinary attainments of an Old Testament saint, in order to make him on this one occasion a more marked type of Christ, were it not that his whole history furnishes so many instances of a like forbearing temper. Whatever, therefore, be thought of some actions which seem of a piece with the imprecatory or anathematizing spirit, it is certain that these coexist with a number of others which are of a spirit apparently contradictory to it. But we take it that the truth is, the more really mindful a man is of his own frailty, the more he will find that uttering an anathema, so far from tending to make him proud or contemptuous of others, really is the most humbling task which can well be put upon him. What pleasure can it give a christian to feel that Christ's blood has been shed in vain for any single soul? what certainty can he who is humble have that he may not some day himself fall into the heresy which he is now taught to anathematize? Nay, if he anathematizes in a self-sufficient, haughty spirit, is he not likely to fall through pride?—"By that sin fell the angels," says Shakspeare, "how can man then, though the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

The xxxiv. Psalm, the lxix., and cviii., will furnish specimens of the way in which the humble spirit of one who trusts in God may be blended with the strongest imprecations against the wicked. From the latter we may cite the following words: "Let it [cursing] be unto him like a garment which covereth him, and like a girdle with which he is girded continually.....But thou, O Lord, do with me for thy name's sake, because thy mercy is sweet. Do thou deliver me, for I am poor and needy, and my heart is troubled within me."

But it would be endless to pursue the subject of these imprecations further. Enough, it is hoped, has been done to bring before the reader the possibility of these personal imprecations not being wrong or unchristian, so to speak, in David or in any one who was *inspired* to use them against individual enemies, nor even in any one who, without being inspired, used them in submission to the authority of God and His Church, against the enemies of these. Christ is spoken of in Esaias as slaying the wicked with the breath of his lips: this function He has

exercised by His Church, giving her power to bind on earth by her anathemas those whom He also in some cases enables her to discern to be heretics. In the controversy about the *Tria Capitula*, it was discussed whether Theodorus of Mopsuesta could be condemned after his death: upon which occasion Pelagius the Second remarked, "That if Theodorus condemned our Lord and God after His death, why is Theodorus, who by so many blasphemies became the enemy of our Redeemer, himself to be exempted from anathema after his death?" No orthodox mind can fail to see the dignity and loyal charity to Christ contained in this sentiment, delivered as it was from the mouth of Christ's vicegerent upon earth. Indeed, the whole of Christ's kingly power which has hitherto been displayed, has been displayed chiefly through His Church. What prophecy declares, that we have seen fulfilled in the Church, and nowhere else. "*Sicut audivimus, sic vidimus in civitate Dei nostri.*" David's life, whether of suffering or of glory, is a prophecy fulfilled in Christ and in the Church; and David's thoughts, and temper, and tone, are the Church's also.

We have said so much about the first main point we proposed to consider, that we must be very brief indeed about the other two. In regard to the first of these remaining two, hardly anything need be said in the way of principle: it is plain that if one kingdom be typical of the other, that there will be some kind of analogy between the rites and ceremonies used by either, such that one will speak covertly and under a veil of what belongs to the other openly and in the spirit. This we might almost imagine to be so, without supposing David to be under divine inspiration while writing, but merely assuming that the two systems, the Christian and the Jewish, were divine, that the former was a divinely appointed type of the latter, and that he who spoke about the one must needs say things which could be applied to the other. But when David's tongue is the "pen of a scrivener that writeth swiftly"—when he is the organ, as it were, of that Spirit of the living God who suddenly writes upon the fleshy tablets of the heart—when, in fine, we take in the notion of divine inspiration, then we shall see that the *Psalms* may have been designedly so framed by God as to express christian feelings, and harmonize with christian devotion and ceremonies, as well as with Jewish.

"We learn," says St. Gregory Nyssen, Vol ii. p. 605, "from the Lord himself, that it was not as abiding in himself, that 'is, not as speaking with the power of human nature only, that David discourses of heavenly mysteries. For how could any one, as man, know the heavenly language of the Father to the Son? It was in the Spirit that he said that, 'the Lord said to the Lord:' for if David, in Spirit, it says, calleth him Lord, how is he then his Son? It was by the power of the Spirit, therefore, that the sacred writers, guided by God, were inspired: and this is why the whole of Scripture is called divinely inspired, because it is the teaching of divine inspiration. If the corporeal covering of the words is removed, then what remains is Lord, and Life, and Spirit, according to the great Paul, and according to the language of the Gospel. For Paul says, that to him who turns from the letter to the spirit, it is no longer a bondage that killeth, but the Lord that is laid hold of who is the quickening Spirit: and the sublime Gospel says, The words which I speak to you are Spirit and Life, as being words bared of the corporeal covering."

According to this view of St. Gregory's (and it is the common view of all antiquity) the Psalms would convey under a corporeal covering, under the letter, another and spiritual meaning, viz., the realities with which Christians have to deal, as opposed to the unsubstantial figures with which the Jewish system, as it were, beguiled the time of those who waited for the reality to come. Hence their contemplations on outward things, whether of the material world or of the law, might readily be so shaped by the Holy Ghost as to suit our wants. A passage or two from our author shall now be added in illustration of this. His commentary on the Psalm (xcii.) "*Dominus regnavit,*" runs (in part) as follows:

"This Psalm has the inscription, '*Laus Cantici ipsi David in Die ante sabbatum quando fundata est terra.*'\* For it was on the sixth day that God finished the work of creation, and that man,

---

\* This title occurs in the Septuagint, not in the Hebrew. (See that useful book, the Hexaplar Psalter, London, Samuel Bagster, 1843.) St. Paul speaks of St. Timothy knowing the Scriptures from his infancy, 2 Tim. iii. 15, and in the next verse speaks of all Scripture as inspired of God, which surely means the same Scripture as St. Timothy knew from his infancy. But St. Timothy was a Greek, and not even circumcised till late in life, (Acts. xvi. 1—3), therefore he only knew the Septuagint; therefore what is in the Septuagint, cannot be made light of as if uninspired, even if we go by the New Testament only and let Tradition alone.

who was to inhabit it, was created. The Church, however, uses this Psalm at the dawn of Sunday, because Jesus Christ appeared by his Resurrection, as the restorer of the human race and the author of a new creation, clothed with might and glory."

*Dominus regnavit, &c.*

"Through the creation of the world, the omnipotence and majesty of God became visible and cognizable to his rational creatures, so that God began as it were to appear great and mighty with it. He 'ruled' when the world was subjected to him, and he 'became great and glorious' because the greatness and grandeur of his creation reflected its brightness upon him: God appeared, who, as the Apostle says, dwells in unapproachable light, and whom no man hath seen as he is, clothed with light and brightness, and visible through the works of his hands, since the creation of God is, as it were, the garment in which the invisible, unapproachable, and eternal God being enveloped, appears to us, as the Apostle writes, the invisible things of God, his eternal power and also divinity is become manifest in that which is in time. The kingdom of grace, the new creation of God in Christ, was entered upon by the Redeemer, when, after accomplishing the offering of humility and obedience, and overcoming the sting of death, he rose glorious as conqueror over sin and hell, clothed with humanity in its highest dignity, clothed with that power through which all things are subjected to him, with which he is, as it were, girded,—he, the King of truth!"

*Etenim firmavit orbem, &c.*

"The omnipotence and wisdom of God created a world which, in its smallest creatures, is full of wonder; and the same omnipotence and wisdom upholds the structure of the same: and if a conclusion about the power of the Author can be drawn from the stability of the work, then the continuation of a creation so immensely great, the marvellous inter-penetration of all the parts, and the generative power which keeps it in being, are the greatest proof of the omnipotence and wisdom of its Creator. And thus will the structure of this world remain unshaken, until a new heaven and a new earth shall form an eternal dwelling-place for the children of the new kingdom in Christ."

*Parata sedes tua en tunc, &c.*

"Though it was through the creation, that the majesty of God first became visible, and with the same that his Lordship over the world was established, yet the being of God did not first begin with the same, but was from eternity. Just so Christ, through his incarnation, through his suffering and death, and through his resurrection, made himself Lord and God over a new creation, and took

his seat at the right hand of his heavenly Father: but the might and honour was his from everlasting."—Vol. iii. p. 9, &c.

Any one may supply himself with instances of more direct applications of the typical events of David's life to the antitypes in which the church is concerned, by simply consulting the headings prefixed to the different Psalms by H. Handschuh. We wish rather here to give an instance of a less direct application—such as that furnished by the xxxix. Psalm, which some consider only a prophecy of Christ; others to be this, but not without allusion to events in David's life. The liturgical application it is capable of arises, first from the contemplation of our Lord's Passion, and then from another and fresh application of this to a further object. Both these our author expresses concisely at the close of his commentary on that Psalm in the following words:

"The Church uses this Psalm on Holy Friday, and that as well in heartfelt contemplation of the bitter Passion and Death, as also with a reference to the approaching Resurrection of our Saviour. The Church also uses this Psalm in the Office for the Dead, and on this occasion applies what is said in the first part of this Psalm about the mournful condition of the sinner, to the soul in the fire of purgatory, not yet freed from the bands of guilt; and offers up the sufferings of Christ, contained in the second part of this Psalm, to the Father, in its behalf, and as Christ begged for help and comfort, so in his name she prays for this same thing for the poor souls."—Vol. ii. p. 144, compare p. 158.

But it is time to say a few words about the applicableness of the Psalms to private devotions. It is plain that what suits public devotion suits private also; as public devotion could not be suitable unless it came home to the hearts of the individuals present. For instance: the Psalm, "*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua*," must, one should suppose, touch everybody's heart when it is sung in the Presence of our Lord at Benediction; some it may touch in one way, some in another. One might see in the very word *tabernacula* a reference to the tabernacle: another might go farther, and insist on the plural number, and swell with love at the thought that this Psalm could not suit the Jews with whom God had but one tabernacle, whereas with us christians he is present in many places, so that we have the happiness of feeling that distant friends are enjoying his love at the same time with ourselves.

And so throughout, the whole Psalm is suitable to public worship, because it comes home to individuals, and for the same reason it would be suitable to private adoration of our Saviour in his tabernacle. By the way, our author's commentary on this Psalm, beautiful as we felt it to be, almost entirely passes over this use of the Psalm at Benediction—a use, we suppose, to be found in Germany as well as in England. We might be disposed to quarrel with him for this, did he not make it up by the many instances in which he comments most effectively, as we think, upon those Psalms which are more exclusively of a private character, such as the Penitential Psalms and others, which, though admitting a public application, seem to be still adapted most for the private purposes which originally suggested them. Out of the many passages which have struck us in this light, we shall single the following from vol. iv. p. 90: commenting on those words of Psalm ci. 5. "*Percussus sum ut fœnum et ariuit cor meum, quia oblitus sum comedere panem meum,*" he has the following remarks:

"Here the Psalmist pictures yet more clearly the state of the sinner at last come to himself. He is become like grass which men mow down, dried up like hay is his heart. But it is by the plagues of the Lord by which when man is beset, that he falls from that condition of external luxury into that helplessness of perplexity, that misery which is the consequence of long forgetfulness of God, and of a life of sin itself. Then there shows itself that want of faith and such comfort as might have raised up to hope again, him who had met with misfortune. Then is shown how his heart, clinging only to what is earthly, finding joy in sin only, is bared of all the nobler feelings that elevate a man even in calamity; that it is withered up itself and leaves the man in despair now that he cannot have his bread of sensuality any more. Still, however, from the sinner, while among this trouble, when he looks to God whom he has forgotten, the Lord does not turn away, but has looked upon him, and since he has conceived confidence and called upon the Lord, has listened to him; if so be that with a ray of faith, hope also has returned into his downcast soul, and with prayer and tears he has come to know himself again, in all his need, but with himself Him also who is yet able to deliver him. Then will he continually forget to eat his bread which hitherto had nourished him in his body, since his soul only finds again in prayer and penance, nourishment and strength for a higher life. Then will his body continually dry up over fasting and weeping, that his heart may but grow strong again in faith and in the love of God. For man lives not only upon bread, but upon every word that

cometh out of the mouth of God. It is not only earthly nourishment and earthly prosperity on which man's life and power depends; his soul requires much other spiritual nourishing and strengthening which faith and devotion create, if he is to endure in the trials and unceasing troubles of life."

We cannot tell whether all readers will look with favourable eyes upon such a passage as this: yet it may be supposed that all have seasons when, however well-employed by an industry which recalcitrates against need-less relaxation,—however unbroken by any whole day of positive forgetfulness of God,—however elastic in attempts to serve him in spite of past disobedience, their life has been, yet all the past will seem like a vanity to be repented of. In seasons such as these the Psalms will supply private devotions with language so general that it admits of being moulded to individual wants, and so comprehensive as always to include them. Being inspired language, they are able to inspire the penitent with confidence when they present him with promises and encouragements. In them, to use our author's words:

"The Psalmist, filled with living faith, and with him the righteous, expresses his trust in the Lord. For the greater the danger and the less the help in men's power, the higher does the confidence of him advance, who has given himself up entirely to the Lord, and expects every thing in return from Him only. But it is the privilege of those hearts only who are full of love and faith, to find words also to express, when possible, their feelings towards their highest Good: for cold and sluggish hearts, in truth, know not how to speak thus with their God: they want the feelings and words of another, in order by this ladder to lift themselves after a sort to him, for nothing is more eloquent than true faith and true devotion, of which even the Lord has said, that there is nothing which it cannot obtain."—Vol. iii. p. 5.

---



ART. III.—*Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries, with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. With Illustrations. Murray : London, 1847.

SINCE the war of 1842 the Celestial Empire is no longer the unknown region, enveloped in mystery and secrecy, that to a great extent it hitherto was. The European public is no longer left to the coloured and exaggerated representations of the few travellers who enjoyed the rare privilege of being admitted within its strictly-guarded frontier, and whose imagination often supplied the fanciful details of a narrative which they knew it would be difficult to correct. New and more trustworthy sources of information have been obtained. The breach made by English cannon in its hitherto impregnable walls has opened a way for curiosity as well as commerce; and the sword of the victorious warrior has been scarcely returned to its sheath when the peaceful emissaries of knowledge have hastened to explore the unknown wonders of the territory it has won. Hence it is that, within the last five or six years, we have had so many works on the condition of this interesting country. Some of these are indeed of much value, and have thrown great light on the manners and customs of the people; but from the very circumstances in which their authors were generally placed, the works in question have been, in great measure, filled with a large proportion of military details. The land is, as it were, presented to us in the light of some vast conflagration, and we are even made to feel that the hand that penned the page we read has, but an hour before, been wielding with determined valour the musket or the sword. Being men of peace, and shuddering instinctively at the very sounds of war, we have waited with patience for the accounts of those who think and feel as we do ourselves. And it is well to know that we have not waited in vain; and that the time is come at last when tourists of a calmer spirit and kindred mood can tell us what they saw.

Mr. Fortune, the author of the volume before us, is in an especial manner a man of peace. It is no thirst of conquest—no lust of gain that led him to the countries of the

far east ; nor has he been stimulated to laborious exertion, or sustained amid the fatigue of his "Wanderings" by any of the stronger impulses that have led others far away from their native home. These would be unsuited to the character of one, the sole object of whose mission was the collection of flowers, and who was to roam over a land of rich luxuriance and fertility, culling its choicest sweets and gathering its fairest flowers for the gardens of his own. We doubt not that the English Flora will derive many valuable accessions from the new species and varieties which his botanical researches have discovered, and that the gardens of England will be arrayed in a yet more varied loveliness, from the products of those "eighteen glazed cases" that have been consigned to the fostering care of the Horticultural Gardens of Chiswick. But, while we wait anxiously for the future development of his botanical acquisitions, we shall console ourselves with the delights which he has provided for us in his present volume. There is a hearty earnestness of feeling and an unpretending simplicity of style about it which is worthy of one whose life has been spent amid nature's loveliest works, and whose ruling passion has been the love of nature in her fairest and most beautiful forms.

The detail of his researches in his own department would be perhaps uninteresting in a printed page, as it would prove unintelligible to many, but his wanderings brought him into contact with many of the natives, and exposed him occasionally to much of varied incident ; and with the conviction that many of his personal adventures will prove of interest, we shall endeavour without further preface to cull a few of his literary flowers wherewith to twine a garland and weave a bouquet for our readers. The following is an adventure that befel the author in an excursion which he made into the country near Amoy :

"I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island, in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural labourers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley they cried, 'Wiloe-Fokei,' or 'Wiloe-san-pan-Fokei,' that is, 'Be off to your boat, friend ;' but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humour.

In this instance the plan succeeded admirably ; we were in a few moments excellent friends ; the boys were running in all directions, gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans, and although they tried very hard to induce me to 'wyløe' to my 'san-pan,' it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm ; but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found that I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprise the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village, every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at the 'Fokie.' I soon put them all, the dogs excepted, in the best possible humour, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him, and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me, were perfectly delighted. 'He eats and drinks like ourselves,' said one. 'Look,' said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head rather attentively, 'look here, the stranger has no tail !' and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me, to see if it was really a fact that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth, which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, 'Look at that !' I acknowledged it was very fine, and promised if he would allow me to cut it off, I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him."—p. 38.

The following is a description of an egg-hatching establishment at Chusan :

"One of the greatest lions in Chusan is an old Chinaman, who every spring hatches thousands of duck eggs by artificial heat. His establishment is situated in the valley on the north side of the city of Tinghae, and is much resorted to by the officers of the troops and strangers who visit the island. The first question put to a sight-seer who comes here is, whether he has seen the hatching process ; and if he has not, he is always recommended to pay a visit to the old Chinaman and his ducks. When I set out upon this excursion for the first time, it was a beautiful morning in the end of May. Just such a morning as we have in the same month

in England, but perhaps a little warmer. The mist and vapour were rolling lazily along the sides of the hills which surround the plain on which the city of Tinghae is built; the Chinese, who are generally early risers, were already proceeding to their daily labours, and although the greater part of the population are very poor, yet they seem contented and happy. Walking through the city, and out at the north gate, I passed through some rice fields, the first crop of which had been just planted, and a five minutes' walk brought me to the poor man's cottage. He received me with Chinese politeness, asked me to sit down, and offered me tea and his pipe,—two things always at hand in a Chinese house, and perfectly indispensable. Having civilly declined his offer, I asked permission to examine his hatching-house, to which he immediately led the way. The Chinese cottages generally are wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what Scottish cottages were a few years ago, but which now happily are among the things that were. My new friend's cottage was no exception to the general rule; bad fitting, loose, creaking doors; paper windows, dirty and torn; ducks, geese, fowls, dogs, and pigs, in the house, and at the doors, and apparently having equal rights with their masters. Then there were children, grand-children, and, for aught that I know, great-grand-children, all together forming a most motley group, which with their shaved heads, long tails, and strange costume would have made a capital subject for the pencil of Cruikshank. The hatching-house was built at the side of the cottage, and was a kind of long shed with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. Along the ends and down one side of the building are a number of round straw baskets, well plastered with mud to prevent them from taking fire. In the bottom of each basket there is a tile placed, or rather the tile forms the bottom of the basket; upon this the fire acts,—a small fire-place being below each basket. Upon the top of each basket there is a straw cover, which fits closely, and which is kept shut while the process is going on. In the centre of the shed are a number of large shelves, placed one above another, upon which the eggs are laid at a certain stage of the process. When the eggs are brought, they are put into the baskets, the fire is lighted below them, and a uniform heat is kept up, ranging, as nearly as I could ascertain from some observations which I made with a thermometer, from  $95^{\circ}$  to  $102^{\circ}$ , but the Chinamen regulate the heat by their own feelings, and therefore it will of course vary considerably. In four or five days after the eggs have been subject to this temperature, they are taken carefully out, one by one, to a door in which a number of holes have been bored nearly the size of the eggs; they are then held against these holes, and the Chinamen look through them, and are able to tell whether they are good or not. If good, they are taken back, and replaced in their former quarters; if bad, they are of course excluded. In nine or ten

days after this, that is, about fourteen days from the commencement, the eggs are taken from the baskets, and spread out on the shelves. Here no fire-heat is applied, but they are covered over with cotton and a kind of blanket, under which they remain about fourteen days more, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the shed teems with life. These shelves are large, and capable of holding many thousands of eggs; and when the hatching takes place, the sight is not a little curious. The natives who rear the young ducks in the surrounding country, know exactly the day when they will be ready for removal, and in two days after the shell is burst, the whole of the little creatures are sold and conveyed to their new quarters."—p. 78.

The following ingenious and curious modes of catching fish may be interesting to such of our readers as honour the memory of old Isaac Walton by practising at times the art of which he was so enthusiastic a votary :

"There is another mode of catching fish which I have frequently seen in the northern provinces, even more curious than that which I have just noticed. Every one acquainted with Chinese history knows that fish abound in all the rivers and lakes of the north; indeed, every little pond swarms with them. I was greatly surprised when I first saw the fish-catcher following his profession in these places. He is literally amphibious. He is to be seen perfectly naked, half walking, half swimming; now he raises his arms and hands above his head, and bringing them down, strikes a sharp blow upon the water, making a loud and splashing noise. His feet are not idle: they warn him that a fish is at hand, and they are now feeling for him amongst the mud at the bottom of the pond. The next moment the fisherman has disappeared; he is now under water, and he remains so long that you think something has happened to him. There is, however, no cause for fear; a few seconds more, and he appears, rubbing his face and eyes with one hand, and in the other triumphantly holding up the poor little fish which he has just captured. It is immediately placed safely in his basket, and the work goes on as before. The surface of the water is struck and splashed, as I have just described, in order to frighten the fish which are swimming amongst the feet of the Chinaman. Being frightened, they dive immediately to the bottom amongst the mud, where they are felt by the feet, and are soon taken by these expert divers.

"But the most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China is that of training and employing a large species of cormorant for this purpose, generally called the fishing cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and had I not seen with my own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had

great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them, was on a canal a few miles from Ning-po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighbourhood. When the birds came in sight I made my men immediately take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two boats, containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boats, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing-ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boats by their masters; and so well trained were they, that they went on the water immediately, scattered themselves over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and quick as lightning they see and dive upon the finny tribe, which once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird, never by any possibility can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface, with the fish in its bill; and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman, he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master and allows himself to be pulled into the San-pan, where he disgorges himself of his prey, and again resumes his labours. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the animal, and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, and swam about without minding his business; and then the Chinaman, with a long bamboo which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without, however, hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone. Immediately, like the truant schoolboy who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play, and resumes his labours. A small string is put round the neck of the bird, to prevent him from swallowing the fish which he catches; and great care is taken that this string is placed and fastened so that it will not slip further down his neck and choke him, which otherwise it would be very apt to do."—p. 108.

But it is time that we say something of what befel the author in the pursuit of those objects which peculiarly belonged to his own department.

"I found," he says, "a number of nursery gardens, containing excellent assortments of plants for sale, many of which were new to me, and are unknown in Europe; and being at the same time very ornamental, were consequently of great value. At first I had great difficulty in finding out these gardens. The Chinese, from motives



which it would be very difficult to define,—perhaps from jealousy or fear,—were unwilling to give me the slightest information about any of these places outside the town. They told me there were numbers of flowershops in the city, but denied having any knowledge of nurseries or gardens in the country.

“‘If you want flowers,’ said they, ‘there they are in the shops; why do you not buy them? Shanghae men do this, and you should do the same.’

“‘But these shops do not contain the things I want,’ said I.

“‘Then give us the names of the things you want, and we will get them for you.’

“‘But how can I give you the names? I do not understand your language; you would of course send to your nurseries for them, if I could only furnish you with their names?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Oh, then you have nursery gardens in the country?’

“‘Yes, but they are a great way off.’

“I, of course, knew enough of the Chinese by this time to doubt every word they told me, unless I had good reasons for believing them to be speaking the truth, which I had not in this case. I also saw at a glance from the state of the plants that they had not only been grown in the country, but I knew from their condition, that they could have come but a very short distance, for they had been dug out of the ground with a portion of the soil adhering to the roots. For some few days, however, all my efforts were completely baffled, until a lucky circumstance enabled me to get the better of my Chinese friends. My servant and myself were returning home from the country, after an unsuccessful day’s search, when as we neared the north gate of the city, I shot a bird which was new to me; being at that time engaged in making a collection of the skins of Chinese birds. I was, of course, immediately surrounded by all the boys in the neighbourhood, who were quite in raptures with my gun, as it was so different from their own clumsy matchlock. ‘Now,’ said I to the juvenile crowd around me, ‘who can show me the way to the nearest flower-garden where I can purchase some flowers?’ ‘Lyloe, lyloe,\*’ said half-a-dozen of them at once, and I found to my surprise and pleasure, that I was almost close to the gate of a very good nursery, belonging to an individual who had a flower-shop in the city, and with whom I had the conversation related above. It was now getting too dark to see the plants well, but I marked the spot and returned on the following day. This time, however, I was not successful, for, as I approached, a boy who was on the watch scampered away to the gardener’s house and gave notice of my appearance; and long before I reached the gate it was closed and barricaded, and no persuasion nor entreaty could remove their fears, or induce them to

---

\* Come, come.



allow me to enter. The next day, and the next again, the very same thing took place, although I took different roads, in the hopes of finding the young sentinel off his guard. I was now obliged to have recourse to other means to gain my end. Her Majesty's Consul, Captain Balfour, had from the first taken great interest in the success of my pursuits, and kindly offered me every assistance in his power, should I find any difficulties in my way. I therefore related the circumstance to him, and requested him to allow one of the Chinese officers attached to the Consulate, to accompany me to the garden, and explain that my object was to purchase plants and not to take anything away against their will. From our experience of Chinese character, we were well aware that, if this were properly explained, the poor people whose livelihood depended upon the propagation and sale of plants, would be very glad to allow me to make purchases at their garden. I therefore set out again on the following day, accompanied by an officer from the Consulate. When we approached the garden, my young friend was at his post as usual, and ran off immediately; and forthwith the gate was closed and barricaded as before. We walked quietly up to it and knocked, but there was no answer; and the place seemed all at once to be deserted. The officer well knew that the family had hid themselves just inside the gate, and commenced talking to them, and laughing at their fears. In a few seconds we heard a movement among the bushes, and then the inmates, gaining courage, ventured to approach the gate to reconnoitre. At last, being apparently satisfied, the bolts were withdrawn and we were admitted within the sacred precincts of the garden, where I soon found several very valuable plants. The ice was now broken, and with the assistance of the Chinese officer, I got the names and localities of several other gardens, which I soon found out; and although it was the winter season, and vegetation in a state of repose, I was able in a few weeks to get together a collection of plants, which when they flowered, proved not only quite new, but highly ornamental. A few months wrought a great change on these diffident and timid people, and at length they not only received me with pleasure, but begged me to bring my friends and acquaintances to see their flowers."—p. 130.

We strongly suspect that Mr. Fortune must blame his own countrymen for much of the incivility with which he was treated on this and many other occasions. If the natives had always received prompt and sufficient payment for what was taken from them by the "Barbarians," he need not have been so long waiting for admission to the gardens of the Chinamen. Let us hope that the good sense and honesty of such visitors as our author will teach the terrified and suspicious natives that all Englishmen

are not like those who in the hour of battle thought themselves rightfully entitled to whatever their strong arms could capture. In the summers of 1844 and 1845 Mr. Fortune was able to visit several parts of the provinces north of Chusan, to which no European had hitherto access; among the rest the large temple of Teitung, about twenty miles from Ningpo, and in the centre of a large tea district, of which he gives a rather interesting description.

"Twelve or fourteen miles of our journey was performed by water, but the canal ending at the foot of the hills, we were obliged to walk or take chairs for the remainder of the way. The mountain travelling chair of China is a very simple contrivance. It consists merely of two long bamboo poles, with a board placed between them for a seat, and two other cross pieces, one for the back and the other for the feet; a large Chinese umbrella is held over the head to protect it from the sun and rain. The Chinese are quite philosophers after their own fashion. On our way to the temple, when tired with sitting so long in our boat, we several times got out and walked along the path on the sides of the canal. A great number of passage-boats going in the same direction with ourselves, and crowded with passengers, kept very near us for a considerable portion of the way, in order to satisfy their curiosity. A Chinaman never walks when he can possibly find any other mode of conveyance, and these persons were very much surprised to see us apparently enjoying our walk.

"'Is it not strange,' said one, 'that these people prefer walking when they have a boat as well as ourselves?' A discussion now took place amongst them as to the reason of this apparently strange propensity; when one, more wise than his companions, settled the matter by the pithy observation, 'It is *their nature* to do so;' which was apparently satisfactory to all parties.

"It was nearly dark when we reached the temple, and as the rain had fallen in torrents during the greater part of the day, we were drenched to the skin, and in rather a pitiable condition. The priests seemed much surprised at our appearance, but at once evinced the greatest hospitality and kindness, and we soon found ourselves quite at home amongst them. They brought us fire to dry our clothes, got ready our dinner, and set apart a certain number of their best rooms for us to sleep in. We were evidently subjects of great curiosity to most of them, who had never seen an Englishman before. Our clothes, features, mode of eating, and manners, were all subjects of wonder to these simple people, who passed off many a good-humoured joke at our expense.

"Glad to get off our clothes, which were still damp, we retired early to rest. When we arose early in the morning, the view

which met our eyes far surpassed in beauty any scenery which I had ever witnessed before in China. The temple stands at the head of a fertile valley in the bosom of the hills. This valley is well watered by clear streams, which flow from the mountains, and produces most excellent crops of rice. The tea plants, with their dark green leaves, are seen dotted on the lower sides of all the more fertile hills. The temple itself is approached by a long avenue of Chinese pine-trees. This avenue is at first straight, but near the temple it winds in a most picturesque manner round the edges of two artificial lakes, and then ends in a flight of stone steps which lead up to the principal entrance. Behind, and on each side, the mountains rise in irregular ridges, from one to two thousand feet above the level of the sea. These are not like the barren southern mountains, but are clothed nearly to their summits with a dense tropical-looking mass of brushwood, shrubs, and trees. Some of the finest bamboos in China are grown in the ravines, and the sombre-coloured pine attains to a large size on the sides of the hills.....All the temples are crowded with idols, or images of their favourite gods, such as 'the three precious Buddhas,' 'the Queen of Heaven,' represented as sitting on the celebrated lotus or nelumbiums, 'the God of War,' and many other deified kings and great men of former days. Many of these images are from thirty to forty feet in height, and have a very striking appearance when seen arranged in these spacious and lofty halls. The priests themselves reside in a range of low buildings, erected at right angles with the different temples and courts which divide them. Each has a little temple in his own house,—a family altar crowded with small images, where he is often engaged in private devotion."—p. 169.

The kind hospitality of his hosts not only gave him access to the interior of their temples, but also enabled him to see much of their private and household arrangements, as we may see by the following description of an entertainment given in his honour :

"After inspecting the various temples and the belfry, which contains a noble bronze bell of large dimensions, our host conducted us back to his house, where the dinner was already on the table. The priests of the Buddhist religion are not allowed to eat animal food at any of their meals. Our dinner, therefore, consisted entirely of vegetables, served up in the usual Chinese style in a number of small round basins, the contents of each—soups excepted—being cut up into small square bits, to be eaten with chop-sticks. The Buddhist priests contrive to procure a number of vegetables of various kinds, which by a peculiar mode of preparation are rendered very palatable. In fact, so nearly do they resemble animal food in taste and in appearance, that at first we were deceived,

imagining that the little bits we were able to get hold of with our chopsticks were really pieces of fowl or beef. Such, however, was not the case, as our good host was consistent on this day at least, and had nothing but vegetable productions at his table. Several other priests sat with us at table, and a large number of others of inferior rank with servants crowded around the doors and windows outside. The whole assemblage must have been much surprised at the awkward way in which some of us handled our chopsticks, and with all their politeness I observed they could not refrain from laughing when, after repeated attempts, some dainty little morsel would still slip back again into the dish. I know few things more annoying, and yet more laughable too, than attempting to eat with the Chinese chopsticks for the first time, more particularly if the operator has been wandering on the hills all the morning, and is ravenously hungry. The instruments should first of all be balanced between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand; the points are next to be brought carefully together, just leaving as much room as will allow the coveted morsel to go in between them; the little bit is then to be neatly seized; but, alas! in the act of lifting the hand, one point of the chop-stick too often slips past the other, and the object of all our hopes drops back again into the dish, or perhaps into another dish on the table. Again and again the same operation is tried, until the poor novice loses all patience, throws down the chopsticks in despair, and seizes a porcelain spoon, with which he is more successful. In cases like these the Chinese themselves are very obliging, although scarcely in a way agreeable to an Englishman's taste. Your Chinese friend, out of kindness and politeness, when he sees the dilemma in which you are, reaches across the table, and seizes with his own chopsticks, which have just come out of his mouth, the wished for morsel, and with them lays it on the plate before you. In common politeness you must express your gratitude, and swallow the offering. During dinner our host informed us that there were about one hundred priests connected with the monastery, but that many were always absent on missions to various parts of the country. On questioning him as to the mode by which the establishment was supported, he informed us that a considerable portion of land in the vicinity belonged to the temple, and that large sums were yearly raised from the sale of bamboos, which are here very excellent, and of the branches of trees and brushwood, which are here made up into bundles for firewood. A number of tea and rice farms also belong to the priests, which they themselves cultivate. Besides the sums raised by the sale of these productions, a considerable revenue must be derived from the contributions of the devotees who resort to the temple for religious purposes, as well as from the sums collected by those of the order who are out on begging excursions, at stated seasons of the year. The priests are of course of all grades, some of them being merely the servants of the

others, both in the house and in the fields. They seem a harmless and simple race, but dreadfully ignorant and superstitious."—p. 171.

In this retired district, as indeed in the most crowded cities, the English gun, with its percussion caps, was an object of interest and admiration. The guns of the Chinese, being matchlocks of the rudest and most primitive construction, appeared to great disadvantage, compared to the new and improved weapon, and the natives were on all occasions anxious to witness the quickness and certainty of its effects.

"One evening," he says, "a deputation, headed by the high-priest, came and informed me that the wild boars had come down from the mountains at night, and were destroying the young shoots of the bamboo, which were then just coming through the ground, and were in the state in which they are highly prized as a vegetable for the table. 'Well,' said I, 'what do you want me to do?'"

"'Will you be good enough to lend us the gun?'"

"'Yes, there it stands in the corner of the room.'"

"'Oh, but you must load it for us.'"

"'Very well, I will;'" and I immediately loaded the gun with ball. 'There, but take care and don't shoot yourselves.' There was now a long pause; none had sufficient courage to take the gun, and a long consultation was held between them. At length the spokesman came forward with great gravity, and told me they were afraid to fire it off, but that if I would go with them, and shoot the boar, I should have it to eat. This was certainly no great sacrifice on the part of the Buddhist priesthood, who do not, or at least should not, eat animal food. We now sallied forth in a body to fight the wild boars; but the night was so dark that we could see nothing in the bamboo ravines, and perhaps the noise made by about thirty priests and servants warned the animals to retire to the brushwood higher up the hills. Be that as it may, we could neither hear nor see anything of them; and I confess I was rather glad than otherwise, as I thought there was a considerable chance of my shooting by mistake a priest instead of a wild boar."—p. 176.

A great portion of the present volume is taken up with descriptions of various agricultural operations, particularly those that relate to the cultivation of rice and the tea-plant. On these subjects the author has added little to our previous information. The enormous consumption of tea in these countries has made it from the beginning an object of anxious and diligent investigation to every travel-

ler who set his foot upon the soil of the Celestial Empire. Where so many were anxious to inquire, and diligent in investigating, little could remain unknown; and even the proverbial jealousy and caution of the natives have not been able to cast a veil of secrecy over those hidden mysteries of the trade, in which the most deleterious compounds are employed in adulterating the tea of commerce for the American and European markets. For such is unfortunately the case; and many a person who thinks he is sipping the exhilarating extract of "Young Hyson" or "Pekoe," is swallowing a preparation of gypsum and Prussian blue. Into the particulars of this extensive traffic our present limits will not permit us to enter. Our business is rather with the condition of society than the mysteries of trade; and of the strange medley of language and manners that has resulted, in some cases, from the mutual intercourse of the English and Chinese, the following is rather an amusing specimen:

"The shopkeepers in Tinghae supposed an English name indispensable to the respectability of their shops and the success of their trade; and it was quite amusing to walk up the streets, and read the different names which they had adopted under the advice and instruction of the soldiers and sailors to whom they had applied on the subject. There were 'Stultz, tailor, from London,' 'Buckmaster, tailor to the army and navy,' 'Dominie Dobbs, the grocer,' 'Squire Sam, porcelain merchant;' and the number of tradesmen 'to Her Majesty' was very great, among whom one was 'Tailor to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment,' and below the name was a single word, which I could not make out for some seconds,—

*"Uniforms of all descriptions."*

"Certificates from their customers were also in great request, and many of these were most laughable performances. The poor Chinese were never quite at their ease about these certificates, as they were so often hoaxed by the donors, and consequently were continually showing them to their customers, and asking, 'What thing that paper talkie? can do, eh?' The answer was probably in this strain, 'Oh, yes, Fokei, this can do, only a little alteration, more better.' Poor Fokei runs, and brings a pen, the little alteration is made, and it is needless to add, that the thing is ten times more ridiculous than it was before.

"Almost all the natives who come in contact with the English understand a little of the language; and as they have also a smattering of Portuguese, Malay, and Bengalese, they soon mix them

all up together, and draw out of the whole a new language, which the most accomplished linguist would have very great difficulty in analyzing. And what is most amusing, they fancy all the time that this is capital English. The way in which the Chinese classed the foreigners on the island was somewhat droll. There were three degrees of rank which they bestowed upon them,—Mandarins, or, as they pronounced it, *Mandalees*, *Sien-Sangs*, and *A-Says*. In the first class they included all persons of rank holding government situations, as well as the officers of the army and navy; the higher being styled 'Bulla Bulla Mandalees,' and the lower 'Chotta Chotta Mandalees,'—corruptions of Hindostanee words, signifying very large and very small. The merchants are honoured with the title of '*Sien-Sang*;' and the common soldiers, sailors, and the rest of the lower orders were all classed under the head of '*A-Says*.' The word Mandarin is not Chinese, but has always been used by the Portuguese at Macao, as well as by the English, to denote a Chinese government officer; *Sien-Sang* is a Chinese term, and signifies master or teacher, being generally used by the people as a title of respect, in the same way as we commonly use our word Sir; but *A-Say* is quite a new appellation. 'I say,' or 'Ay say,' is a very common expression amongst our soldiers and sailors; and when the northern towns were taken by us during the war, the Chinese continually heard our men shouting it out to each other, and naturally concluded that this was the name of the class to which the lower orders belonged. It was common to hear them asking each other whether such a one was a Mandarin, a *Sien-Sang*, or an *A-Say*."—p. 71.

We have been very much pleased, indeed, with the fair and generous spirit with which the author has viewed the devotional feelings of the people, and though he condemns, as every christian must condemn, the nature of their opinions and the objects of their worship, he yet vindicates the body of the people from the charges of Gutzlaff and others, who have asserted that, even in the most solemn exercises of worship, "*none of the officiating persons showed any interest in the ceremony*," and that those who were present did not seem in the least degree to feel the solemnity of the service. This may have been the case with some; but we hope for the honour of the Chinese, and for the usefulness of those who are labouring to plant the standard of the cross amongst them, that, however mistaken in the object, the feelings of the majority are sincere, and that when the harvest is ripe, and the day which God in the far-seeing designs of His providence has appointed shall come, they will bring their tribute of



grateful and heartfelt worship before the altars of the one true and living God. We cannot forbear quoting the following estimate of the relative zeal and usefulness of the Catholic and Protestant missionaries :

"From what I have seen of the working of the Medical Missionary Society, and from my own knowledge of the Chinese character, I am convinced that the former must be a powerful auxiliary to the missionaries in the conversion of the Chinese. I regret, however, to say, that up to the present time but little progress appears to have been made.....The Roman Catholic missionaries conduct their operations in a manner somewhat different from the Protestants. They do not restrict themselves to the out-ports of the empire, where foreigners are permitted to trade, but penetrate into the interior, and distribute themselves over all the country. One of their bishops, an Italian nobleman, resides in the province of Keang-Soo, a few miles from Shanghai, where I have frequently met him. He dresses in the costume of the country, and speaks the language with the most perfect fluency. In the place where he lives he is surrounded by his converts ; in fact, it is a little Christian village, where he is perfectly safe, and, I believe, is seldom, if ever, annoyed in any way by the Chinese authorities. When the new Roman Catholic missionaries arrive, they are met by some of their brethren or their converts at the port nearest their destination, and secretly conveyed into the interior ; the Chinese dress is substituted for the European ; their heads are shaved, and in this state they are conducted to the scene of their future labours, where they commence the study of the language, if they have not learned it before, and in about two years are able to speak it sufficiently well to enable them to instruct the people. These poor men submit to many privations and dangers for the cause they have espoused ; and although I do not approve of the doctrines which they teach, I must give them the highest praise for enthusiasm and devotion to their faith. European customs, habits and luxuries are all abandoned from the moment they put their feet on the shores of China ; parents, friends, and home, in many instances, are heard of no more ; before them lies a heathen land of strangers, cold and unconcerned about the religion for which they themselves are sacrificing everything, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth and the home of their early years. They seem to have much of the spirit and enthusiasm of the first preachers of the Christian religion, when they were sent out into the world by their Divine Master to 'preach the Gospel to every creature,' and 'to obey God rather than man.' According to the accounts of these missionaries the number of converts to their faith is very considerable ; but I fear they, as well as the Protestants, are often led away by false appearances and assertions."—p. 194.

In his latter insinuation we have much pleasure in differing from our author. The conversions of the Protestant missionaries may be, if he chooses, false appearances; but with the Catholics the case seems widely different. The Chinese authorities have a speedy and effectual way of testing the sincerity of these religious appearances; and if their conversions were what our author supposes, the axe and the bow-string would soon dispel the illusion. As long as we see men braving the terrors of the Chinese tribunals, and marching with a holy calm and joy to the place of execution, from which a word would liberate them, we must be permitted to believe that the faith which animates them is something more than an appearance.

In the course of his horticultural researches our author paid a short visit to the Philippines, where he discovered some very valuable plants and shrubs, which shared the honour of all his other collections, and were consigned without delay to the Eden of his affections, the "Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick." After some short residence at those islands, he returned again to China, preparatory to his final departure. We regret that our space will not permit us to give more than one other extract from his interesting volume, when so many claim our notice; it is that in which he gives an account of an adventure with a band of pirates, while on his way from Foo-chow-foo to Chusan. It will be somewhat long, but it will be the last.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, and when we were some fifty or sixty miles from the Min, the captain and pilot came hurriedly down to my cabin, and informed me that they saw a number of Gan-dous right a-head, lying in wait for us. I ridiculed the idea, and told them they imagined every junk they saw to be a pirate; but they still maintained that they were so, and I therefore considered it prudent to be prepared for the worst. I got out of bed, ill and feverish as I was, and carefully examined my fire-arms, cleaning the nipples of my gun and pistols, and putting on fresh caps. I also rammed down a ball upon the top of each charge of shot in my gun, put a pistol in each side-pocket, and patiently waited for the result. By the aid of a small pocket telescope I could see, as the nearest junk approached, that her deck was crowded with men; I then had no longer any doubts regarding her intentions. The pilot, an intelligent old man, now came up to me, and said that he thought resistance was of no use; I might beat off one junk, or even two, but that I had no chance with five of them. Being at that time in no mood to take advice, or be dictated to by any one,

I ordered him off, to look after his own duty. I knew perfectly well, that if we were taken by the pirates, I had not the slightest chance of escape ; for the first thing they would do would be to knock me on the head, and throw me overboard, as they would deem it dangerous to themselves were I to get away. At the same time I must confess I had little hopes of being able to beat off such a number, and devoutly wished myself anywhere rather than where I was. The scene around me was a strange one. The captain, pilot, and one or two native passengers were taking up the boards of the cabin floor, and putting their money and other valuables out of sight amongst the ballast. The common sailors, too, had their copper cash, or '*tsian*,' to hide ; and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion. When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold, and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended to be used instead of fire-arms, when the pirates came to close quarters. This is a common mode of defence in various parts of China, and is effectual enough when the enemy has only similar weapons to bring against them ; but on the coast of Fo-kien, where we were now, all the pirate junks carried guns, and, consequently, a whole deck load of stones could be of very little use against them.

"During the general bustle I missed my own servant for a short time. When he returned to me, he had made such a change in his appearance that I did not recognize him. He was literally clothed in rags, which he had borrowed from the sailors, all of whom had also put on their very worst clothes. When I asked him the reason of this change in his outward man, he told me that the pirates only made those persons prisoners who had money, or were likely to pay handsomely for their ransom ; but that they would not think it worth their while to lay hold of a man in rags. I was surrounded by several of the crew, who might well be called '*Job's comforters*,' some suggesting one thing, and some another ; and many proposed that we should bring the junk round and run back to the Min. The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of us, and putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and confusion on board our junk, and every man ran below except two who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post ; and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates. 'My gun is nearer to you than those of the "*Gandous*,"' said I to the two men ; 'and depend upon it, if you move from the helm I will shoot you.' The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but I suppose thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post. Large boards, heaps of old clothes, mats, and things of that sort which were at hand, were thrown up to protect us from the shot ; and as we had every stitch of sail set, and a fair wind, we were

going through the water at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour.

"The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me. Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question, for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck, and which perhaps might have been of some little use to us when the pirates came nearer. The fair wind and all the press of sail which we had crowded on the junk, proved of no use; for our pursuers, who had much faster-sailing vessels, were rapidly gaining upon us. Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot this time fell just under our stern. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect. The third broadside which followed this, came whizzing over our heads and through our sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the helm or myself. The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize; and came down upon us hooting and yelling like demons, at the same time loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot. This was a moment of intense interest. The plan which I had formed from the first, was now about to be put to the proof; and if the pirates were not the cowards which I believed them to be, nothing could save us from falling into their hands. Their fearful yells seem to be ringing in my ears even now, after this lapse of time, and when I am at the other side of the globe. The nearest junk was now within thirty yards of ours; their guns were now loaded, and I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks. 'Now,' said I to the helmsman, 'keep your eyes fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot.' I knew that the pirate who was now at our stern, could not bring his guns to bear upon us without putting his helm down and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway. I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting his helm down, I ordered our steersmen to fall flat on their faces behind some wood, and at the same moment did so myself. We had scarcely done so, when bang! bang! went their guns, and the shot came whizzing over us in all directions, splintering the wood about us. Fortunately none of us were struck. 'Now, mandarin, now they are quite close enough,' cried out my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last. I, being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk; and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks fore and aft, with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them, they could not have

been more surprised. Doubtless many were wounded, and probably some killed. At all events the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who, a moment before, crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner; sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks, or lying flat on their faces. They were so completely taken by surprise, that their junk was left without a helmsman; her sails flapped in the wind; and as we were still carrying all sail and keeping on our right course, they were soon left a considerable way astern. Another was now bearing down upon us as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner. Having been so successful with the first, I determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to his firing until he should come to close quarters. The plot now began to thicken; for the first junk had gathered way again, and was following in our wake, although keeping at a respectful distance; and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could. In the meantime, the second was almost alongside, and continued giving us a broadside now and then with her guns. Watching their helm as before, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could; at the same time my poor fellows, who were steering, kept begging and praying that I would fire into our pursuers as soon as possible, or we should be all killed. As soon as they came within twenty yards of us, I gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before. This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two I could see nothing but boards and shields, which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves from my firing; their junk went up into wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind us.

"Two other piratical junks, which had been following in our wake for some time, when they saw what had happened, would not venture any nearer; and at last, much to my satisfaction, the whole set of them bore away."—p. 388.

With this long quotation, which we trust our readers will readily pardon, we must take our leave for the present of Mr. Fortune. We hope that his enthusiasm in the cause of his favourite science will induce him to return to the scene of his labours, and enrich still further the horticulture of his native land. We know no more agreeable, or amusing, or generally interesting volume, or one that we more cordially recommend to our readers, both old and young, than the "*Wanderings in China.*"

---

ART. IV.—*Travels in Central America, being a Journal of nearly Three Years' Residence in the Country; together with a sketch of the History of the Republic, and an account of its Climate, Productions, Commerce, &c.* By ROBERT GLASGOW DUNLOP, Esq. London: Longman, 1847.

THIS is a little book of small pretension, but nevertheless full of useful facts and statistics relative to places and people of whom Europeans possess at present but scanty information. The author, Mr. Dunlop, was a young and enterprising Caledonian, who emigrated four years ago in quest of money and volcanoes, and died, unhappily, before he had acquired much of the first, or explored many of the second. His constitution, naturally delicate, was broken to pieces by repeated fevers, and the last sheet of his little volume had scarcely passed through the press, when intelligence arrived that he had fallen a victim, as much perhaps to the climate as to the overtaking of his powers, mental and corporeal. He died at Guatemala, on the first of January in the present year, his journal being dated from the same place in the month of December, 1846, the sixth of seven brothers who sleep in a foreign land.

The states now, or rather recently, known as the Republic of Central America, consisted during their dependence upon Spain, of Chiapas (which has been lately annexed to Mexico), Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Mosquitacoas, Nicaragua, and Costarica,—all of them vast, fertile, productive, and populous provinces, abounding with wood and water, with navigable rivers and inland seas, and an almost inexhaustible quantity of mineral and metalliferous wealth. In the earlier years of the Hispanic domination, their condition was comparatively flourishing—the Jesuits introduced among them many of the arts and sciences—palaces and churches reared their heads proudly in their towns and cities—architecture and painting were admired and cultivated. With the decline of Spain, however, and the expulsion of the society of Loyola, this comfortable position of affairs gradually faded away, until scarcely a vestige of the past remained; and at the beginning of the present century they were as poor, and almost as ignorant and enslaved, as our own Irish people under the despotism of bygone days.

On the 15th of September, 1821, the city of Guatemala, the most considerable and important of the capitals of those ruined provinces, proclaimed its absolute independence of the old Spanish dynasty, and its example was speedily followed by San Salvador and Honduras, who met with little or no resistance from the feeble, unsupported, and even unprotected authorities or governors who had been set over them by their foreign masters. Scarcely had they emancipated themselves from one tyranny, when they seemed fated to fall under the baleful influence of another. The emperor of Mexico, as the adventurer Iturbide then called himself, proclaimed war against the enfranchised provinces, desolated them with army after army, and in a short time they were annexed to, or reduced under, the Mexican dominion, which threatened them with even greater evils than those they had previously endured. The fall of Iturbide, and the consequent anarchy that tore up every order of society and government in Mexico itself, put an end to this new tyranny, and the entire of the provinces, with one exception, united themselves together, and, strong for the moment in combination, proclaimed themselves free and independent for evermore under the title of the Republic of Central America. They established a congress similar to that of the United States, repealed a number of old bad laws, and enacted some good new ones, and at the end of the year 1823 everything appeared happy and prosperous,—past evils were forgotten, and future blessings seemed assured.

In the January of 1824, however, began the first of those sanguinary insurrections against any and all government, which from that period up to February, 1839, when the Republic was dissolved, deluged the whole of Central America with blood, and converted these fine cantons into squalid deserts, inflicting in their career of desolation so many and such unexampled calamities upon high and low, rich and poor, man and woman, priest and laic, as we believe to be unparalleled in the history of the world, and which make us blush for human nature capable of committing the wildest and most abominable enormities without the slightest cause or reason that can be alleged in their justification. Usurpation, murder, robbery, assassination, exile, the scaffold, everything that accompanies war among the most savage nations,—all brutality, all madness, all hellish ferocity, ungovernable rage, uncurbed and



uncurbable folly and infatuation, bigotry, ignorance, revenge, cunning, falsehood, blasphemy, grovelling superstition,—every infamous crime and passion that ever debased mankind from the creation to the present hour, have here had their horrid career, and reduced the entire of this once flourishing Republic to a state at which the devils themselves may shout and laugh with joy. Miscreant after miscreant, robber after robber have sprung up, and grown powerful among these misguided millions, aiming at sovereign command for the worst purposes, but with the most specious pretences,—pig-drivers being at one time lords and dictators, slaves at another being generals and rulers, until the whole framework of civil society has been so rudely ruptured, as to have resolved itself into its first elements, and left this once rich and enlightened people in a state not one whit removed from the aboriginal Indians, capable of anything and everything that levels man with the beasts of the field. Of the two rival ruffians who now rule with undisputed sway in separate portions of this vast territory,—Rafael Carrera and Gardiola,—we are furnished with the following sketches by Mr. Dunlop :

“*RAFAEL CARRERA*, the Commander-in-Chief and President of the State of Guatemala, is a dark-coloured and extremely ill-looking mestizo. He was originally servant to a woman of no very respectable character in Amatislan, and afterwards to a Spaniard, from whom it is supposed he learnt the little knowledge and breeding he possessed when he first appeared on the political stage of Guatemala; afterwards he was employed as a pig-driver; that is in purchasing and personally driving pigs from the villages to Guatemala and the more populous towns. The cholera morbus having appeared in April, 1837, the Indians were led to believe that the waters had been poisoned by emissaries sent by the parties then ruling the State, and being also excited against the system of trial by jury, (then lately brought into operation by parties inimical to liberal institutions), they united to the number of some thousands in the town of Santa Rosa, and under the command of Carrera, who had been one of the most active in deceiving them, destroyed a party of forty dragoons who had been sent out to disperse them. Carrera's faction was frequently defeated, and a vast slaughter made of the Indians who followed him at Villa Nueva by the government troops under the command of General Salazar, on the 11th of September, 1838, but they have always reunited in greater force, and on the 13th of April, 1839, Carrera took Guatemala at the head of 5000 Indians; since which time he has retained all the real power in his hands. For some time he acted nominally under

Mariano Rivera Paz, President of the State, but he has since dissolved the shadow of a representative assembly which existed; and having on the 19th of March, 1840, defeated General Marazan (the legal President of the Republic) by means of an immense superiority of force, and driven him out of Guatemala, after he had occupied it for a day, he has since remained sole and supreme dictator of the State. It must be allowed, however, that though at the commencement of his power he perpetrated some horrid acts of cruelty which any one must shudder to recount, and frequently put to death his real or supposed enemies with the most dreadful tortures, without a shadow of proof or form of trial, he has since conducted himself with remarkable moderation, and has done much to improve the administration of the laws, destroy robbers, and consolidate the government. By extortions and confiscations, he has amassed some hundred thousand dollars in cash, lands, and houses; and it is consequently his interest to maintain a settled government and give protection to property; but in his private life he is more indecently immoral than could be conceived or understood by most English readers."—p. 86-88.

"The forces of the latter State were commanded by GARDIOLA, a man in all respects different from his antagonist, except in personal valour, in which he seemed even to excel him. He is a dark-coloured mestizo, stout-built, and rather corpulent, his face expressing his fiendish temper, but well-liked by the soldiers, whom he indulges in every way. To his habits of intoxication, may be added every species of vice which can be named among the vicious inhabitants of Central America; and frequently in his drunken fits, he orders people to be shot who have in nothing offended him, while at all times the most trifling expression incautiously uttered, is sufficient to cause the babblers to be shot without mercy. In private life he is as brutal as can well be imagined. In all the towns through which he passes, he makes a habit of calling in the best-looking women he can see, and after subjecting them to infamous treatment, he drives them forth with the most insulting epithets. Like Marius, the Roman leader, his brutal manners serve to terrify the enemy; hence, while the arrival of Cabanas, and most of the other leaders, is looked upon without fear by the people of the contending States, the bare name of Gardiola is sufficient to make all the inhabitants fly to the woods, leaving everything behind them; and his mere appearance was at last often sufficient to terrify and put to flight a much superior force to what he brought with him."—p. 237-8.

During the brief period of the independent existence of the nominal Republic of Central America, no fewer than 396 persons, most of them of the same fine moral character as these two blackguards, have exercised the supreme power of the republic and the different states, under the

names of chiefs, governors, presidents, directors, or ministers under these officers; which fact alone, without the preceding outline of revolutions and massacres would show the unequalled want of stability in the government of a country, which, possessing one of the richest territories in the world, and a situation without exception the most favourable for commerce of any part of the globe, has reached the lowest state of poverty, whilst its trade is nearly wholly destroyed, and the people entirely corrupted and brought to the most wretched and disorganized condition of any country in the whole catalogue of nations pretending to the smallest degree of civilization. Little hope can now be entertained of any permanent improvement in Central America, until some man of decided ability and honesty shall unite the states, and form a central government capable of making itself feared or respected by all parties; or until it shall fall under the dominion of some foreign power, capable of forming a firm and popular government of a nature suited to the country, overawing the factious, and affording ample protection to the industrious and well-disposed. It is to be hoped that one or other of these two events may soon occur to rescue this delightful country from its present anarchy, and gradually place it in that elevated rank which it would undoubtedly hold under an enlightened government.

So far for the history and present condition of this unfortunate people. We now turn to their internal resources, and those elements of wealth or power which they possess, and which only require to be properly moulded to produce both.

Central America lies between 8° and 17° north latitude, and with the exception of the north-east coast, which during the summer months is inconveniently hot, and unhealthily moist, is perhaps more salubrious than any other country within the same degrees of latitude. The climate does not differ much from that of England, the alternations of heat and cold being nearly alike. The vegetable productions are perhaps more varied than those of any other part of the world. If the country were in the possession of an industrious and enterprising people, it could not fail to be one of the richest on the globe; but at present its only exports of any importance are cochineal, indigo, coffee, and Brazil wood. The three first could be produced in any quantity in many parts of the Republic,

and more advantageously than in any other quarter of America. Wheat is indigenous to the province of the Altos, forming no inconsiderable portion of the immense district of Guatemala. Here also are reared considerable flocks of sheep, which may be bought at about four reals (two shillings) each. The wool at an average does not fetch more than threepence per pound, and it is never exported. The hotter districts of this province produce vanilla of very fine quality, and caoutchouc which flows from the trees in great abundance. It is worth threepence per pound. Guatemala itself produces the finest kind of indigo, with cocoa and coffee. San Salvador is noted also for its indigo. The province of Sonsonate produces the celebrated balsam of Peru, which is obtained by boring a hole into the heart of the tree, into which a piece of palm leaf is inserted, a jar being placed below to receive the liquid which flows from it. It is sold by the Indians in a kind of gourd, and is worth two shillings a pound. In the neighbourhood is also produced very fine ginger, equal to the best West Indian, but it has never been exported. A considerable quantity of sugar is grown in this state, and enough might be produced to supply all Central America. Proceeding S.E. we come to Honduras,—the gold and silver mines of which, owing to the terrible disturbances and insecurity of life and property, are no longer worked. It exports hides, sarsaparilla, and mahogany. The forests produce many articles which might be advantageously exported to Europe. A gum, resembling that of Senegal, is very plentiful; and a number of trees and herbs which produce dyes of different colours, the most important being a shrub that yields a seed about the size of an almond, with a similar husk, and dyes a most beautiful and fast yellow colour. The next state to the S.E. is Nicaragua, which possesses land of unequalled fertility. Cotton, of a quality superior to that of Brazil, may be produced in any quantity. As much as 50,000 bales of 300lbs. each, clean and pressed cotton, have been exported in the year. Sugar and indigo, the latter being equal to the finest Bengal, were at one time extensively manufactured here. Near Granada there are a number of cocoa plantations, which produce an article only second in quality to the cocoa of Soconusco. Brazil wood, cedar, and mahogany are found in the forests in inexhaustible quantities. The state of Costa Rica produces from 70,000 to

100,000 quintals of coffee every year, and if the demand were sufficient, the supply could be indefinitely increased. The tobacco is of a very superior quality, and considered by many to be equal to the best Cuba. Near the coast there are large fields of the wild indigo plant.

The domesticated animals of Central America are nearly the same as those of Europe. Herds of cattle and horses are abundant. Sheep, goats, and pigs abound, together with common fowl, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits. There is no great variety of fish, but turtles and tortoises are in great plenty, and the oyster beds seem to be inexhaustible. The oysters are of very good quality, but of so extraordinary a size that they must be cut into a number of pieces to be eaten.

Brimstone, in a remarkably pure state, is found in many of the volcanoes; sal ammoniac has also been discovered, but Mr. Dunlop says he did not see any. Diamonds have occasionally been found in the Altos, and in part of Honduras; and rock crystals are very abundant in many parts. Limestone and seams of coal are occasionally met with, together with nitre, alum, slate, and granite.

The mineral productions are not less abundant than the vegetable, or less valuable. Commencing at the S.W., mines of gold and silver are very numerous among the mountains of the Altos. There are mines, also, containing lead in a nearly pure state, the ore yielding upwards of ninety per cent of metal. It is said that some specimens contain as much as twenty-five per cent of silver mixed with the lead, but Mr. Dunlop does not vouch for the truth of this assertion. At the village of Patapa are some rich mines of iron, which produce a purer and more malleable metal than any imported from Europe; the ore is almost close to the surface, and very abundant, and there are extensive forests in the immediate vicinity, which serve for making charcoal. In the same neighbourhood are several silver mines, the principal of which is said to have yielded 200,000 dollars annual profits in the time of the Spanish government. All the hills near the town of Tegucigalpa possess mines of gold and silver, the two metals being most generally mixed together; and, although none have been excavated to any depth, or worked with proper machinery, they formerly yielded more than 2,000,000 dollars annually, and were European capital and

science introduced, it is impossible to say what the produce might amount to.

"The natives of Tegucigalpa," says Mr. Dunlop, "are among the best class of persons in Central America; and, as from the most authentic statements I have been able to collect, its neighbourhood would appear to possess natural stores of the precious metals even exceeding those of the celebrated mines of Poton, in Bolivia; it would appear a very good speculation for a scientific and practical miner, supported with sufficient capital, to attempt their working; perhaps the best adventure now to be found in Spanish America. The ores generally contain from twelve to fifteen per cent of silver, and from one to one and a half per cent of gold; but the latter metal is also found pure in many places, and the value of some thousand dollars is annually collected by the Indians in the sands of the rivers, pieces of gold weighing as much as five or six pounds being occasionally discovered."

Several veins of copper ore have also been discovered, but they have not been worked with skill. In the mountains of Aguacate several very profitable gold mines have been worked; one of them was till about six years ago possessed by two Spaniards, who in a short time made a net profit of 200,000 dollars. They sold it to an English company, by which it is still worked, and it is said by the natives to be as rich as ever, but the company has never made any dividend of the profits, though it is said that some of the people employed in charge of the mine have somehow netted very handsome sums of money!!

The mode of living in Central America is peculiar. Though wheat, barley, and other European grains have long been known, the universal food of all classes consists of maize or Indian corn, boiled and ground to a pulp, which forms a cake called *tortilio*. Next to *tortilios*, the food most in use is a sort of French bean called *frijoles*, which they boil, mash up, and mix with hog's lard. In the villages, meat, as soon as killed, is cut into long strips, and dried in the sun, being daubed as usual when cooked with the eternal hog's lard, which seems as essential to these people as porter to the English, or ragout to Frenchmen. The upper classes, like the Spaniards, eat a quantity of fruit, vegetables, salad, and sweetmeats. Chocolate is the universal beverage. Wines and foreign spirits are but little used; the men and women of all ranks and degrees smoke from morning till night.

Central America, in imitation of all the American



governments (Bolivia only excepted), has contracted a debt in London, having in 1826 empowered Messrs. Barclay, Herring, and Co., to contract a loan of 7,000,000 dollars. But, fortunately for the British public, Messrs. B. H. and Co. could not succeed in negotiating more than 816,500 dollars, or £.163,300 sterling, of which it appears that the Central American government, owing to the failure of their agents, did not receive quite one-half, though, of course, responsible for the whole amount. Messrs. Reid, Irving, and Co., after the stoppage of Messrs. Barclay, Herring, and Co., were appointed agents for the Republic, and paid about two years' interest of the debt; but the government neither attempted to reimburse them, nor make any provision for the future payment of the interest, either during the existence of the federal government or after its dissolution. But in 1838 the state of Costa Rica, induced by the strong representations of H. B. M. consul-general, took upon itself the liquidation of the proportion of the national debt assigned to it,—namely, one-twelfth of the whole amount with interest; and for that purpose delivered 2000 bales of tobacco to Mr. Foster, the British vice-consul in Nicaragua, but the proceeds of the article, which was sold in Nicaragua, being invested in indigo for remittance to England, did not, from the state of the markets, realise the anticipated amount, netting only £.16,210 16s. 3d., instead of £.26,765 13s. 4d., the amount with interest due by Costa Rica as their share of the debt. The English creditors, glad no doubt to recover any part of what appeared entirely lost, decided in accepting the amount netted in full of their claims against Costa Rica, so that the state is entirely free from debt,—a composition which, if made with other American robbing states, we doubt not would afford considerable satisfaction to many an English money lender, and make Sidney Smith even in his grave utter a glad *Evêe!*

Two colleges (as they are called) exist at Guatemala, which, though they are by far the first establishments of the kind in Central America, are far below the most ordinary public school in England; the only qualification required previous to entering them, being to read and write the Spanish language. The branches taught are arithmetic, dignified with the name of mathematics; the Latin, French, and English languages; philosophy of Aristotle,



and practice of medicine. No attempt is made to teach chemistry, astronomy, mechanics, or geometry; but, above all, the ignorance of geography among the best informed classes is most ridiculous.

"A young man," says our author, "about five-and-twenty, of one of the richest and proudest families of Guatemala, and of the self-called nobles, inquired of me whether I was a native of London or England; and upon my stating that I was a native of neither, though of Great Britain, he again inquired if Great Britain was not a province of London or England. Another asked me if I was English of England, or English of France; and seeing that I smiled, he added, then you may be an English North American." —p. 341.

So much for the very useful statistical details comprised in this little book, of which we have above given a brief condensation. That it will excite the attention of speculators and of the mercantile classes we do not doubt; and for more ample information we must refer them to the volume itself. We shall now bestow a few paragraphs on the author, and conclude.

Travelling in this wild country, as may be expected, is a matter of no ordinary risk. Assassination is so common, that it is little thought of, and is almost never punished by the authorities; but the relations of the murdered man, if he has any, generally revenge his death by another assassination and unless the victim be a person of importance, the assassin merely keeps out of the way for a day or two, and reappears without fear. Mr. Dunlop had himself seen a native enter a house in Realejo with his hands bloody, and when questioned as to the cause, reply with great coolness, that he had met with such and such a person on the road, and as he had long determined to kill him, had just plunged his knife into his body, and left him in the wood. On his first arrival, he naturally felt somewhat shocked at such recitals; but he afterwards heard assassination so commonly and so coolly talked of, that such stories seemed nothing strange nor out of the usual course.

In a short time he learned to handle his weapons as well as the fiercest of the natives, as the reader will see from the following:

"Having lost our road, we did not reach a sugar estate belonging to Don Bemardo Verereo, till noon; though we had started at day-break, and the distance did not exceed six leagues. Shortly

after leaving the estate, I was stopped by three soldiers, ruffianly looking rascals, nearly naked, and with no part of what is in Europe considered as a soldier's equipments except a musket: they wished me to go with them to their commander, which I refused, thinking that it must be a mere pretence for robbing me. After some parley, one of them presented his musket at me, telling me to follow directly; I returned the compliment by presenting a pistol, telling him that the musket would be very likely to miss, but that I would answer for the pistol. This seemed to damp their courage a little, and on my guide saying, 'let him pass, he is an Englishman,' they whispered to one another a little, and either convinced that I was a stranger, with whom they could have no enmity, or afraid of attempting violence, seeing that I was well-armed, they permitted us to proceed."

A few days after he had a more serious encounter.

"At six, p. m., we reached the miserable village called the Esclavo, sixteen leagues on our journey. The Cabildo, which is the building legally appropriated to the accommodation of travellers, &c., being occupied by a priest, I had much difficulty in finding any place to pass the night; but at last was permitted to remain at a small hut, as usual, full of men, women, pigs, dogs, fowls, &c. Shortly afterwards, three very ill-looking men came up, and obtained permission to remain at the hut, and soon became very familiar with my servant, who chattered to them like a parrot, though I several times ordered him to be silent, but to no purpose. After procuring something to eat, we lay down to rest in a small shed full of maize. About midnight, one of the men came up to where I was lying, and when he had approached within about two yards, I raised one of my pistols which lay beside me, and pointing it at him, asked him what he wanted; when he immediately withdrew without replying. Being unable to sleep, I got up, and awaking my servant, ordered him to saddle the beasts; but he was so very slow in doing it, that though the three men did not awake for half an hour afterwards, they saddled their horses and started before us. I had not liked their appearance from the first, and the occurrence of the preceding night, and the manner in which they had left, made me somewhat suspicious that they intended no good: and as I had heard my servant tell them where I was bound for, and all about me, I felt pretty certain of seeing them again. Having carefully examined my pistols, I sent my servant on, fifty yards before, telling him to call out if he saw any of his friends of the preceding evening. I had so little confidence in him from what I had seen, that I preferred being without his company in any encounter which might happen. I had proceeded about a league and a half on my journey, and was going at a slow pace along the narrow mule track, with a dense forest on each side,

when I discovered by the light of a dusky morning, it being then about sun-rise, the figures of three men mounted on horse-back, standing still in the path, though my servant had given no alarm. I immediately took my two pistols, one of which was double-barrelled, out of the holsters, and putting them on full cock, stuck them in my belt, and proceeded forwards. When about ten yards from the men, one of them called out, '*Por onde vas?*' (Where are you going?) I replied, '*Que le importa?*' (What does that matter to you?) proceeding cautiously forward. When about three yards distant, another of the men said, '*Quiero ver su pasaporte.*' (I wish to see your passport.) Having taken an aim at him with my pistol, in such a manner, however, that he did not see it, I replied, '*Luego voy enseñarle.*' (I will show it you directly.) The same man immediately added, '*Apeate.*' (Dismount, and get down, on to your feet,) and as he put his hand upon a large knife in his belt, I instantly fired the two barrels of my double-barrelled pistol, the one at him, and the other at one of his companions. The first only appeared to take effect, the speaker tumbling off his horse upon the ground. I could not well have missed, as he was only about three yards distant. My horse not being accustomed to fighting, or not liking the use of strange weapons, gave two or three violent plunges, and took me forward about twenty yards before I could rein him up; as soon as I had done so, I took the pistol which was still loaded in my hand and returned to finish the combat, but though not five minutes had elapsed, the men and their horses had disappeared in the thick forest which surrounded us."

We must close here. We wish we could extract a good deal of matter relative to volcanoes, extinct and active, which would interest geologists; but we refer them to the book itself.

---

ART. V.—*The Early Jesuit Missions in North America. Compiled and Translated from the Letters of the French Jesuits, with Notes.* By the REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, M. A., Corresponding member of the New York Historical Society. London, Wiley, and Co.: 1847.

A REMARKABLE publication, and well worthy of our attentive notice, is this translation of the Rev. Ingraham Kip, not only for the intrinsic interest and value of its contents, but for the very interest attaching to the title page. In these our times, when we have seen so

many means, political and literary, employed, and so many artifices, honourable and dishonourable, had recourse to for the purpose of bringing the Jesuits into disrepute, and eventually contributing to their destruction, it is a remarkable circumstance, and worthy of being specially recorded, that a Protestant clergyman has translated and published for the benefit of a Protestant reading public the record of some of their noblest achievements—achievements that, even beyond their services to the arts and sciences and classical literature, will cover the followers of Loyola with an imperishable renown. We speak not now of the religious value of their missionary labours, which have been the means of conducting numberless souls to the knowledge and love of God, but in the point of view—to us, indeed, the one of least importance—in which the translator has considered them, as records of stirring adventure and thrilling enterprise. In this respect the journeyings of those ardent and devoted men, who left the comforts of their quiet convents and native land to take up their home in the rude wigwam of the savage, in those then trackless solitudes where the Mississippi rolled its mighty flood, to speak to him of the Great Spirit by whose power he was created, and by whose mercy he was redeemed, will ever hold a prominent place in the noblest records of human zeal and heroic enterprise. In proportion as the passions excited by the heat of controversy subside, and that men anxious for truth can obtain a clearer glimpse of its fair proportions, so will the services of these early missionaries be more correctly estimated and warmly appreciated. The calumnies and misstatements of the French writers will fall powerless beyond the Atlantic, and the pen of the Rev. Ingraham Kip has furnished in some degree the antidote to the poisoned draughts of Sue and Michelet.

It has been often said, and the assertion has constituted one of the leading arguments against them, that the Jesuits have been too anxious to avail themselves of every source of influence, and have even exceeded due bounds in their solicitude to gain power of the hearts and minds of men. Without entering into any examination of this charge, which has been ere now well and frequently replied to, the very fact of a publication so honourable to the Society as the one before us, and so calculated to win for it, not only the esteem, but the admiration of every generous heart, having been left by them in these countries to the

chances of an accidental discovery by a Protestant editor, and of a commercial speculation by a Protestant publisher, seems to us a most ample refutation. Unless, indeed, it be established—which we doubt not some of their sagacious opponents on both sides of the British Channel have already suspected—that the Rev. William Ingraham Kip is a Jesuit in disguise, and that the New York Historical Society is but another name for the Society of Ignatius.

The circumstances under which the present publication is presented to the world, will perhaps lead to its wider and more general circulation. It is creditable to the Jesuits, and should be some compensation for the obloquy to which they are so frequently subjected in Europe, to find that in the land of freedom beyond the wave, their merits are appreciated; and that the wretched prejudices transmitted from the infidels and libertines and unprincipled statesmen of the last century, to which so much of modern genius yields a debasing homage, have been shorn of their power; and that men, however widely differing in religious opinions, are disposed to give honour where that honour is due. But while we admit the favourable circumstances under which these volumes are published, we must express our surprise that this publication did not originate with the Jesuits themselves. Let us also express our hope that, on the perusal of the present volumes, they will follow up the good work that has been commenced, and continue the translation and publication of these noble records of the past services of some of their greatest men. They owe it to the world. They owe it to themselves.

We need scarcely say, for the title sufficiently tells for us, that these volumes are a selection from the well-known "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*," published under the auspices of the New York Historical Society. They are confined to the letters that are in any way illustrative of the early periods of North American history, if it be permitted us to speak thus venerably of a history which has little more than reached an age of three centuries. They constitute the personal narratives of the first pioneers of civilization in the prairies of the west. The descriptions they contain, and the events they describe, were written on the spot. As we look upon the page before us, the mind is involuntarily carried back a period of more than an hun-

dred years, and pictures to itself the venerable "black gown" seated upon a prostrate tree upon the buffalo plains of Illinois, or on the banks of the darkly flowing Missouri, committing to paper for the information of his friends or relatives the result of his experience, or the varied incidents of his career; some face, with wondering eye and swarthy, sunbrowned features, peering the while over his shoulder in amazement at the mysterious characters that start into existence beneath the magic movements of his fingers. If the despatches of Hernando Cortez are worthy of our attention, and command our admiration by the varied perils and changing fortunes of that extraordinary man, should we not experience a kindred interest in the varying fortunes of those men who, urged on by another and holier motive, were doomed to rival him in enterprise and peril, without obtaining his meed of historical renown?

For a record of missionary life we cannot begin with a more appropriate quotation than that which gives a description of the manner in which the missionary spends his day among the Indians. It is taken from the letter of Father Rasles, one of the first missionaries in that district which now forms the State of Maine. His flock was composed of the inhabitants of a small Indian village near the spot now occupied by the town of Norridgwood. These Indians were part of the now extinct tribe of the Abnakis, and their fervour may well serve as an example to stimulate the tepidity of some, and shame the indifference of others.

"None of my Neophytes fail to repair twice in each day to the church, early in the morning to hear mass, and in the evening to assist at the prayers, which I offer up at sun-set. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of these Indians, which is too easily distracted, I have composed some appropriate prayers for them to make, to enable them to enter into the spirit of the august Sacrifice of the Altar. They chant them, or else recite them in a loud voice during Mass. Besides the sermons which I deliver before them on Sundays, and Festival-days, I scarcely pass a week-day without making a short exhortation to inspire them with a horror of those vices to which they are most addicted, and to strengthen them in the practice of some virtue. After the Mass, I teach the Catechism to the children and young persons, while a large number of aged people who are present, assist and answer with perfect docility the questions which I put to them. The rest of the morning, even to mid-day, is set apart for seeing those who wish to





remained among them, spared no pains to get possession of his person. On more than one occasion they even went so far as to set a price upon his head. But to the honour of his poor flock be it said, not one of them was found willing to co-operate with the designs of his persevering and implacable enemies. On several occasions they even risked their own lives with the most chivalrous devotedness in his defence. The following is an account of one of his many hairbreadth escapes related by himself:

"I had remained alone in the village with only a small number of old men and infirm persons, while the rest of the Indians were at the hunting-grounds. The opportunity seemed to them a favourable one to surprise me, and with this view they sent out a detachment of two hundred men. Two young Abnakis who were engaged in the chase along the sea-shore, learned that the English had entered the river, and they immediately turned their steps in that direction to observe their progress. Having perceived them at ten leagues from the village, they outstripped them in traversing the country to give me warning, and to cause the old men, the females and infants to retire in haste. I had barely time to swallow the consecrated wafers, to crowd the sacred vessels into a little chest, and to save myself in the woods. The English arrived in the evening at the village, and not having found me, came the following morning to search for me even in the very place to which we had retreated. They were scarcely a gun-shot distant, when we perceived them, and all I could do was to hide myself with precipitation in the depths of the forest. But as I had not time to take my snow-shoes, and besides had considerable weakness, remaining from a fall which took place some years before, when my thigh and leg were broken, it was not possible for me to fly very far. The only resource which remained to me was to conceal myself behind a tree. They began immediately to examine the different paths worn by the Indians, when they went to collect wood, and they penetrated even to within eight paces of the tree which concealed me. From this spot it would seem as if they must inevitably discover me, for the trees were stripped of their leaves; but as if they had been restrained by an invisible hand, they immediately retraced their steps, and repaired again to the village. They pillaged my church and humble dwelling, and thus almost reduced me to death by famine in the midst of the woods."

—p. 15.

Among the articles seized at this time by the English was a quarto volume, still preserved among the curiosities of Harvard College, in which Father Rasles was compiling a dictionary of the Abnaki language, for his own use and

that of the missionaries who may come to labour in the same field. Though unfinished, it is still the most complete memorial now existing of the language of this now extinct people.

The many escapes of the holy missionary from those who so perseveringly sought his life, are feelingly related in the account which he gives of his eventful wanderings. But the death which he avoided more for the sake of those whose interests were entrusted to him, than for his own, he was doomed at an after period to meet from those whom no sufferings of his could appease, nor devotedness, however heroic, could soften into pity. The village was surrounded by a large party of the English from Boston.

"The instant they perceived the missionary they raised a general shout, followed by a discharge of musket balls which rained on him. He fell dead at the foot of a large cross which he had erected in the middle of the village, to mark the public profession they had made in that place to adore the crucified God. Seven Indians who surrounded him, and who exposed their lives to preserve that of their father, were killed at his side."—p. 70.

After his death the church was burned to the ground, and the village destroyed. For a long period the spot on which it stood was known only by the quantity of Indian pottery that was occasionally turned up by the spade and plough. It was not until the 23rd of August, 1833, that a fitting monument was erected over the martyr's grave. On that day, the one hundred and ninth anniversary of his martyrdom, tardy justice was rendered to his memory, and a suitable memorial erected by Bishop Fenwick in his honour, with much ceremony and amid a large concourse of people.

One of the most interesting narratives in the volumes before us is, in our opinion, that which contains an account of the life and virtues of a young girl of the Iroquois nation whom the translator calls Catherine, the Iroquois saint. Her mother, whom she had the misfortune of losing while yet a child, had been a christian. Her father, mother, and an only brother were swept away within a few days of each other by the small pox, which was then ravaging the country, leaving Catherine an orphan at the early age of four years. The malady which deprived her of her parents, had also afflicted herself, and though she escaped death, her eyes were so injured that for a long

time she was unable to endure the light, and was in consequence obliged to spend her days alone in her wigwam, when her companions were amusing themselves in the warm sun, or pursuing their respective occupations in the surrounding woods. This privation, however afflicting it may seem, became in the designs of God the occasion of her after sanctity. The seclusion in which she was forced to remain preserved her from the vices of her companions, and fostered habits of thought and reflection which prepared her for the grace of christian instruction. She had from her childhood an instinctive love of holy purity, and neither the inducements nor threats of her friends could prevail upon her to accept even the most advantageous proposals of marriage.

"The young girl suffered all their ill-treatment with unwearied patience, and without ever losing any thing of her equanimity of mind, or her natural sweetness; she rendered them all the services they required with an attention and docility beyond her years and strength. By degrees her relatives were softened, restored to their kind feelings, and did not further molest her in regard to the course she had adopted. At this very time, Father Jacques de Lamberville was conducted by Providence to the village of our young Iroquois, and received orders from his superiors to remain there, although it seemed most natural that he should go on to join his brother, who had charge of the mission of Onnontagué. Tegahkouita (her Indian name) did not fail to be present at the instructions and prayers which took place every day in the chapel, but she did not dare to disclose the design she had for a long time formed of becoming a Christian; perhaps because she was restrained by fear of her uncle, in whose power she entirely was, and who from interested motives had joined in the opposition to the Christians; perhaps because modesty itself rendered her too timid, and prevented her from discovering her sentiments to the missionary. But at length the occasion of her declaring her desire for baptism presented itself when she least expected it. A wound which she had received in the foot detained her in the village, whilst the greater part of the women were in the fields gathering the harvest of Indian corn. The missionary had selected this time to go his rounds, and instruct at his leisure those who remained in the wigwams. He entered that of Tegatkouitka. This good girl on seeing him was not able to restrain her joy. She at once began to open her heart to him, even in presence of her companions, on the earnest desire she had of being admitted into the fold of the Christians. She disclosed also the obstacles she had been obliged to surmount on the part of her family, and in the first conversation showed a courage above her sex. The goodness

of her temper, the vivacity of her spirit, her simplicity and candour, caused the missionary to believe that one day she would make great progress in virtue. He therefore applied himself particularly to instruct her in the truths of Christianity, but did not think he ought to yield so soon to her entreaties; for the grace of baptism should not be accorded to adults, and particularly in this country, but with great care and after a long probation. All the winter was therefore employed in her instruction, and a rigid investigation of her manner of life. It is surprising, that notwithstanding the propensity these Indians have for slander, and particularly those of her own sex, the missionary did not find any one but gave high encomium to the young catechumen. Even those who had persecuted her most severely, were not backward in giving their testimony to her virtue. He therefore did not hesitate any longer to administer to her the holy baptism, which she asked with so much godly earnestness. She received it on Easter Day, in the year 1676, and was named Catherine."—p. 89.

Not finding it easy to perform her devotional exercises among the pagan Iroquois that surrounded her, she resolved on repairing to a christian settlement of this people which the missionaries had established in the neighbourhood, and after some difficulty succeeded. Here she had full liberty to serve God according to the measure of her dispositions, and was furnished with every means of instruction and of receiving the sacraments. The limits of our space will not permit us to give here the particulars of her edifying and saintly life. Those who wish to be acquainted with them must have recourse to the work which forms the subject of our notice. But we cannot pass over the following account of the manner in which she usually passed her time.

"She felt that she ought to give herself up entirely to God, without having any reserve, or permitting any thought of herself. The consecrated place became thenceforward all her delight. She repaired thither at four o'clock in the morning, attended the mass at the dawn of day, and afterwards assisted at that of the Indians, which was said at sunrise. During the course of the day, she from time to time broke off from her work to go and hold communion with Jesus Christ at the foot of the altar. In the evening she returned again to the Church, and did not leave it until the night was far advanced. When engaged in her prayers, she seemed entirely unconscious of what was passing without, and in a short time the Holy Spirit raised her to so sublime a devotion, that she often spent many hours in intimate communion with God. To this inclination for prayer, she joined an almost unceasing application to labour. She

sustained herself in her toil by the pious conversations which she held with Anastasia, a fervent Christian, with whom she had formed an intimate friendship. The topics on which they most generally talked, were the delight they received in the service of God, the means of pleasing him and advancing in virtue, the peculiar traits seen in the lives of the saints, the horror they should have of sin, and the care with which they should expiate by penitence those they had the misfortune to commit. She always ended the week by an exact investigation of her faults and imperfections, that she might efface them by the sacrament of penance, which she received every Saturday evening. For this she prepared herself by different mortifications with which she afflicted her body, and when she accused herself of faults even the most light, it was with such vivid feelings of compunction that she shed tears, and her words were choked by sighs and sobbings. The lofty idea she had of the majesty of God, made her regard the least offence with horror, and when any had escaped her, she seemed not able to pardon herself for its commission."—p. 95.

Such a life deserved to be followed by a holy death. It came in its own good time, and she was assumed into her everlasting rest amid the tears and lamentations of her people. It is stated, too, that God, on more than one occasion, manifested his approval of her virtue by miracles wrought after her death, and through her intercession.

One of the longest letters in this collection, is from the pen of a missionary who attended Montcalm in his well known expedition to destroy Fort George. He was attached as chaplain or pastor to one of the Indian tribes that accompanied the French army, and gives us some highly interesting sketches of some of the incidents of that memorable campaign. The following is an account of an Indian funeral:

"The morning had scarcely begun to dawn, when a party of the Nipistigue tribe proceeded with the funeral rites of their brother killed during the action of the preceding night, and who had died in the errors of paganism. His obsequies were celebrated with all pomp and funeral splendour. The dead body had been arrayed in all its ornaments, or rather overloaded with all the trinkets that the most unusual degree of pride would be able to employ under circumstances so sad in themselves. Collars of porcelain, silver bracelets, pendants for the ears and the nose, magnificent dresses, all had been lavished upon him. They had even called in the aid of paint and vermillion, to cover up under these brilliant colours the pallid hue of death, and to give to his countenance an air of life which it did not in reality possess. They had not been forget-

ful of any of the decorations of an Indian warrior. A gorget or neckpiece, bound with a red ribbon, hung negligently on his breast, his gun was resting on his arm, the tomahawk at his belt, the pipe in his mouth, the lance in his hand, and the kettle filled with provisions at his side. Clothed in this warlike and animated array, they had seated him on an eminence covered with grass, which served him for his bed of state. The Indians seated in a circle round the body, regarded it for some moments in solemn silence, which did not badly convey the idea of grief. This was broken by the orator, who pronounced the funeral oration for the dead. Then succeeded the chants and dances to the sound of a tabor, which is hung round with little bells. In all this there was an indescribable air of sadness, which agreed well with the melancholy ceremonial. At length the funeral rites were ended by the interment of the dead, near whom they took good care to bury a sufficient supply of provisions, for fear, without doubt, that for want of provisions he should die a second time."—p. 165.

The fort, as is well-known, was taken by the French, and the English garrison surrendered themselves prisoners of war. But the blood-thirsty propensities of the Indian allies were excited by the sight of blood, and the articles of capitulation, so binding on civilized nations, had no force for them. The frightful catastrophe which ensued has taught a fearful lesson of the danger of employing them as allies, or of calling in their services in time of war. The English, as they marched from the fort, were attacked by the ferocious savages, and a considerable number, unarmed and unprotected, were massacred in cold blood. Of this heart-rending scene our missionary was a witness, and he thus describes it:

"During the military ceremony which accompanied the taking possession, they had penetrated in crowds into the place through the embrasures of the cannon, for the purpose of proceeding to the pillage. There were still remaining in the casemates some sick persons whose condition had not allowed them to follow their countrymen in the honourable retreat which had been granted to their valour. These were therefore the first victims on whom they threw themselves without pity, and sacrificed to their bloodthirstiness. I was witness of this spectacle. I saw one of these barbarians come forth from the casemates, which nothing but the most insatiate avidity for blood could have induced him to enter, for the infected atmosphere which exhaled from it was insupportable. He carried in his hand a human head, from whence streams of blood were flowing, and which he paraded forth as if it had been the most valuable prize he had been able to seize. But this was only a slight



prelude to the cruel tragedy of the morrow. Early in the morning the Indians began to assemble about the entrenchments, demanding of the English, goods, provisions, in a word, everything valuable which their greedy eyes could perceive; but these demands were made in a tone which announced that a thrust of the spear would be the price of a refusal. Nor were these requirements rejected by the English. They undressed, they stripped themselves, they reduced themselves to nothing, to purchase at least their lives by this surrender of everything. This compliance would have softened the savages, but their heart is not like that of any other human being; you may say, that naturally it is the very seat of inhumanity. Nothing that had been done rendered them less disposed to go to extreme measures. A corps of the French troops, consisting of four hundred men, appointed to protect the retreat of the enemy, arrived and arranged themselves in haste. The English commenced filing out. Woe to those who closed the march, or to the stragglers whom illness or any other reason separated ever so little from the main body! They were as good as dead, and their lifeless bodies soon strewed the ground, and covered the circuit of the entrenchments. This butchery, which was at first only the work of a few savages, became the signal which transformed them all into so many ferocious beasts. They discharged right and left heavy blows with their hatchets on those who came within their reach.....I arrived while these things were going on, and I do not think that any one could partake of human nature, and remain insensible in such sad circumstances. The son snatched from a father's arms, the daughter torn from the bosom of her mother, the husband separated from his wife, the officers stripped to their shirts, without respect for their rank or decency, a crowd of unhappy beings who were running about at random, some towards the woods, some towards the tents of the French, these towards the fort, those towards places which seemed to promise them an asylum, such were the pitiable objects which presented themselves to my eyes."—p. 179.

The kind-hearted missionary had an opportunity of exercising his charity, as the following affecting incident in this scene of horror will demonstrate:

"A French officer informed me," he says, "that a Huron then in the camp, had in his possession an infant of six months, whose death was certain if I did not immediately hasten to the rescue. I did not for a moment hesitate. I ran in haste to the cabin of the savage, in whose arms I saw the innocent victim, who was tenderly kissing the hands of his spoiler, and playing with some collars of porcelain which he wore. The sight gave new ardour to my zeal, I began with flattering the Huron with all the praises which truth enabled me to bestow on the valour of his nation. He saw my object at once. 'Hold,' said he to me very civilly, 'do you see this



infant? I have not by any means stolen it, I found it left behind in haste; you want it, but you shall not have it.' In reply to all that I could urge with regard to the uselessness of his prisoner, and its certain death for want of the nourishment proper for its tender age, he produced some fat wherewith to feed it; adding, that after all he could find, in case of its death, some corner of ground in which to bury it, and that then I should be free to give it my blessing. I replied to his speech by the offer to give him a sufficiently large sum in silver, if he would surrender up his little captive, but he persisted in his refusal. He finally lowered his terms to the demand of another English captive in exchange. If he had made no farther diminution in his requirements, it would have been settled with regard to the infant's life. I thought indeed that its sentence of death was pronounced, when I saw the Huron holding consultation with his friends; for until then the conversation had been carried on in French, which he understood. This parley disclosed a ray of hope to my eyes, nor was I disappointed. The result was, that the infant should be given to me, if I would deliver to him in return the scalp of an enemy. The proposition, however, did not at all embarrass me. 'It shall be forthcoming shortly,' I replied to him rising, 'if you are a man of honour.' Departing with haste to the camp of the Abnakis, I demanded of the first person I met, whether he had any scalps, and whether he wished to do a favour to gratify me. I had every reason to be pleased with his complaisance, for he untied his pouch and gave me my choice. Provided with one of these barbarous trophies, I carried it off in triumph, followed by a crowd of French and Canadians, curious to know the issue of the adventure. Joy seemed to furnish me with wings, and in a moment I had rejoined my Huron. 'See,' said I in meeting him, 'see your payment.' 'You are right,' he replied, 'it is indeed an English scalp, for it is red.' This is in truth the colour which ordinarily distinguishes the English colonists in these countries. 'Well! there is the infant, carry it away, it belongs to you.' I did not give him time to retract, but immediately took the unfortunate little being in my hands. As it was almost naked I wrapped it in my robe, but it was not accustomed to be carried by hands as little used to this business as mine, and the poor infant uttered its cries, which taught me as much my own awkwardness as its sufferings. I consoled myself, however, with the hope of presently placing it in more tender hands."—p. 182.

The good Jesuit had the satisfaction of discovering in a few days the parents of the child, and of restoring it once more to the bosom of its disconsolate mother.

"The massacre by the Natchez," which forms one of the concluding chapters of the work, is a detail of tragic horrors. At the period of its occurrence, the banks of the

Mississippi were far from presenting the appearance which they have at the present day. Instead of the many flourishing towns, loud with the hum of busy industry, which stud these banks, and that meet the eye of the traveller as he ascends the river from New Orleans, there were then only a few straggling villages, the inhabitants of which led a fearful and precarious life, and struggled for subsistence with the powerful tribes in their vicinity; and where the steamer, foaming and snorting like a racehorse panting for the goal, now dashes onward with impetuous speed amid the curling waters, the frail canoe then crept timidly along, resting from the burning heat of noon beneath the branches of some shady tree, and seeking refuge and security at night in some secluded nook, where safety was best ensured by silence and obscurity. The symptoms of prosperity which the settlements on the river had manifested during the financial administration of the celebrated Law, had disappeared in the bursting of the far-famed Mississippi bubble, and they depended, in great measure, for existence, on the maintenance of their amicable relations with the neighbouring Indians. Of these the most powerful were the Natchez, whose name is preserved and perpetuated in the city of that name. The political constitution, religious practices, and social organization of this people bore a striking resemblance in many respects to the neighbouring Aztecs. These had viewed with a jealous eye the progress of European enterprise along the river, and deemed the several factories as so many encroachments upon themselves. The temporary depression, consequent upon the failure of Law's colonization scheme, seemed to afford a favourable opportunity of recovering the territory that they had been compelled to yield to persuasion, backed as it usually was by military force. They conspired to destroy the French towns, and kill the inhabitants by falling upon them unawares, and before they had time to prepare for their defence. They succeeded in several instances, massacred great numbers of the colonists, and, as may be easily conjectured, levelled the churches to the ground. But they were soon visited with a terrible vengeance. Their villages were attacked by the French garrison from New Orleans. The greater number were scattered among the other American tribes, and soon ceased to have a separate national existence; while the chief, who was arrogantly denominated "The

Great Sun," and his principal followers, were shipped to Hispaniola, and sold as slaves. From this massacre some of the missionaries had most miraculous escapes, while others of their brethren fell victims to the fury of the barbarians. Such an escape is that of Father Doutreleau, described in the following extract :

"This missionary had availed himself of the time when the Indians were engaged in their winter occupations, to come and see us, for the purpose of regulating some matters relating to his mission. He set out on the first day of this year 1730, and not expecting to arrive at the residence of Father Souel, of whose fate he was ignorant, in time to say mass, he determined to say it at the mouth of the little river of the Yazous, where his party had cabined. As he was preparing for this office, he saw a boat full of Indians landing. They demanded of them of what nation they were? 'Yazous, comrades of the French,' they replied, making a thousand friendly demonstrations to the voyagers who accompanied the missionary, and presenting them with provisions. While the Father was preparing his altar, a flock of bustards passed, and the voyagers fired at them the only two guns they had, without thinking of reloading, as mass had already commenced. The Indians noted this, and placed themselves behind the voyagers, as if it was their intention to hear mass, although they were not Christians. As the Father was saying the *Kyrie Eleison*, the Indians made their discharge. The missionary perceiving himself wounded in his right arm, and seeing one of the voyagers killed at his feet, and the four others fled, threw himself on his knees to receive the fatal blow which he regarded as inevitable. In this posture he received two or three discharges. But although the Indians fired whilst almost touching him, yet they did not inflict on him any new wounds. Finding himself then as it were, miraculously escaped so many mortal blows, he took to flight, having on still his priestly garments, and without any other defence than an entire confidence in God, whose particular protection was given him, as the event proved. He threw himself into the water, and after advancing some steps, gained the boat in which two of the voyagers were making their escape. They had supposed him to be killed by some of the many balls which they heard fired at him. In climbing up into the boat, and turning his head to see whether any of his pursuers was following him too closely, he received in the mouth a discharge of small shot, the greater part of which were flattened against his teeth, though some of them entered his gums, and remained there a long time. I have myself seen two of them. Father Doutreleau, all wounded as he was, undertook the duty of steering the boat, while his two companions placed themselves at the oars. Unfortunately one of them at setting out had his

thigh broken by a musket-ball, from the effects of which he has since remained a cripple. You may well imagine that the missionary and his companions had no thoughts of ascending the river. They descended the Mississippi with all the speed possible, and at last lost sight of the boat of their enemies, who had pursued them for more than an hour, keeping up a continual fire upon them, and who boasted at the village that they had killed them. The two rowers were often tempted to give themselves up, but encouraged by the missionary, they in their turn made the enemy fear. An old gun which was not loaded, nor in a condition to be, which they pointed at them from time to time, made them often dodge in their boat, and at last retire. As soon as they found themselves freed from their enemies, they dressed their wounds as well as they could, and for the purpose of aiding their flight from that fatal shore, they threw into the river every thing they had in their boat, preserving only some pieces of raw bacon for their nourishment."—p. 291.

With this extract we must conclude our notice. It has rarely been our good fortune to peruse a work that has afforded us more unmingled satisfaction. The notes which the translator has added, although of no great length, are yet of value. We recommend it to our readers as eminently deserving an honoured place in their libraries. It is one which, we doubt not, will be read by them with as much pleasure and profit as it has been by ourselves. May we again express our hope, that the treasures of romantic adventure and edifying narrative stored up in the "*Lectures Edifiantes et Curieuses*"—many of them even more interesting than the volumes before us—will, in their own time, be thus presented to the public?

---

ART. VI.—*A Scholastical History of the Canon of Holy Scripture, or the certain and indubitate Books thereof, as they are received in the Church of England.* By JOHN COSIN, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Durham: Collected Works, New Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Reprinted from 4to. Ed., 1672. Talboys: Oxford, 1843-45.

RECENT events have shown that the antiquated cries and catchwords of Puritanism, have lost but little of their power with a large portion of the Protestants of England. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing

but the Bible," has in some instances again been made an election cry, and although the results as regards the general public have not been so marked as on former occasions, yet it is still true, that there is hardly a parish, village, town, or city, which may not be thrown at any time into ecclesiastical convulsions, by a reference to the "mutilation of the word of God," or even by hinting at a proposal that *selections* from the Scriptures should be used in schools and seminaries. It would be worse than death to Lord Roden, could he foresee that a day may come, when the peasant children upon his Essex estate, will be assimilated to those in the neighbourhood of Tollymore, in the county of Down, and no longer, as a matter of course, be initiated into the typical mysteries of Leviticus. In parliament, Mr. Plumptre would probably sigh for martyrdom on the floor of the House of Commons, rather than submit to what he and Mr. Finch call "a mutilated word of God;" by which they mean the omission of any page or paragraph whatsoever from writings never designed, and therefore not at all calculated, for popular instruction.

We are much mistaken, however, if these gentlemen do not act practically in their own families, upon the very system which they denounce elsewhere. They exercise common sense and discretion, when their children and servants assemble for their regular scripture reading at morning or evening domestic prayers; or in other words, no one of them is to be found, who will dare to read out aloud certain passages from Genesis, Judges, and the books of Kings and Paralipomenon; yet the dulness of intellect, which leads them to overlook this inconsistency, also conducts them into another still more important. It never occurs to them to inquire, whether or not the handsomely bound Bibles, glittering in every room of their houses, really comprise the entire canon of Scripture. Neither they, nor their pastors, have ever looked into the work of St. Augustine, *De Doctrina Christianâ*: nor can they conceive it possible, that this eminent Father, whose name they perpetually quote, but whose volumes they never read, would charge themselves with the real guilt of scriptural mutilation, in despising those sacred books, which they are pleased, without solid or sufficient reason, to term Apocryphal.

The recent re-publication of Bishop Cosin's treatise on this subject in the new edition of his works, may well fur-

nish us with a text for the present article. Catholics are happily content to receive the Scriptures, as the orthodox faithful have received them through all ages, that is to say, from the hands of the Church of God. They can also well afford to descend from such high ground, and meet the modern Philistines on their own field and with their own weapons. "The Scholastic History of the Canon of Scripture," indeed, can find little favour in the eyes either of ultra-protestants or their consistent opponents. It goes too far to please the former, and not far enough to satisfy the latter. Its learned author was a pilgrim who loved the *Via Media*, whose character was a prototype of a good deal of that branch of Puseyism, which attracts more notice than it really deserves, whose religious principles have got so entangled with the literature and theology of a certain school, that what is wrong in it can now scarcely be separated from what is right; whilst its adherents appear in the most unenviable predicament of seeming to carry two faces under one bonnet. Let us not be deemed too severe: but is it not a fact, that divines of this stamp appear as Catholics among Protestants, and as Protestants amongst Catholics? Such was the case with Bishop Cosin, persecuted by the Puritans "for holding superstitious vanities," and suspected by those whom he always termed Papists, because he could never bring them to see with himself, that there could be any *tertium quid* between truth and error. The anglican prelate loved books of devotion with the three capital letters of the Redeemer emblazoned upon the title-pages. On one occasion he even ventured upon a cross, encircled with the sun, supported by two angels, with two devout women praying towards it. This helped to bring down upon him an impeachment from the celebrated long parliament; whilst, at Paris, Lord Jermyn and Queen Henrietta, "held it for a mortal sin to give one penny towards the maintenance of such a heretic," as he describes himself to have been. And no wonder, when he disinherited his only son for following the dictates of his conscience in joining the Church of Rome, and attacked her most sacred mysteries as well as her Canon of Scripture, with a vehemence and acrimony which could have been hardly exceeded by Martin Luther.

Let us examine what his celebrated attack on the latter has come to. It is hardly necessary to say that, in a short article like the present, we have no idea of entering



fully into so vast a subject. Our object is rather to call the attention of our Anglican friends to the enormous difficulties by which, when it is examined strictly according to their principles, the question of the canon is surrounded; with the ulterior view of suggesting to them the reasonable doubt, whether the authority upon which, after all, they must receive the still more important truth of the inspiration of Scripture should not also be regarded as sufficient, not alone for the canon, but also for the interpretation of the books so received as inspired.

The Anglican article professes to "understand by Holy Scripture, only those books to be canonical, both of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority *there never was any doubt in the Church*," adding as a list, the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, and Ruth, the six books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, two of Esdras, Esther in a mutilated form, Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, four Greater Prophets, (amongst which Daniel is materially defective,) and twelve Lesser Prophets. The New Testament is arranged precisely upon the Roman canon, with marvellous simplicity and inconsistency, submitting to the authority of the Church whenever it may answer a purpose to do so, as we shall presently see; whilst with regard to an intermediate class of books, which Jerome, Ruffinus, and others, would have termed for the most part "ecclesiastical," such as the third and fourth of Esdras, Tobias, Judith, and the rest of Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the three omissions from Daniel of the Hymn of the Three Children, the narrative of Susannah, the History of Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, with the first and second of the Machabees, all these are at once set down by the establishment as Apocryphal. Our space is so limited for discussions like the one now before us, that we are precluded from doing more than merely glancing at the fact, that Anglican Protestantism takes care, as usual, to blow hot and cold with the same breath. We could easily fill our paper with admissions from Bishop Cosin, which would throw the Evangelicals into hysterics. The former professes vast veneration for the documents, whose mere inspiration is all that he pretends to impugn. But were such semi-popery now uttered in Exeter Hall, or printed in the *Christian Observer* or the *Record*, our Rotunda in Dublin would be crowded with Protestant craftsmen and the ladies



of religious silversmiths, crying out at the top of their voices for more than the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

Of course, amidst all the clamour and confusion of these platform exhibitions, no whisper of reason stands a chance of being heard. With regard to that which is supposed to constitute the written Word of God under the old covenant, Protestantism has resolved to put its entire trust and confidence in Josephus. A Jew, remarkable for nothing more than his inaccuracy, for his faults in the way of historical omissions and commissions, for his being swayed by partialities for princes and sects, for his dubious position between an imperial pagan and the mortified prejudices of his countrymen, has been suffered to remain as a *στυλος και εδραιωμα της αληθείας*! Every peril that might be incurred in venturing upon tradition seems forgotten, when its source is the synagogue, and not the Christian Church. It is unnecessary for us to observe, that we as Catholics can entertain no conceivable objection to the reception of such testimony as we find in the works of a learned Hebrew, so far as it may fairly go. Eusebius sets us an example in carefully copying the catalogue of Josephus into his own pages,\* but without stopping there, or shutting his eyes to subsequent and even more important evidence. It is stated, yet surely with no little presumption, that the books of Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the first and second of Machabees, with the additions to Esther and Daniel, possess no authority whatever, either external or internal, to procure their admission into the sacred canon, because they were written by Alexandrian Jews, subsequently to the cessation of the prophetic spirit, although before the promulgation of the gospel. We have always considered the prediction of Caiphas, in John xi. 51, as demonstrating that the prophetic *afflatus* had by no means departed from the Jewish pontificate; but apart from this instance in the gospel, it is notorious, that it not unfrequently manifested its presence posteriorly to the period of Malachy or Esdras. Not to dwell, however, upon what may not be disputed, we would draw attention to the fact, that even taking the Anglican canon as it stands,

---

\* Lib. iii. cap. 10. Eccles. Hist. Read. Edit.

there will be found portions of it extending at least one hundred years below the date, when, according to Protestantism, the Paraclete was imagined to have withdrawn his supernatural influences. Thus in Nehemias [II. Esdras] xii. 10-22, the genealogy of the pontiffs is brought down to Jeddoa, who was contemporaneous with Alexander the Great and Darius Codomannus. So again the descendants from Zorobabel, in I. Paralip. iii. 19-24, conf. lxx, must in all human probability have reached much lower still. Now to impugn, modify, or add to the Hebrew scriptures in matters of this sort, without the highest authority, was not to be thought of for a single moment. It would have been like touching the Jewish Sanhedrim upon the apple of its eye! But then the Protestant dilemma remains. These passages, which are portions of the Hebrew Verity, must be either divinely inspired Scripture or not so. If the first, what becomes of the assertion that the Holy Spirit ceased to operate after Malachy? If the last, then who shall defend the purity and integrity of the canon? But this is not all. Among the various readings noted in the margin of the sacred books, which are known by the names of Keri and Ketib, there are some upon Ezechias and Nehemias, clearly of a much later date than their own writings. We may further appeal with confidence to any competent Hebrew student, whether christian or rabbinical, for a verdict as to the palpable inferiority, both as to style and method, of the latest books in the Hebrew Canon. Historical and critical analysis will bear us out in disputing altogether, *cum totis viribus*, such an assertion as that upon which the Anglican Canon is supported. It may seem an imposing one, but before the sunbeams of truth it vanishes, *ceu fumus in auras*.

Waiving, through want of room, any remarks upon the arguments attempted to be set up against the books in question, on the ground of some few supposed inaccuracies of statement, or slight chronological errors, we prefer at once hastening to the incontrovertible position, that the Bible of the Apostles was that of the Greek Septuagint, then in use throughout the entire Roman world. That the Spirit of inspiration had not withdrawn from the Jewish hierarchy after the days of Malachy, is sufficiently apparent, to go no further even than the Protestant canon. Was it unreasonable to expect that a language, in which were to be enshrined the mysteries of the New Covenant, and into

which those of the Old had been providentially translated as far as they were then known, should from time to time become enriched with further additions of divinely inspired record, so as to overspan and illuminate the generations and ages of four centuries, from the death of Esdras to the birth of John the Baptist? Accordingly, we find that the Septuagint grew with the growth of years. Narratives of filial piety, parental virtue, feminine heroism, with the glorious achievements of patriotic princes, were admitted, as occasions arose, upon the golden roll. Authority, precisely analogous to that which canonized the Paralipomena and Esther, or the memorials of the Tirshatha and Cup-bearer to King Cyrus,—sanctioned the pages of Wisdom and the Son of Sirach, the prophecies of Baruch, the additions to Esther and Daniel, as well as the Books of Tobias, Judith, and the Machabees, as portions of the sacred canon. They were all in the Septuagint, as that version existed when our Lord descanted upon almsgiving,\* or when St. Paul alluded to the *παραρτασμα* of Christ in Wisdom,† or to the unparalleled torments of Eleazer under Antiochus.‡ The strict Jews, according to Josephus, adhered even then to their idolized Hebrew Verity; the Apostles, on the other hand, sanctioned the Septuagint by almost invariably quoting from it, or, at least, in more than one hundred and fifty instances. It is further remarkable, that the Jewish historian himself has adhered to that version, though a native of Palestine, throughout his great work on the antiquities of his nation; and the same may be said of Philo-Judæus, in his allegorical expositions of the Mosaic Law. Even the assertion of Josephus must, after all, be limited to the adherence of his sect to the mere number of twenty-two books, corresponding to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet; for the celebrated Interpretation of the Seventy overawed

---

\* Luke xii. 33: xi. 41.

† Hebrews i. 3: Wisdom vii. 26.

‡ Hebr. xi. 35. And for other instances, where these disputed Books are manifestly alluded to in the New Testament; compare: Tobias iv. 7, 9: 16: 1 Tim. vi. 19: Rev. viii. 2, 4: Tobias xii. 15: with several more, as given in any old Editions of the English Version amongst the references, before nonconformity had insisted upon such abominations being erased.

every synagogue for more than a century after the Nativity. It was only when they felt themselves unable to resist the arguments urged against them from the Greek text, that learned but bigoted Jews began to impeach its authority. Justin Martyr charges them with then attempting to expunge various passages; but, in the meanwhile, both he and St. Irenæus appeal to the autographs still extant in the Alexandrine Library, *ἔμειναν αἱ βιβλοὶ καὶ παρ Αἰγυπτίοις μέχρι τοῦ δευρο*!\* There is not a shadow of reason to doubt, that of those autographs the Alexandrine and Vatican MSS. are substantially accurate transcripts; and in these all the disputed books are found in their integrity. The same may be said of other manuscripts, more particularly of the Chisian fragment containing portions of Origen's extraordinary labours.† Amongst them is the Prophecy of Daniel, including the Hymn of the Three Children, Susannah, and Bel and the Dragon; all which, together with the additions to Esther, are supported by Chaldee, as well as Syriac authority. The ancient Fathers referred to these fountains of truth perpetually and fearlessly. They revered the Hebrew canon, it is true, and many of them loved to speak of it; and when they spoke of it, they limited the books of it to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet; and they also sometimes mention the Greek translation made for the Egyptian monarch, limiting that also in the same way, for the simple and obvious reason, that when only twenty-two sacred books were in existence, only that number could be translated. But they also appeal to the Septuagint *in its enlarged character*, under apostolic sanction. Thus St. Cyprian cites freely from Tobias and Ecclesiasticus, with the same confidence that he does from the Pentateuch or Isaias, and as he also does from Wisdom, the additions to Daniel, and the Books of the Machabees. Tertullian does exactly the same as to the additions to Daniel; in which he is confirmed by St. Irenæus. St. Clement of Rome manifests no other feeling with respect to Judith. St. Irenæus, again, quotes from Baruch just as from Jeremias; as do St. Cyril of Jerusalem and St. Hilary. What need can there be of more names than these? They are the testi-

---

\* St. Justin, Mart. Apolog. l. xxxi.

† Daniel secund. lxx. Rome, 1772.

monies of those who are now before the throne of God and the Lamb: *Et in ore eorum non est inventum mendacium!*

Then let us look at the Councils, which, after all, must settle the question, even in the judgment of our opponents. At first the Septuagint seems to have answered every purpose; but when doubts arose, men looked naturally to the Church to issue something like a decision, were it only from a provincial synod. Whenever the Council of Laodicea might have been held, for it is a disputed point, the bishops there assembled published a canon of Scripture, which includes Baruch, makes no mention of the other disputed books before us, and, as to the New Testament, altogether omits the Revelations. What a blow this must be for those who pass their lives in delineating the great beast of Babylon and its scarlet lady; or who lose their tempers, if not their wits, in calculating the number six hundred and sixty-six! This oriental synod, however, was clearly not satisfactory in the west; and whilst nothing is known of what the Council of Nice thought upon the subject, except that it was reported to have canonized Judith, we find the Third Council of Carthage, in A.D. 397, with St. Augustine present at its deliberations, ruling that the canon of Scripture, both as to the Old and New Testament, should stand precisely as the Tridentine Fathers eleven centuries and a half afterwards arranged it in their grand ecumenical assembly; with the single exception that Baruch is not distinctly mentioned. The *Codex Integer Canonum Ecclesiæ Africanæ* (can. xxiv.) embodies the forty-seventh canon of the Third Carthaginian Council, already quoted, and in both a reference is made, or implied, to the necessity of a confirmation from Rome. Innocent the First, in his Epist. ad Exuperium. (Act. Concil. tom. ii. col. 1254.) beyond all question, sanctions either this, or an exactly similar catalogue of sacred books, *Qui vere recipiantur in canone Sanctarum Scripturarum*, (A.D. 406.) Rather less than ninety years later, Pope Gelasius, (A.D. 494.) in a Roman Council of seventy prelates, follows closely in the steps of his predecessor Innocent, making no other difference, than that it would seem as though he comprised the two books of the Machabees in one, and those of Esdras in one; just as in some other catalogues the two books of Esdras, or those of the Kings

and Chronicles are classed together. So we, at least, are disposed to understand it. At length both east and west, in the Quini-Sextine Synod at Constantinople, A. D. 692, so far agreed as to receive the canons both of the Laodicean and Carthaginian Councils, which thus completed the catalogue by admitting the book of Baruch. In A.D. 1439, at the temporary union of the Latin and Greek Churches at Florence, they sanctioned this identical canon of Scripture, which, as we need hardly add, was fully confirmed in the sixteenth century at Trent by the suffrages of all Catholic Christendom. We respectfully challenge our learned antagonists to adduce any single council, synod, or orthodox ecclesiastical assembly of the Church Universal, which has touched upon the point at issue, and which we have omitted to notice.

But then it is urged against the canonicity of those sacred books, which we are now defending, that they are not enumerated in the catalogues of various private or public individuals, — such as those bearing the names, more or less illustrious, of Papias, Melito, Origen, Jerome, and others. Before, however, entering upon this branch of the enquiry, let us remind our readers of two circumstances, which must be remembered throughout: the first of which is, that we are about to descend from the decisions of councils to the opinions of single persons; and the next is, that any omissions to be remarked in their lists of sacred documents must be equally valid in whatever direction they may tend.

Let us begin, then, with the catalogue of Papias or Caius, which is probably the most ancient upon record. It has relation to the New Testament alone apparently; for it is a very obscure fragment, recovered by Muratori from utter oblivion, and may be described as in parts scarcely intelligible. Yet it will answer our object, — since, after mentioning that, *Fel cum melle misceri non congruit*, it receives the Book of Wisdom as canonical Scripture; classes the Apocalypse of St. John with that of St. Peter, observing of both, that *Tantum recipimus quum quidam ex nostris legi in ecclesia nolunt*; and then, to all appearance, placing them in somewhere about the same category with the Pastor of Hermas! So much for private judgment in one of the most curious relics of antiquity.\*

\* Compare the learned Annotators in the splendid folio of  
VOL. XXIII.—NO. XLV.



It omits altogether, although professing to be a perfect catalogue, the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. James, both those of St. Peter, and the third of St. John.

II. The apostolical constitutions may be taken next in order, which, although not so old as they pretend, are surely of the fourth century, to say the least. Professing to include both Testaments, they decidedly omit from the New all the Seven Catholic Epistles, as well as the Revelation of St. John; and on the other hand, in the Old, although none of the books in dispute are mentioned by name, we see no reason why most, or almost all, of them, may not have been included in a sweeping description amongst those sacred treatises which were to be read, *τα των παραλειπομενων, και τα της επανοδου, προς τουτοις, τα τε Ιωβ, και τα Σολομωνος*: (lib. ii. cap. 57.)

III. The apostolical canons are held to be of greater antiquity than the constitutions; and the last gives a most particular catalogue of the entire Scriptures, in which are included Judith, three books of the Machabees, and as to Ecclesiasticus, after mentioning the sixteen prophets, the 76th canon proceeds, *εξωθεν δε υμιν προσιστορεισθω μαρνανειν υμων τους νεους την Σοφiam του πολυμαθους Σιραχ*. It entirely omits the Apocalypse from the New Testament; classes the Two Epistles of St. Clement, and the *διαταγαι* of the same, together with those of SS. Paul, Peter, James, John, and Jude; and then finishes with the Acts of the Apostles!\*

IV. Dionysius, the Areopagite, as being a pseudo-graphical writer, holds the next place with Bishop Cosin. He affords a vague statement, which may include as much or more than the Hebrew Verity; he receives the Apocalypse, and in another place cites Wisdom; but we need hardly remark, that the works under his name are acknowledged to have emanated from some Monophysite in the fifth or sixth century; and are not considered free from some of the Photinian vagaries. At all events, in the quaternion of private testimonies thus adduced, we per-

---

Daniel, Sec. lxx. pp. 467-9, with the intelligent remarks of President Routh, of Magdalen College, Oxford, in his fourth volume of *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, p. 3-37, 8vo. This remarkable Canon was not known in the time of Bishop Cosin.

\* We take both the Constitutions and Canons from the illustrious Cotelierian Edition.



ceive both admissions and omissions of significant tendency.

V. Let us turn, however, to the next witness, Melito. He was bishop of Sardis about the middle of the second century; when he made a journey into the east, that he might collect a perfect catalogue of the old Testament. We cannot help wishing he had gone westward for the best information,—to the Christian Church, rather than to the Jewish Synagogue; but, nevertheless, so it was. His list is given in Eusebius,\* exactly to the mind of genuine Protestantism. None of the disputed books are included. Esther also, however, is entirely omitted, as are the Lamentations and Nehemias, unless the two last may be imagined as included, the one under Jeremias, and the other under the one book of Esdras which is mentioned; but there is no proof of it.

VI. Origen then follows, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. He embraces both Testaments, and canonizes the Epistle of Jeremias as well as the Machabees.† He names the Second Epistle of St. Peter as being liable to many doubts, also the Second and Third of St. John; and respecting the authorship of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, he is almost as liberal as any Lardner could wish him to be. In all other respects his testimony is favourable to the Hebrew or restricted canon.

VII. Athanasius, in his Paschal Epistle, xxxix., gives a very full catalogue, compiled with great pains, and following generally that restricted view of the subject which had no inconsiderable prevalence in the three oriental patriarchates. He makes also a threefold classification, just as Jerome and Rufinus afterwards did, dividing the various books into what might fairly be termed canonical,

---

\* Eccles. Hist. lib. iv. 26.

† Surely the Protestant Bishop Beverege may be considered as having for ever set this question at rest: he says on the passage from Euseb. Eccles. Hist. lib. vi. cap. 25,—Origines in loco *ἐξω δε τούτων* non de canonicis S. S. generatim sic dictis agit, sed de his duntaxat quos Ecclesia ab Hebræis receperat: quibus recensitis, addit, *Extra duos illos et viginti Hebræorum libros recipit Ecclesia etiam Maccabiacos!* De libr. sacr. script. Apost. Patr. Coteler. II Tom. p. iii, cap. ix. sec. 3: as compared with what Origen himself says again in Epist. Rom. lib. iv. See also Schram. Analys., Tom. v. p. 597, Tom. iv. p. 131.—p. 837.

ecclesiastical, and apocryphal, signifying by the second of these titles what the high Anglicans in our days are compelled to do by the third. Yet, nevertheless, he admits Baruch and the Epistle of Jeremias, as also two books of Esdras, but which they are is not clear. Esther is plainly excluded altogether; nor is the Epistle of St. James enumerated: yet it would seem, nevertheless, to have once been in the text, from the presence of the word *επτα* as applied to the Catholic Epistles.\*

VIII. The Synopsis, or Perfect View of Scripture, found in the works of this venerable champion of orthodoxy, has been denied to be a genuine production of his own pen by some, and has been proved to be such by others. We are disposed to fall in with the latter party, in the good company of Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine; nor has there been any doubt of its antiquity, whatever there may have been of its authenticity. The Athanasian Synopsis makes no scruple whatever in considering as divinely inspired Scripture that Book of Esdras which the Church of Rome, as well as the Church of England, deems apocryphal. Its second book of Esdras comprises the Anglican Ezra and Nehemiah, both in one; and therefore it is probable, in the highest degree, we should say, that the same must have been the case with regard to these pieces as mentioned in the Paschal Epistle. It also places in the sacred canon the three additions to the Book of Daniel, and omits Esther *in toto*, just as Melito does. It observes with admirable coolness, that some persons "have said that Esther had a place in the Hebrew canon;" whilst in fact it was no other than an ecclesiastical narrative! Why is not one individual opinion as good or valid as another?

IX. These speculations were not in every case peculiar to the east; for we discover the saintly bishop of Poitiers to have been disposed the same way. It must be remembered, that no council of Carthage or Rome had yet pronounced any decision; nor is it likely that any voice from Laodicea, even if it had spoken, which is *adhuc sub judice*, could have reached the heart of Gaul, A. D. 350. In fact, however, the Laodicean Synod was probably much later. St. Hilary, at all events, acknowledged his pre-

---

\* Vide locum in Operib. St. Athanas.

ference for the Hebrew Verity; yet he received upon his list, the Epistle of Jeremias, whatever that was: and then adds, "*Quibusdam autem visum est additis Tobia et Judith, 24 libros, secundum numerum Græcarum literarum connumerare!*" (Prol. Explan. in Psalmos.) He only enumerates the Old Testament. Tertullian and others tell us, that the number xxiv. was to be made up, that it might correspond to the twenty-four elders, and the four times six wings of the mystical living creatures in the ineffable visions of Isaias and the Apocalypse!

X. St. Cyril of Jerusalem prepared his catalogue on the basis of Josephus, as might have been expected perhaps, before any authoritative judgment had been promulgated, from the associations of his local position. Yet he admits Baruch, and excludes the Revelation. The disputed books he considered ecclesiastical, and to be held in the highest respect, short only of that due to the *θεοπνευσταια*. He listened to Laodicea.

XI. St. Epiphanius gives only the Old Testament, in which he follows to a certain extent the contracted or eastern canon, but particularly adding Baruch; although, as he mentions, it was not included in the ark of the covenant, nor among the sacred records of the Hebrews. Yet to these, he implies, it was added in course of time notwithstanding, and through the Septuagint circulated as Scripture over the world, together with the Wisdom of Sirach and Solomon.\* We may observe further, that, from the way in which both he and St. Cyril mention the Books of Esdras, they might, for aught appearing to the contrary, have fallen into precisely the same error with that of the Athanasian Synopsis. This, indeed should be kept in recollection throughout other cases also, where the circumstances are the same.

XII. St. Gregory Nazianzen totally leaves out Esther from the Old, and the Apocalypse from the New Testament; and his notice of Wisdom elsewhere is well known. His verses were very popular.

XIII. St. Amphilochius, metropolitan of Iconium, exactly follows St. Gregory Nazianzen in his omission of Esther, but faintly observing, that by some persons it was

---

\* Oper. St. Epiphan. De Mensur. et Ponder. cap. iv. Tom. ii. p. 161: Advers. Hæres., Tom. i. lib. i. pp. 19-21: lib. iii. hæ. 76. p. 941. Edit. 1682.

added to the calendar. The two books of Esdras are also so mentioned as quite to admit the possibility, if not the probability, of the first being that one which is rejected by the establishment, as well as ourselves. About the Apocalypse, his own rejection of it would seem plain. "Some approve it," he says, "but the majority pronounce it spurious!" His enumeration of the Catholic Epistles proceeds in a tone not a little unsatisfactory: "Some account that seven should be received," he observes; "others only three;" doubting, we presume, the canonicity of the Second Epistle of St. Peter, the Second and Third of St. John, and that either of St. Jude or St. James. None of the other disputed books are mentioned: for where the name "Wisdom" occurs we cannot but attribute it to the Proverbs. Compare this passage in St. Amphilochius with the *Παροιμίαι ἢ καὶ Σοφία*, in Eusebius, Ecc. Hist. lib. iv, cap. 26, and the note of Valesius. The poetical metropolitan of Iconium concludes his Greek Iambics to Seleucus with this rather strong announcement, which may help to illustrate what the mere private judgment of the very best men may end in,—

στος ἀψευδέστατος  
Κάτων αν εἴη των θεοπνεύστων γραφών!

XIV. Philaster of Brescia, a bishop who attended the Council of Aquileia, and who wrote against heresies, with great distinctness professes to found his calendar, as to principle, upon a correct foundation,—namely, upon the *Statutum est ab apostolis et eorum successoribus*; and as he published his work before the Third Council of Carthage, he had no scruple in omitting all the questioned portions of Scripture, and considering amongst those books forbidden to be read in the church even the Revelation of St. John. He also reproaches certain heretics for using the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach; as well as others for doubting about the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, although he himself enumerates but thirteen Epistles of St. Paul. It must further not be forgotten, that, whilst he deemed the Apocalypse *non in Ecclesiâ Catholicâ legi*, he received it in his own mind as inspiration; for, after denouncing the Chiliasts, he adds: "Post hos sunt hæretici, qui evangelium secundum Joannem et Apocalypsim ipsius non accipiunt, et cum non intelligunt virtutem Scripturæ, nec desiderant discere, in hæresi per-

manent pereuntes, ut etiam Cerinthis hæretici audeant dicere Apocalypsim non esse beati Joannis Evangelistæ." His work perplexed St. Augustine, as it has done others; nor can his testimony either way go for very much. He died about A. D. 387.

Now, if much is to be made out of these fourteen individual and unsanctioned catalogues, not one of them being supported by Councils, we must observe, that several comprehend some of the disputed books,—that several omit or reject books that are not now disputed even by the Anglican Church,—that several of them canonize what is on all hands admitted to be apocryphal,—that scarcely any two of them agree together,—and that out of eleven of them including the New Testament, *a positive majority omit or reject the Apocalypse!* If it be thought, that we might have added the testimony of St. Basil to that of St. Gregory Nazianzen, although he gives no direct calendar; yet, on the other hand, St. Gregory Nyssen<sup>s</sup> must have taken up his position also, who rejected, or at least slurred over, the Revelation of St. John; in which he was supported by the Syriac version and Canon, the Laodicean Fathers, the celebrated Caius of Rome, Dionysius of Alexandria,<sup>†</sup> and a multitude of his nameless contemporaries; to say nothing of the very ancient Stichometria, mentioned by Pearson and Fabricius, or of James of Edessa, Severian of Gabbala, and Gregory

---

\* He classes it among the apocryphal writings, *εν ἀποκρύφους*. (Opp. Tom. ii. p. 44.) There is a difference of opinion among the critics as to the sense in which the word is used. But without insisting on the view of Heinsius, who leans upon the ordinary signification of the word, we are fully justified in at least regarding his voice as doubtful.

† The evidence of Dionysius establishes the fact that there were many before his time who rejected it. He inclines to the opinion that it is "the work of some holy and inspired man," and will not even "deny that the author was called John;" yet he clearly avows his belief that it is not to be attributed to the "Apostle, the son of Zebedee, the brother of James, who is the author of the gospel, and of the general (Catholic) *epistle* [it is worthy of note that he speaks but of one *epistle*] which bears his name." Even on the general question of the reception of Revelations into the canon, the most he says is that he will not venture [*εκ ἀντολήσαιμι*] to set this book aside. See Euseb. Eccles. Hist. vii. 25. English translation, p. 272-3.

Bar-Hebræus. If Scripture is to stand or fall upon the verdict of private witnesses, what is to become of the last and most awful portion of the canon? What, in such case, must we do with one of the Epistles of St. Peter, with two, if not the three of St. John, with those of St. James and St. Jude, or with that to the Hebrews? The principle of private judgment will be found an ecclesiastical dry-rot, eating invisibly, yet fatally, into the very core and heart of the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Our Anglican brethren in the Establishment must surely now see the inconsistency, to which in a former page we alluded, of their favourite article on "The books about which there has never been any doubt in the Church:" since it cannot hold water on both sides. To ourselves it appears leaky as the pitchers of the Danaïdes,—full of holes throughout! Alas! for the destiny of those pious and worthy divines, who may hope for, but who will never obtain—at least, until they leave their present position—the golden vessels of a sanctuary, where all vessels are consecrated ones, and where the instrumentality is perfect because it is holy.

But we must hasten forward to St. Jerome, the grand tower of strength to our opponents, who on this occasion alone usher in his great name with a flourish of trumpets; for we need hardly observe, that, on all other points, he would have handled them as severely as he did Jovinian and Vigilantius. It must again be remembered, that no decision, beyond that at Laodicea, had been as yet pronounced upon the canon of Scripture. St. Jerome, with the strength of a giant, has bequeathed enough to posterity to show how entirely he would have submitted to any further decree of the Church Catholic, in the spirit of a docile child. Recollecting his letter to St. Damasus, had he only known of that from Innocent the First to Exuperius, or the still later judgment of Pope Gelasius, there would have been with him a truce to controversy. With the powers of an intellectual Samson, and perchance a touch of his roughness, he laboured for the Hebrew Verity as the cherished object of his life. It is, however, quite conceivable, that rumours from Rome may have reached his ears; although, probably, about the Third Council of Carthage (more especially if its authentic date, as some have thought, were A. D. 419, instead of A. D. 397.) he could have heard nothing. Intelligence was



not transmitted in those days upon the wings of the wind, with the velocity of steamers or railroads. But what we mean to allude to, is just that remarkable modification of tone which steals over the spirit of his dream towards the close of life. His temper was irritable, yet it became calmer. As to what he had once fulminated against Susannah and the other additions to Daniel, he afterwards observes, in his Second Apology to Ruffinus, "*Non enim quid ipse sentirem, sed quid illi (Hebræi) contra nos dicere vellent, explicavi.*" So in his Commentary upon Isaiah, composed many years after his Prologus Galeatus, we hear him quoting the First Book of Machabees as *Scripture*, whilst Tobias, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Judith, in his later lucubrations, meet with far different treatment from his pen than at an earlier period. We are not insinuating, that St. Jerome really came to entertain Tridentine views upon these works; but we are ready to believe cordially that, had he flourished in the sixteenth century, he would have manifested no resistance to the verdict of the Church Univeral. As it was, the clouds of his genius presented in their maturity her brightest reflections; and it was amidst a sunset of glory that he sank to his rest, enshrined in the admiration of all saints militant here upon earth.

It can hardly be necessary to proceed much further. Ruffinus adopted the opinions of his master, St. Jerome, upon the main question, both before and after their quarrel; and throughout the subsequent hurricanes of the fifth and six centuries that fissure began more and more to appear, which ultimately separated the eastern and western divisions of christendom. Everything, therefore, was taken hold of that would aggravate, rather than heal. As the former plunged farther into schism and heresy, Constantinople and her sister patriarchates sometimes declared their preferences for the restricted canon. When Africa, moreover, was politically recovered from Arianism through the conquest of Belisarius, Byzantine influence bore strongly upon a few of the minor sees, which yet remained around the ruins of St. Cyprian's chair. Hence Junilius, (who also rejected the Apocalypse, and who bears witness to its rejection by his contemporaries in the Orient, as Sulpitius Severus and the Fourth Council of Toledo did by theirs in the Occident,) and Primasius in Africa, as well as Anastatius of Antioch, Leontius, three prelates or persons bearing



the name of Victorinus, and several more, can be raked out of the ashes of antiquity to render a feeble and disunited suffrage against the decisions of Rome. But a great outcry has been raised, because, even at Rome, St. Gregory the Great forebore to retract a work which in his younger years, when a deacon at Constantinople, he had published upon the Book of Job. In the course of it, having occasion to quote from the Machabees, and knowing the Byzantine tenderness (in other words, *its unsoundness*) upon the subject of the canon, he modestly intimates: "De quâ re cavendâ non inordinate facimus, si ex libris licet non canonicis, sed tamen ad ædificationem Ecclesiæ editis, testimonium proferamus." (Moral Expos. in Job. lib. xix. cap. 13, al. 17.) *He would have said just the same sort of thing had he cited from the Revelation*, amongst those who could not receive its perfect canonicity, as it is in fact doubtful whether the Greek Church has ever formally done to this day. Amidst the cross currents of false doctrine, the whirlpools of party interests, and the falling to pieces of an empire which had once called the civilized world its own, it appears to our minds an irrefragable proof of the integrity and inspiration of the entire Scripture Canon, that no part of it should have crumbled away, either to gratify imperial oppression, or satisfy an appetite for novelty. Manuscripts, acts of councils, historical documents, of all kinds and in every age, maintain the living voice of tradition in the Church, from the time when an Augustine declared that upon no other evidence could the Gospels themselves have become binding upon his understanding or his conscience! (Contr. Fundament. cap. 5.)

In conclusion, we may be allowed to transcribe from so illustrious a luminary his own deliberate conclusions as to what in his mind constituted divinely inspired Scripture:

"The entire Canon of Scripture, in which we affirm that this investigation should be carried forward, is contained in these books; (namely,) five of Moses, that is to say, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy; one book of Joshua, the son of Nun, one of the Judges, one little book which is called that of Ruth, and seems rather appertaining to the commencement of the Kings;—then in four books of the Kings, and two of the Chronicles, not precisely running in consecutive order, but as it were side-by-side with each other, and going forward together. This (part of the Canon) is the History which comprises the regular

annals of events in a connected series. There are others not so connected, which follow a different arrangement, such as Job, Tobias, Esther, Judith, two books of the Machabees, and two of Ezra, which appear more to constitute an historical sequel to the series of the Kings and Chronicles. Then come the Prophets, in which are the Psalms of David, and three books of Solomon, the Proverbs, the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes. As to the two books, one of which is entitled Wisdom, and the other Ecclesiasticus, they are said to be Solomon's only from a certain analogy or resemblance of style; but in fact Jesus the son of Sirach is most generally reported to have written them: yet, as they have been received into the Canon, they must be classed amongst the prophetic books. The remaining books, which more properly are styled the Prophets, are those of the twelve (minor) Prophets, which, since they have never been separated, are always reckoned in one book, and whose names are Osee, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Jonas, Micheas, Nahum, Habacuc, Sophonias, Aggaius, Zacharias, and Malachy. Then there are the four Greater Prophets, Esaias, Jeremias, Daniel, and Ezekiel. Within these forty-four books of the Old Testament, (canonical) authority is limited. But of the New Testament, it is acknowledged in the four books of the Gospel, according to Matthew, that according to Mark, that according to Luke, that according to John; in the fourteen epistles of Paul the Apostle, to the Romans, two to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, two to the Thessalonians, to the Colossians, two to Timothy; to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews; in the two Epistles of Peter, three of John, one of Jude, and one of James, in one book of the Acts of the Apostles, and one of the Revelation of John. *In all these books, those fearing God, and meekly devoted to piety, SEEK THE WILL OF GOD!*"\*

---

\* De Doctrina Christiana, lib. ii. cap. viii. Tom. iii. p. 11. Ed. Colon. 1616. The additions to Daniel are clearly included by St. Augustine, De Natur. Bon. contr. Manich. cap. 16. Exposit. in Joann. Tract. xi., xxxvi.

VII.—*The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome, and Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. Book 1st.—Actions of St. Philip from his birth till he went to live at San'a Maria in Vallicella.* London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son, 1847.

IT is with exceeding satisfaction that we announce to the Catholic public the first volume of a work of such great magnitude, and so every way important, that it is not easy to calculate its consequences in the present state of religious feeling; but when we have given an outline of its design, we shall feel it almost presumption to retain the pen, for lay hands are not worthy to descant upon the actions, the maxims, the very spirit of the most glorious of the servants of God; exemplified in the most familiar and condescending, as well as the most elevated, moments of their lives. Surely it is a sign of the times, a direct manifestation of divine Providence, that such a work as the present should be now offered to us: for at any former period when the publication of catholic works was a matter of expense and difficulty, a long series like the present would have been too great a speculation, and the purchase of them quite out of the reach of the generality of readers; now, however, by means of that press to which we owe so many valuable publications and reprints, we do not despair of seeing these treasures of edification and interest accessible to all. It is remarkable that the idea of so great an undertaking should have originated with a recent convert. The Rev. Mr. Faber appears to be endowed in an extraordinary degree with the gifts of energy, prompt untiring activity, and ardent zeal; he was converted in November, 1845, not quite two years ago, and the body of converts whom he brought with him to the church sufficiently proved that by labouring to the utmost extent of the light *he then had*—he (humanly speaking) had deserved this great accession of grace. That body of converts did not disperse to follow each their own path in the green pastures to which they had been introduced,—they remained under his guidance, and following what might be called a divine instinct implanted in souls, as yet so new in Catholic training,—they fell easily and naturally into a new monastic order; alike suited to their immediate wants, and to those of the age;—and which may, we trust, be widely ex-

tended throughout England. If we enquire now whence had these illustrious converts this inspiration, the answer is in the work before us. This holy leader in the Church has not followed his own theories; has not originated some new system in which he was to be himself a teacher, but by studying the lives of holy men, by seeking out the original documents, the most comprehensive and intimate records of their lives, and thus embuing himself in their very spirit, he has qualified himself to follow in their footsteps; and not only so, but in these valuable lives, the fruit of his studies, he has conferred upon the catholics of this country a second inestimable gift. We duly appreciate the *Lives of the Saints* by Alban Butler, their method, learning, and sound religion; but they partook of those times when all Catholic matters in England were addressed to a small circle, and compressed into small space. In times from which he had scarcely emerged, men strove for their lives; as for property, their advancement in life, and all the excitement arising from unshackled competition with their fellow men,—all these they gave up, or at least deeply perilled for their faith; that faith they preserved *for us*; but like men in a shipwreck, while clasping their treasure more closely to their hearts, they flung away all superfluities, all adornments, helps, accessories, that might be dispensed with; and the result was a certain dryness more easily felt than described. Although some may think that there arose a corresponding advantage in the simplicity and decision with which they addressed an auditory of whose ground-work of faith, and of whose docility in building upon that ground-work, they were assured as of their own. At the present day Catholic writers address a larger auditory, and of more mixed character; they must teach with authority those who are of the household of faith, but they may not forget all innocent arts to awaken the attention, and satisfy the doubts of those who are without; nor even, while giving with pure simplicity the ascetic truths of religion, ought they to spare any pains to avoid giving offence in matters of mere taste and good judgment. With these conditions, so far as we may judge by this first volume, the present work is likely to comply. The life of St. Philip Neri has, with the fulness and lively interest of a biography, all the edification of a work written expressly for devotion; the style is grave and

easy, and the character of the saint is admirably drawn: we perceive the characteristics of the natural man through the unvarying attributes of divine grace. We trace this in his shrewd, practical, caustic, yet playful nature, and all his designs, his pious practices, are such a fruit as divine grace grafted upon such a stem might be expected to produce; even the gifts vouchsafed to him have a certain affinity with his character; his miraculous authority, foreknowledge, and success, appear in harmony with it, and we are not presented with isolated miracles or isolated austerities, but with a real and life-like man, in whom our interest equals our veneration. St. Philip Neri was the son of a respectable attorney at Florence, and, as so often happens, he began even from his earliest days to show that spiritual-mindedness, obedience and faculty of veneration, which are the forerunners of sanctification. He had won all hearts to himself, and a brilliant worldly prospect was opening before him; for at eighteen he was sent to learn the business of a wealthy uncle, a merchant, who, being childless, received him with open arms, appreciated his value, and named him his heir; but Philip was to be no exception to the general rule of suffering and self-denial,—urged by that instinct of saints, so unaccountable to men of this world, he renounced affection, wealth, and ease; repaired to Rome, and in the house of a stranger, a Florentine gentleman whom he found there, he received the simple hospitality of a little unfurnished closet, and the allowance of a little corn. In return for this kindness, or rather as a means of doing good which fell in his way, he taught their letters to the children of his host, and made them “like little angels.” We cannot but smile at the change of manners shown in such a trait as this. How would a gentleman of the present day be looked upon, who should offer a small unfurnished closet and a ration of unground corn to a youth of station and education, the teacher of his children! and how few men would think of making such an offer! Take the most charitable amongst them: they would have felt it necessary to propose something immeasurably greater—more suitable to their own station in society—to themselves, in short, and finding this to be burdensome, or fearing that it might become so—they would have offered nothing. Much might be suggested in illustration of this subject; was it generosity over-taxed and making its last effort?

was it niggardliness, or was it a simple sympathetic appreciation of the wants of the young traveller? At all events the blessing of God was upon the gift; for many years the saint lived here, upon the bread obtained in exchange for this corn, eating it beside the well in the court-yard, from whose waters he drank; this was his ostensible home—but hours and days of such meditation as the unassisted mind of man dare not follow, were spent in the catacombs of St. Sebastian, the cemetery of San Calisto, and in the seven churches; or if they were closed, the saint was content to study by moonlight in their porches. He studied philosophy at this time, and with such wonderful effect, that a question arose of how much was learned, how much inspired; but Philip could be satisfied only at the fountain head; he gave up his studies and devoted himself to spiritual exercises, until human nature almost sunk under the influx of divine grace, and this must have been the result, but for a most wonderful and continued miracle: We are told that

“One day, a little before the Feast of Whitsuntide, he was making his accustomed prayer to the Holy Ghost, for whom he had such a devotion, that he daily poured out before Him most fervent prayers, imploring His gifts and graces. When he was made priest, he always said at Mass, unless the Rubric forbid it, the prayer, *Deus cui cor patet*. Now, while he was importunately demanding of the Holy Ghost His gifts, there appeared to the Saint a ball of fire, which entered into his mouth and lodged in his breast; and therewith he was, all suddenly, surprised by such a flame of love, that he was unable to bear it, but threw himself on the ground, and, like one trying to cool himself, he bared his breast, to abate in some measure the flame which he felt. When he had remained so for some time, and was a little recovered, he rose up full of an unwonted joy, and immediately all his body began to shake with a vehement tremor; and putting his hand to his bosom, he felt by the side of his heart a tumour about as big as a man's fist, but neither then nor ever afterwards, was it attended by the slightest pain. Whence this swelling proceeded, and what it was, was manifested after his death; for when his body was opened, the two outer ribs were found broken, and thrust outward, and the two sides standing wide apart, never having reunited in all the fifty years which Philip lived after this miraculous event. It was at the same moment that the palpitation of his heart commenced, which lasted all his life, though he was of a good constitution, a very lively temperament, and without the least tendency to melancholy. The palpitation only came on when he was performing



some spiritual action, such as praying, saying mass, communicating, giving absolution, talking on heavenly things, and the like. The trembling which it caused was so vehement, that it seemed as if his heart would break out from his breast, and his chair, his bed, and sometimes the whole room, were shaken. On one occasion in particular he was in St. Peter's, kneeling on a large table, and he caused it to shake as if it had been of no weight at all; and sometimes when he was lying upon the bed with his clothes on, his body was lifted up into the air through the vehemence of the palpitation. Whenever he pressed any of his spiritual children to his breast, they found the motion of his heart so great, that their heads bounded off from him as if they had received a smart shock from something, while at other times the motion seemed like that of a hammer. Yet notwithstanding the shock, they always found, in being pressed to him, a wonderful consolation and spiritual contentment, and many found themselves in the very act, delivered from temptations."—p. 23.

With this incident before us we cannot wonder at the boundless charity and zeal with which St. Philip sought to do his master's work in the salvation of souls. We cannot follow the record of his labours, but we must give some account of the great work of his life, the foundation of the order of the Oratorians, which in its time did boundless good in Rome, and which will shortly, we trust, by the blessing of God, send a flourishing branch into England. After St. Philip had been ordained priest, he gave himself up with extreme zeal to hearing confessions, and the next step which was put into his heart, was a desire to keep his penitents together, by collecting them in his room during the hours after dinner, as being "the most dissipated and dangerous part of the day," and thus to hold a sort of conference with them. "Sometimes he proposed a moral question, as of the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; at other times some consideration on the lives of the saints. Towards the conclusion he took up the discourse in a free and familiar way, managing at once to instruct them and to move them with holy affections." (p. 42.) Thus simple was the origin of the institution of the Oratorians! Indeed, nothing strikes us more in this great design of St. Philip's, than the manner in which it was adapted to circumstances, growing up, as it were, from the instincts of a father who follows his children in their occupations and sports, that he may gather them around him to shelter them from harm. Very soon, as was



natural, St. Philip's room became too small for his congregation, and he obtained in the church of St. Girolamo della Carita "one side of the Church above the nave, on the right hand, and there he constructed an oratory, transferring to it the spiritual exercises which used to take place in his room, and meeting likewise for an hour of prayer before daybreak on all great feasts.....Here, then, every day after dinner Philip and some others came together to discourse on spiritual matters, in the fashion of a conference, and sometimes out of a charitable desire to instruct others, they had conferences on theological studies. When the exercises were finished, they used to go to some open place for recreation; or if it was a feast-day, he led them now to one church and now to another, to hear vespers, or compline, or a Sermon.....Very often, indeed on almost all feast-days, he went to the cloister of the Minerva to hold spiritual conferences, at which there were sometimes more than three hundred persons present. In the Oratory, after a little time, Philip began those familiar or conversational discourses, which are still given every day in our church at night prayers; and, indeed, he was the first who introduced into Rome the daily Word of God." (p. 77.)

We are told by Cardinal Baronius that the method in these meetings in the Oratory (from whence the name of the congregation) was as follows: "First, there was some length of time spent in mental prayer; then one of the brothers read a spiritual book, enlarging upon it, and insinuating it into the hearts of the hearers. Sometimes he desired one of the brothers to give his opinion on some subject, and then the discourse proceeded in the form of a dialogue; and this exercise lasted an hour, to the great consolation of the audience. After this he used to command one of his own people to mount to a seat raised some few steps above the rest, and there, in a familiar and unornamented style, to discourse upon the lives of such saints as are approved and received by the Church, adorning what he said with some passages of Scripture or sentences of the Fathers. To him another succeeded in the same style, but on a different theme; and, lastly, came a third, who discoursed upon ecclesiastical history. Each of them was allowed only half-an-hour. When all this was finished, to the wonderful contentment and no less profit of the hearers, they sang some spiritual praises, prayed again for

a short time, and so the exercise finished. Things being disposed in this manner, and approved by the Pope's authority, it seemed as if the old and beautiful apostolical method of Christian congregations was renewed. Good people applauded the practice, and did their best to propagate these pious exercises in different places." (p. 79.)

These were the week-day exercises; but for feasts, for vigils, and different periods of the year St. Philip invented a variety of good works to be pursued in society, yet not so bound by vows or by discipline as to make them incompatible with the pursuits of young men living in the world, amongst whom especially the saint sought for his "spiritual children." How thoroughly these exercises and the spirit of this institution would be suited to our own times and country, we think our readers will perceive at a glance, and it is on this account that we have dwelt upon them at some length; and we must still enlarge our quotations to mention another of our saint's tender and wise precautions for his children, which we more desire than hope to see introduced into England. During the carnival, after Easter, and during those times of holiday-making when there was danger that his young disciples would fall away into dissipation, St. Philip was wont to sanctify the exuberance of their spirits in a peculiar and beautiful manner. He took them pilgrimages to the "Seven Churches," collecting often as many as two thousand men (women were not admitted) of all ranks and ages, including many of the religious orders.

"The order they observed in going, and which with some trifling variations is still in force, was this: the day being fixed, they went early in the morning to St. Peter's, and then to St. Paul's, in which latter place they united themselves all together, and went in orderly ranks to the other churches. Along the road, one part of the time was spent in meditating upon some spiritual consideration assigned them by the father who led them; for they were divided into many classes, and to each class was assigned a leader to guide and instruct them; another part of the time was occupied in singing some psalm, or hymn, or spiritual praise, and sometimes the litanies, and they had music with them throughout the journey. If any time was left after this, they conversed with one another upon the things of God, doing their best to avoid all useless talking. In each church, except St. Peter's and St. Paul's, there was a short sermon either by Philip or some religious. When they came to St. Sebastian's, or St. Stephano Rotondo, mass was sung, after which the greater part of them communicated; which is

at present done in the church of Saints Nereus and Achilleus. They next went to the vineyard of the Massimi, or the Cresunzi, or to the garden of the Mattei on the Celian, to which last place they have always gone from the death of the Saint to this day, the proprietors having with exceeding courtesy permitted them to do so. Here then they sat down in order, and to each was given bread, and wine and water, in abundance, with an egg, some cheese, and some fruit. While they were eating, there was either singing, or instrumental music, partly for recreation, and partly to keep the mind occupied in the divine praises. When dinner was finished, they pursued their journey to the other churches, and then returned home with great joy, and spiritual fruit to their souls.

"Many, who came at first out of curiosity, afterwards pursued the exercises in good earnest; and experienced such compunction in them, that they gave themselves to the frequentation of the Sacraments, and to lead spiritual lives, taking for their guide the holy father, whom they obeyed in everything."—p. 81.

Whether it would be possible for any one to introduce this devotion into England, amongst a people who now, at least, are caustic, eminently anti-social, concealing with proud reserve their individual and better natures, and admitting no companionship save in such pursuits of business or pleasure as are common to all men,—we cannot even guess; to us it seems a trait of manners wholly gone by, but we should rejoice to find it otherwise. What a blessed substitution such exercises as these would prove for the present Sunday diversions of young men of all ranks in large towns, but especially those of the working classes,—immoral, expensive, unrefreshing to the heart and intellect; and for the body combining all the weariness, and often the worse evils, of thorough dissipation! Who has not sighed over the thoughts of it, even while constrained to admit the necessity in human nature for recreation and variety! and how many contradictions in the opinions of philanthropists would be reconciled, could another St. Philip Neri arise to lead our population in brotherly bands from church to church, making the fields harmonious with the praises of God, and laying up stores of holy thought and sweet recollection for the solace of their week of toil! Whether or not this can be done, is a problem which, with many others, we hope ere long to have solved; for soon there will return to England a band of holy men—master-spirits of the age—who have enrolled themselves in the Confraternity of Oratorians, and are

qualified by their knowledge of the people and the opinions amongst whom they have to work, by their training, and most of all by their zeal and charity, to carry out its rules in their most comprehensive spirit. We have no intention of continuing our sketch of St. Philip's life—indeed, it is not concluded in the present volume, having been written at unusual length on account, probably, of its peculiar importance at this time; but we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers, as also the whole of that spiritual library of which it will form part. The editor and translators make no profit by this great undertaking; and, consequently, the work is perhaps the cheapest ever published—the price of an 8vo. volume of four hundred pages being no more than four shillings! The Lives of one hundred and thirty-five Saints are now in hand, nor is the list as yet complete; but out of this number one portion will be peculiarly interesting—eighty-five of the lives are those of holy and venerable persons, men and women, not yet beatified or declared venerable, but who have died in the odour of sanctity, and whose names are embalmed in our affections. “The Lives,” we are told, “are for the most part drawn up *for* or *from* the processes of canonization or beatification, and in other cases from authentic and original documents, as being more full and more replete with anecdote,—thus enabling the reader to become better acquainted with the Saint's disposition and spirit.” No higher encomium is required, or could be passed upon this work than is contained in these words.

---

ART. VIII.—*The Constitution of the Church of the Future.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D. P. L., D. C. L. Translated from the German under the superintendence of, and with additions by, the Author. Longman, London: 1847.

WE should be extremely reluctant to say anything in denial or disparagement of the great powers of mind evinced in the German Protestant world, or of the profound, though most melancholy, reality, of the ideas and principles which possess it. Few things indeed

more pain and distress us, than any approach, on the part of Catholics, to the expression of what we must always call a most misplaced contempt for the philosophical and critical powers of German thinkers; feeling as we do, that it is by means only of a most opposite demeanour towards them, that Catholics can have any human prospect of reclaiming them from their pitiable and cheerless aberrations. And we observe that, in point of fact, such Catholics as have the best means of knowing them—Moehler e. g. and Dollinger—are as far as possible removed from such a tone of thought or expression in their regard.

But if any one thing would be more likely than another, to confirm us English Catholics in our tendency to an undue contempt for German pretensions and theories, it would be the publication of the Chevalier Bunsen's work. We make no doubt, however, that it presents as contemptible an appearance to the German world, as it most certainly will to the English; and that it would be as much the height of unfairness to measure the general powers of the German intellect by so paltry a specimen, as it would be for foreigners to take Mr. Palmer's treatise on the Church, or the series on Richard Nelson among the earlier Tracts for the Times, as a sample of the talents and acquirements enrolled on the side of Oxford theology. In truth, we really know no English writing with which we can compare the Chevalier's for its union of lofty pretension with contemptible execution, unless it be some of Jeremy Bentham's moral and theological (or rather anti-moral and anti-theological) works. For the present writer, like Bentham, has one especial peculiarity, which throws the weakness and poverty of his matter into prominent relief, and that is his constant philosophical jargon. The tone and pretension is that of one, to whom the loftiest heights of philosophy are familiar; the execution is that of one, who has yet to learn the simple logical principle, that of two contradictories both cannot be true. We speak, however, we are bound to say, only of the four first chapters of the work, and the correspondence with Mr. Gladstone at the opening. In those chapters alone, he professes to "unfold his general idea of the constitution of the Church of the Future;" the remaining part of his work being occupied with "seeking in the present and actual condition of Germany for the elements out of which such a Church may be

restored," "applying the idea of the Church of the Future to Prussia," and estimating "the relation of the problem to the present state of the Church," (p. 30.) Now if his enunciation of general principles is so intolerable, his application of such principles cannot be worth much. Such at least was the flattering unction we laid to our soul, as an excuse to our own conscience for not further pursuing the dull and wearisome drudgery of perusing the book, and indeed we honestly believe the excuse to be sufficient.

Let us first take a sample of the Chevalier's philosophy and then of his history.

M. Bunsen bases the "Church of the Future" on two great principles, which were recovered, he considers, at the Reformation, but have not to this day been employed as they ought in the construction of a Church. These principles are (1.) a denial of any claim, set up exclusively by one class of men, to be regarded as priests within the Church, seeing all Christians are alike priests; and (2.) "the independence of the nation on the decrees of the clergy," (p. 31.) "the Christian nation's independence of clerical decrees," (p. 39.) The last of these two principles must of course mean the Christian nation's independence of *spiritual* decrees made by ecclesiastical authority; because that authority claims to make no others: it means, in other words, that Prussian king and people, English queen and people, are not to be bound to fast or abstain, or keep certain days holy, or confess such and such sins, to such and such persons, with such and such frequency, (much less of course to believe such and such doctrines,) because the ruler of a small principality on the other side of the Alps commands them to do so; we must have Prussia for the Prussians, England for the English. "Ireland for the Irish," indeed, is a cry which somehow does not meet with so much sympathy from John Bull; but that is a digression.

We have here then two very simple principles, such as were heartily embraced and carried to their consequences by the late Dr. Arnold. *His* reasoning on this, as on every other subject which he touched, was most plain and intelligible. In the Christian Church there are no priests, there is no possession of supernatural power by any separate class; all authority, therefore, is centred in the State, and all claim of spiritual authority is jacobinical and anarchical. Such a claim moreover is as inexpedient as it is unwar-

ranted. The State, if really Christian, aims at the highest objects by the highest means; and what can the *Church* do more? if then State and Church be not identical, they are rivals and competitors on that very ground, on which unanimity is most to be desired. Such is Dr. Arnold's inference from the first of the two "Reformation principles." And from the 2nd he infers, that there is no one visible Christian Society, but merely a number of such Societies; Societies which are, or ought to be, united to each other by the strongest bonds of sympathy and affection, as being based on the same principles and maintainers of the same religion, but which in no way constitute one visible Body. Such are Dr. Arnold's conclusions: they are fair manly and intelligible statements of anti-Catholic principles, and they have a certain right to be distinctly considered and refuted.

At present, however, we are not reviewing Dr. Arnold, but his friend; and *he* altogether disclaims either of these two inferences from his principles. He maintains that there is a divine ministry in the christian religion, though not a divine priesthood; and that the Church is a Divine and Catholic Institution, though each separate nation is wholly independent. Whether or no such notions are tenable, at all events on the surface they appear contradictory; and the least we can expect of any one who puts them forth, especially when he is engaged in "a closer investigation of the subject," (p. 31.) is that, by help of accurate definition, and by some at all events among the more ordinary illustrations of his idea and of its working, he shall give us a little help in threading the labyrinth he has erected. Otherwise we shall have reason to fear that he has lost his own way in its mazes.

M. Bunsen plainly tells us, that there is a "divine right of the ministry in the Church;" that "Christ founded this order even before the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and gave to it with an unfailing promise the *keys of the kingdom of heaven, the power to bind and to loose*; that the Christian Church has its origin in this ministry, and that with the ministry the Church herself would cease to exist." (p. 33.) "From this doctrine," he gravely observes, immediately before drawing out these scriptural corroborations of his opinion, "the ministry *might appear* to have a right superior to all the rights of the Christian laity." It might, indeed, very naturally *appear* to have



such a power; the possession of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and of the power to bind and to loose, looks a little that way, it must be acknowledged. Listen, however, to our Œdipus. "The ministry was established in order that it might *announce with divine authority* what is the source of man's salvation," (p. 34.) Why, we fancied one of his two principles had been, a nation's *independence of clerical decrees*. Is not a clergyman's announcement *with divine authority* of the means of salvation, something very like a "clerical decree?" In like manner, this ministry is "*empowered to add* that salvation and blessedness, &c. The man who embraces this message of salvation.....alone receives, through the divine word of the Scripture and its *declaration by the minister*, the power in his conscience to know and experience that salvation," &c. What! is the "divine word of the Scripture" powerless on "the conscience," until "the declaration of the minister" supervene? Why, here is "priestcraft" far beyond the Catholic; for no Catholic doubts that an humble-minded layman may derive for himself the greatest spiritual profit by reading Scripture, if it be done in a right spirit.

Or will the Chevalier fall back on the other horn of the dilemma? Will he say that by the phrase, "announcing with divine authority what is the source of man's salvation," and the rest of it, he only means to say that they "announce with divine authority" what they learn from their exegetical study of Scripture? and that by the phrase, being "empowered to add, &c." he only means that they are empowered to add what else they learn the same way? and that by the phrase, "the divine word of the Scripture, *and its declaration by the minister*," he only means "the divine word of the Scripture, *whether with or without its declaration by the minister*?" Let us suppose, at the expense of Mr. Bunsen's reputation for using language with the most ordinary propriety, that such is his meaning; then we ask, what has all this to do with "the divine right of the ministry?" On the one hand, what a clergyman sees in the Bible it is very possible his hearers may *not* see there; so that the "divine authority" will merely come to this, that the clergyman holds his opinion, and the layman his. And on the other hand, may not *laymen* also urge on their brethren what appears to them the true sense of Scripture, on matters of practical importance? If Mr. Bunsen answers *no*, we would at once beg him and

his admirers to consider what an intolerable burden they place on the shoulders of the laity; however earnest, however devout, a field-officer, or a cabinet-minister, or a merchant, or a lawyer, cannot teach his servants or his poorer neighbours christian doctrine, nor exhort them to christian practice, without encroaching on the province of the clergyman. But if Mr. Bunsen answers *yes*, we ask, what distinction remains then between clergyman and layman? in what can the "divine right" of the former be possibly supposed to consist? Perhaps he will answer (for it is impossible to say of any position, however absurd, that he may not embrace it)—perhaps he will answer, that the clergy alone are permitted to address from the pulpit the assembled congregation. In which case, it will follow that such awful passages of Scripture as M. Bunsen has put together, about "binding and loosing," and "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," have the following meaning,—viz., that those to whom they are applied are at liberty to say to a church-full of people, what anybody else may say to a room-full of people.

This is a difficulty felt, more or less distinctly, by all Protestants, who preserve the notion of a separate ministry endued with divine sanction; though few writers have exposed themselves after M. Bunsen's fashion. The ministry represented in Scripture, is one gifted with high and invisible powers, like the Catholic priesthood. Protestants are bound to disclaim such a ministry as this; but the difficulty is great how to form so much as a consistent theory, and far greater how to obtain any Scripture sanction, in behalf of any other. Mr. Newman, in his "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," has been led to speak with great force and perspicuity on this subject.

"If we will be Scriptural in our view of the Church, we must consider that it is a kingdom, that its officers *have great powers and high gifts*, that they are charged with the custody of divine truth, that they are all united together, and that the nations are *subject to them*. If we reject this kind of ministry, as inapplicable to the present day, we shall in vain go to Scripture to find another. If we will form to ourselves a ministry and a Church bereft of the august power which I have mentioned, it will be one of our own devising; and let us pretend no more to draw our religion from the Bible. Rather we are like Jeroboam who made his own religion. 'Jesus I know and Paul I know,' said the evil spirit to the demoniac, 'but who are ye?' Men now-a-days consider the Christian minister to be

merely one who teaches the unlearned, rouses the sinful, consoles the afflicted, and relieves the poor. Great and Gospel offices these indeed; but *who made them the privilege of a particular order of men?* Great and Gospel offices, so great, so full of Gospel savour, *that they are the prerogatives of all Christians*, and may not be confined to a class.....Men have a notion that the mere function of reading prayers in public worship and preaching sermons, constitutes a minister of Christ; where is this found in Scripture?''\*

M. Bunsen, in fact, is in a perplexity; and he tries to get out of it in so droll a way, that, in the midst of one's indignation at the impudence of the process, one cannot help laughing outright at its ingenuity. He has been found guilty of a contradiction in terms; what is to be his defence? He gravely assumes a philosophical air, wraps himself up in the authority of Kant, and tell us it is not a contradiction but an "*antinomy*." We subjoin the paragraphs which contain this notable defence, though they will take some space, that our readers may judge for themselves, and not suspect us of caricature.

"Thus the first of the postulates of the Reformation is met...by an *antithetical and apparently contradictory assertion*. But there is nothing in this that need startle us. Every one, *not entirely ignorant of the philosophy of the human mind as developed by Kant*, has at any rate a general acquaintance with the fact, that all complete knowledge depends on the *full recognition of such antithetical propositions or antinomies*, as founded upon the very nature of thought, and demanded by the laws which regulate the realization of ideas. We must regard however as of no less importance, the second law established by German philosophy, which teaches us that these antinomies always spring from a single idea; and that this idea contains the superior unity of that truth, which is presented by the antinomies in a divided form. By the recognition of this unity, the antinomies of the understanding lose their appearance of antagonism, appear as correlatives mutually limiting each other, and thus only receive their right meaning and disclose their full truth."—p. 34-5.

Very well. We are now, then, to be presented with the "single idea" which is to harmonize these apparent contradictions. In considering which, let it be observed, that the question before us has nothing to do with the expedience of setting apart a particular class of men, and freeing them from the necessity of other occupations, in order that

---

\* Sermons on Subjects for the Day.—p. 255.

they may devote themselves *exclusively* to the task which busy men can only pursue *accidentally*; to the task of studying Scripture and exhorting their fellow christians to shape their lives by its precepts. There is nothing in all this which Dr. Arnold himself would not allow; nothing which can present even a momentary appearance of contradiction to the dogma that all christians are equally priests. No! the Chevalier is defending a position, which at first sight, on his own showing, *does* appear inconsistent with this dogma, though he hopes to show that it is not really inconsistent. He is defending—it is his own statement—the doctrine of the “*divine right* of the ministry,” and the application to *them* of the texts about “binding and loosing,” and “the keys of the kingdom of heaven.” Hear him!

“The superior unity which comprehends and reconciles the members of this first antithetical proposition is to be sought [where? we are all anxious to understand] *in the moral order of the world*, or to employ the theological term, the kingdom of God, the divinely ordained sphere and condition of men's moral and spiritual progress. According to this order, the powers of nature are to be subjected ever more and more to the dominion of the Spirit, and evil is to be made subservient to the development of good. The persons who enjoy the privileges of that kingdom are, by the divine appointment, individual believers; but this does not imply individual interests, for the development of the individual soul and the advance of the kingdom of God as a whole, are but different modes of expressing one and the same thought. That which saves the individual advances the whole, and the progress of the whole is the condition of the full development of the soul of man.”—p. 35, 36.

Here is a wondrous mystification, to express a very common-place idea. All this mass of grand words conveys the information, (1.) that the evils of this world are occasions of virtue; (2.) that men, by becoming better Christians themselves, increase the amount of virtue in the world, (M. Bunsen's words show that he does not even mean that the individual's growth in virtue is the cause of increased virtue *in others*; but merely that, in proportion as an individual has more virtue, there is more virtue in the world; in the same sense as if an individual farmer grows more corn, *cæteris paribus*, there is more corn in the world: a truth this latter, which if M. Bunsen had to express, he would say with great solemnity that “the improvement of

the individual farm, and the advance of the amount of corn on the whole, are but different modes of expressing one and the same thought," and (3.) that the prevalence of virtue affords fuller scope for the "development of the soul" of the individual. All very important truths no doubt; though we rather think we have heard them before. But quid ad rem? what has all this to do with the harmony of "antinomies" which we were led to expect? The next sentence, we suppose, is intended to be more explicit.

"The ministry of the word is *therefore* [wherefore?] necessary, not in itself as an end but a means—a means however prescribed by God and alone consistent with reason. It is necessary, because the ministry is the condition of the existence of the Church, and because this society is the condition of the advance of the kingdom of God in the individual as well as in the race."

The first of these two sentences contains an assertion, that "the ministry is necessary;" the second begins by giving a reason for this assertion, viz. "because it is necessary;" and ends by going back again upon the old irrelevant talk about the Kingdom and the Society. Hear him out however.

"No manifestation of the universal priesthood is *therefore* conceivable which excludes the ministry; because the priesthood would *thus* be without the Church, which owes its existence to that ministry, and is herself the sphere in which alone the priesthood can be really exercised."

This is the conclusion of the Chevalier's harmony of "antinomies" on this subject. We have been looking to him to explain how his assertion can possibly be true or conceivable, that the ministry is of divine right, and has the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and has the power of binding and loosing, and yet that all Christians are equally priests. He answers by two propositions; (1.) that a ministry is necessary to the being of a Church, which he establishes, with great pomp and circumstance, by help of the premiss, that "a ministry is necessary to the being of a Church;" and (2.) that were it not for the Church, Christians could not be priests at all. The latter proposition again he grounds on the premiss already mentioned, that the prevalence of virtue affords fuller scope for "the development of the soul" of the individual. Here then his argument binds him to maintain two further proposi-

tions; (1.) that the Church will always lead, and that nothing else will ever lead, to general progress in virtue; and (2.) that where there is not such progress, individual sanctification is impossible (!!)

An awful piece of anti-christianism this last! though it would be most unjust to the author to suppose he intended it: he appears to have as little notion of the second part of logic as of the third; as little notion of the force of propositions as of the laws of reasoning.

In the mean time, supposing he had got over all these difficulties, and proved that an order of ministers is essential to the holiness of the people, how does this tend even remotely to explain the precise thing he professed to explain? how does this tend to reconcile the "antinomy," that ministers have a divine right, and have the keys of the Kingdom, the power to bind and loose, and yet that a minister is no more a priest than is any other Christian?

We suppose the author must have had some idea in his mind, however dimly and obscurely conceived, and however inconsistently expressed, while he was committing to paper this heap of nonsense. We will therefore, with all diffidence, offer a suggestion as to what that idea may have been; and it is the only one which the utmost stretch of our ingenuity can imagine for his benefit. We observe that he words one side of his "antinomy" as follows:—"from this doctrine the ministry might appear to have a right, *superior to all rights*, of the Christian laity." It is just possible, so it has occurred to us, that the notion in his mind was, that the power of "binding and loosing" &c. was not at last so precious a gift, as the power possessed by all Christians, through Divine Grace, of conquering their evil nature and becoming transformed into the image of God. He certainly has not placed this idea consistently before his own mind, as any one may see by the extracts we have made; on the contrary, the mode he takes of harmonizing the "antinomy" is the explaining away the whole force of such expressions as "binding and loosing" &c., and reducing them to a mere preaching of doctrine. However, the idea itself, whether M. Bunsen's or no, is a very just one; and one which, in a certain sense, all Catholics heartily embrace. He would indeed be a strange Catholic who would deny, that it is beyond all possible comparison a greater personal privilege to be a Saint than to be a priest; or who would deny that laymen

possess to the full, through God's mercy, all such means of grace as are necessary for Sanctity. Indeed it happens, remarkably enough, that She, who next to God, is ever the chief subject of a Catholic's devotional contemplation, She whom he reverences as incomparably the holiest and most perfect of all merely human beings, and as the nearest of all creatures to the throne of God,—that She has no part or lot in the priestly character.

But now to descend at one leap from a serious subject to a very comical one. This amusing subterfuge of the "antinomy," irresistibly recalls to our mind a farce called the "Irish Tutor;" the plot of which is something like the following. An illiterate fellow is anxious to procure for his son a better education than he has himself received; accordingly an Irish valet, out of place, palms himself upon him, not only as being fitted, like ordinary tutors, to carry on the son's education, but as being quite above others of his profession, in professing a peculiar *system* of his own: a system which in a few years will turn any young man, however undisciplined, into a paragon of virtue. The tutor and pupil soon come to an understanding with each other; and the father surprises them occasionally in positions, which might have been supposed self-condemnatory. On one occasion the tutor is discovered blacking his pupil's shoes very briskly, and with a perfect air of business; on another occasion playing the fiddle, while the young man is taking part in a midnight dance, in the neighbouring village. But the excuse is always ready; the clever Irishman winks at the perplexed father, and tells him "it is all part of the *system*." We hope the Chevalier will not feel degraded by the comparison. But with a mixture of blundering and ingenuity which exceedingly reminds us of our Irish friend, he steps into the arena of controversy, armed with a pretension, which both gives him an apparent title to an air of superiority over all his brethren, and also supplies him with an excuse ready at hand for any little argumentative scrape. He comes forward as a representative to the English public of Kant's philosophy; and then, when pressed in argument, he can always fall back upon the excuse, "it is part of the *system*;" "it is no contradiction; it is only one of my friend Kant's 'antinomies.'"

Having taken our sample of the Chevalier's *logic* from his treatment of the *first* of his two fundamental prin-



ciples, we will illustrate his *historical powers* from the *second*; and in this instance we need not proceed to nearly so great a length as in the former. "The Catholic Church," he tells us, "as an Institution, is the divinely appointed means for restoring shattered and disunited humanity to peace with God," &c., &c., an Institution however which is so ordered, that "the Christian nation" possesses "independence of clerical decrees." (p. 39.) "This," he adds, "is the evangelical import of the words, Catholic and Catholicity." As by "evangelical" he means "Protestant," of course he is the best judge of this fact; and no doubt it is as he states it. But he then proceeds, "In this sense is [the word] Catholic .....employed in the old creeds." (p. 41.) By "creeds" he cannot intend merely the Apostles' Creed, because he speaks in the plural number: he must at least mean to include the Nicene Creed as completed at Constantinople, and probably the Athanasian. As to the Apostles' Creed, there are many Protestants, both learned and honest, who are led to believe that at the time it was put together the word "Catholic" had this indefinite sense; so on that head we may waive our opposition. But only to think of the *Fathers of Constantinople* holding such a view of the Church, as would consider each individual nation independent of clerical decrees! As well say at once, that they were firm believers in phrenology and animal magnetism. M. Bunsen seems really to hold this opinion; for in more than one place he describes the present Catholic belief on the Church's privileges, as having been characteristically the *medicæval* view: as though the Nicene were different. What will his learned friends in Germany say of such a notion as this?

We observe that in one or two places the Chevalier is far from complimentary to his "high-church" Anglican friends. "These, *our brethren*," he says, in terms which hardly disguise the contempt he feels for their opinions, "evidently believe that they are riding at anchor in the safe harbour of evangelical Christianity," (p. 57, 8.) and "I must expressly guard myself against the supposition that the free exposition of my views.....is intended in the remotest degree.....to express an uncalled-for judgment on the Anglican.....communion;" (p. 57,) only these said dear brethren "appear to us to be *holding*

*on convulsively* to the mere *shadow* of Christian truth." (p. 58.) How gratifying to their feelings!

And in the same connection we may mention a very grand and emphatic sentence, of which, when you look beneath the fine array of words, it is extremely difficult to make out the meaning.

"If an angel from Heaven should manifest to me, that by introducing, or advocating, or merely favouring the introduction of such an episcopacy into.....Germany, I should not only make the German nation glorious and powerful above all the nations of the world, but should successfully combat the unbelief, pantheism, and atheism of the day, I would *not* do it: so help me God. Amen!"  
—p. xlvii.

We have seldom met such a specimen of the "forcible feeble!" Something very energetic must be meant by all this, but it is exceedingly difficult to make out what it is all about. Dr. Pusey, we think, makes very naturally a similar complaint of the same passage, though we have not the reference at hand. Does the Chevalier merely mean that he would not advocate what he thinks false, (in other words, would not lie on sacred subjects,) for the sake of any possible benefit? We are very glad to hear it; but such a resolution does not seem any very heroic stretch of virtue. Or (2) does he mean that if an Angel from Heaven should tell him that such an Episcopacy would have all these mighty effects, this hypothetical revelation would not bring him one step nearer to believing that Institution to be divinely supported? rather an extreme point of scepticism that, is it not? Or (3) does he mean that he regards Mr. Gladstone's Episcopacy as a greater evil than unbelief, pantheism, atheism, and all the rest together? Mr. Gladstone can hardly have been prepared for so solemn an anathema; and the promoters of the Jerusalem Bishopric seem to have been more discordant even than the world supposed.

As to M. Bunsen's absurd idea that Catholics hold the doctrine of "justification by outward works" as distinct from "inward disposition," (p. 17.) it is not worth while seriously to meet a charge made in so silly a book. And his comments on mediæval history (p. 60, 61.) only show how far the current course of historical thought and enquiry has left him behind. The only favourable comment, in fact,

we are able to make, is on the general temper of the work. The Chevalier does not show to much advantage, whether as logician, historian, or philosopher; but he writes quite like a gentleman.

---

ART. IX.—*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, jugée d'après l'écriture, la tradition, et la saine raison. Ouvrage dirigé contre les principes, les tendances, et les défenseurs les plus recents des Sociétés Bibliques, comprenant une histoire critique du canon des livres Saints, du vieux Testament, des versions protestantes de la Bible, et des missions protestantes parmi les païens. Suivi des documents relatifs à la lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, émanés du Saint Siège depuis Innocent III. à Grégoire XVI.* Par J. B. MALOU, Professor of Theology in the University of Louvain, &c., &c. J. Fonteyn : Louvain. 1846.

THE work of varied and extensive erudition to which we now draw attention for the sake of the matter discussed in its pages, comes from the pen of a professor in the Catholic University of Louvain,—a seminary with whose interesting history we propose at some future opportunity to make our readers better acquainted. It has been written to meet the state of the controversy in his own country, which, for something less than ten years, has been the field chosen by the industrious emissaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society for their most persevering efforts. From the diversified and surprising erudition that it contains, and from its superabundance of language, it would seem calculated rather to be placed in the hands of the parochial clergy of his own country, in order to stimulate them to second the measures prescribed by their bishops, than to produce much effect with the public generally, who, if they are to be influenced by argument at all, require to have it placed before them in a terse, pointed, and spirited manner. Learned and diffusive statement, which runs out into a luxuriance of detail, is more for men of erudition and leisure than for the busy and impatient public.

M. Malou's work, however, seasonably calls to mind how eminently important is the question of which it treats, as a social and religious problem. And in the remarks

we are about to make upon it with reference to our own country, we shall thankfully avail ourselves, as the occasion occurs, of some of the sound arguments which are to be found in his pages.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged good sense of the English, in most matters of business, a Catholic must still smile at their notion that the general dissemination of the Scriptures can work any real good—smile, that is,—as much as sorrow will allow him, for the matter is very serious when looked at on the serious side. And if the reason be asked, he will answer that, seeing the old and young throwing themselves headlong into the scheme of showering down Bibles over the people, under the idea of morally benefiting them, he cannot but smile at their enormous folly. It is so thoroughly a business idea, as if resting on the notion that since clergymen and ministers, who are supposed to be the greatest readers of the Bible, are made grave, staid, and solid characters by means of it, you have only to make all the little boys in the streets read their Bibles, and all the little girls come to school with it under their arms, and you will soon have them all as tame and sedate as any archdeacon. A complete business idea! as if on the principle that what succeeds in making an officer, *à fortiori* must be able to make a soldier; and that which forms the stately and serious rector, ought at least to be able to make a decent parishioner. Moreover, it is a quick way to religion, and the very thing to be approved of by those who are willing that there should be a religion for the people, and yet appreciate the merits of a method which promises a cheap and expeditious return. It is curious that this business like character of the English in their religion could not escape even the rabbies in Jerusalem, as would appear by the reply made by one of their number to one of the missionaries sent by the London Jews' Society. That missionary had been patiently explaining to them, that though it was perfectly true that the Roman Catholic Church had admitted many idolatries into her worship and ceremonies, as indeed they (the Hebrews) had done in former times of their history, yet that in England there had been three centuries ago a great reform, in which the idolatries of Rome had been purged away, and the pure, spiritual, and apostolical form of the christian faith and worship had been recovered. To which the Rabbi replied,

"That is exceedingly likely; for you English are such good men of business—you have the best ships, a bill upon London is more easily discounted than upon any other city, and all the good cloth comes from you. It is perfectly credible that you should have mended your christianity till it is far better than that of the Catholics or Greeks." But to return.

English people are, more even than they are themselves aware, a business people. They are a thriving, busy nation, perhaps without an equal in this respect; and now that the country is overflowing with population, and the people are found to want a religion to preserve them, at least in outward decency and subordination, and to repress thieving and crime; they find that the Established Church is visibly too cumbrous and expensive an instrument of instruction to be enlarged, and known generally as too fond of ease to be thought suited for real labour, and that no body of dissenters is in a condition to be entrusted with a commission and furnished with the means to go and teach the people a religion. And yet the pressing need is daily more and more felt, evidencing itself in the increase of crime, and in the charges of the judges of the criminal courts to gentlemen of the grand jury, which exhort them to promote religious education in their several neighbourhoods by every means in their power. It cannot then be a matter of surprise, that a cheap and expeditious method of teaching the people religion, such as the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures purports on the face of it to be, should meet with an universal acceptance, and that but few should be found to take the pains to examine what it really means, with sufficient discrimination to perceive its enormous folly, and with sufficient hatred of humbug and deception to dare to declare their opinion of it.

Now, to what extent soever the whole English nation may have been led to adopt the notion that the general circulation of the Scriptures, is the use for which Almighty God fitted and designed them,—a belief into which they have been far too easily persuaded, yet in which it must in all charity be supposed, that numbers are acting in good faith and from the sincerest motives,—it must be a duty on our part to believe, that there will not be wanting those who will consent to pause for a while, and reason upon the grounds on which they expect their proposed beneficial results from the distribution of the Scriptures. And to

these we may say, " Though it is a Catholic who is about to reason with you, and you have many prejudices, and probably think no good thing can come out of Nazareth, —yet, good people, it will do you no harm to hear what a Catholic has to say concerning your notable scheme, and if you are able to see folly and error stamped upon what he may say to you, at least you will be able to pursue your Bible career with the better founded satisfaction."

" Μη μοι φθονήσῃτ' ἄνδρες ὦ θεώμενοι

" Εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν ἐπειτ' ἐν Αῠθηνάιοις λέγειν

" Μέλλω πέρι τῆς πόλεως. —"

Aristoph. *Acharnenses*.

Our task will be with the opinion that the dissemination of the Scriptures is the required means of spreading the christian religion, the need for which is beginning to be seriously felt, at least in order to repress crime. But the awakening of faith in the unseen world, and the Judge who dwells there, is one of the first steps in teaching religion. We would ask then, has no incident of a character similar to the one about to be narrated, fallen under your observation? A diligent and zealous Methodist, in a country village in one of the midland counties, was passing one summer's evening down the main street of the village, when, to his great horror, on looking through the window of the tap-room of the chief inn, which had been thrown up on account of the heat, he saw a neighbour of whose piety he had formed a high idea at various prayer and class meetings, carousing with a boisterous company who were singing profane songs. His zeal prompted him to stop and expostulate with his friend, and finding rather a jeering reception, a sudden thought striking him he abruptly departed, and returning with a Bible, he threw it down among them saying, "there, if you will not mind me, this will tell ye;" as if *mutatis mutandis*, he had had the words of the parable in mind, " This is my Bible, they will reverence my Bible, the Word of God." Alas, the poor Methodist never saw his Bible again in a state fit to be read, for it was put upright on the table, and libations of beer poured over it in derision, and neither he nor his Bible succeeded in reclaiming the men of Belial, whom in his zeal he sought to amend. Well, but what of such a story as this? Simply, that if it be a fair specimen, which it is, of the unworthy treatment to which unguarded distribution exposes the Holy Bible, at

least numerous evils accompany it. It is not an unmixed good. But it will be at once promptly answered, every good thing is exposed to the danger of its abuse, and no one can maintain that its use is therefore to be foregone. Most true, if it were certain that unguarded distribution were the use for which God intended the Bible. But then this is merely an axiom of its advocates, assumed, but not proved.

But admitting the axiom for a while, it will be said that its general advantages are such as far to outweigh its attendant evils. The multitudes of pious poor who solace their declining days by the study of their Bibles, the excellent instruction it affords to the young and to adults; these and many others are solid and substantial benefits, which do far more than counterbalance its occasional profanation. That the reading of the Scriptures is not without its bright side, in many instances, those who are acquainted with its effects, are very willing to bear testimony; for where it finds a real love of God and a cheerful and humble heart, as it sometimes must, and especially where it is pursued with the fullest conviction of its legitimacy, its fruits must often be very edifying. That beautiful scene described by the poet Burns, of a Scotch family assembling in the evening for their accustomed portion of Scripture reading will be remembered.

“The cheerful supper done, wi’ serious face  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o’er wi’ patriarchal grace  
The big hall Bible, ance his father’s pride.  
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an’ bare,  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
‘And let us worship God,’ he cries with solemn air.”

*The Cotter’s Saturday Night.*—Burns.

But it must be obvious, that such instances alone are no solid foundation for the principle of a general and promiscuous dissemination of the Scriptures, inasmuch as these good effects have followed from the previous existence of virtues acquired in other ways; for happily for the cause of religion, there still exist other religious exercises besides that of reading the Bible, and it will be found that where these have previously prepared the soil, there the read-



ing of the Bible, which with pious and simple persons is generally a kind of quiet meditation, produces its good effects. But if the existence of some previous virtues be necessary to the beneficial efficacy of the familiar reading of the Scriptures, the principle of their general distribution cannot certainly presume upon the condition on which nevertheless its success mainly depends.

On the hypothesis of the advocates of general Bible reading, two principal results are looked for. It is expected to cure and amend the vicious, and to educate and edify the good. That is, they regard it under the notion of a medicine and a nourishment. But the act of taking either of these must always be voluntary. Now how many sick persons are not at all aware of their complaints, and what numbers in health never care to bestow a thought upon the wholesome or unwholesomeness of their nourishment? Though then the Bible should be showered down upon the people, as the quails in the wilderness, as it is said, "et pluit super eos sicut pulverem carnes, et sicut arenam maris volatilia pennata," (Ps. 77.) Yet how in this case is an appetite similar to that of the Israelites to be ensured? There is scarcely much use in putting medicine in a sick man's way, unless some one stand by to give it him in the proper quantity and at the right time for taking it; and no one surely expects the material book to assume a living voice and implore to be read. It would seem then that, supposing the distribution of the Bible effected to the heart's content of its most enthusiastic advocate, that unless the Bibles thus circulated are really read, no result follows. But how will you cause them to be read? Here the Bible distributors are at fault. This part of the matter must be left, first to the individual's capacity, and next to his humour, aided by the effect of such exhortation as he may or may not chance to meet with. To what extent the Bibles already distributed are really read, different opinions will be formed, according to varying circumstances and opportunities of observation. How far the following anecdote, which is familiar to members of the established Church, is a trust-worthy indication, we do not venture to determine. The circumstance is said to have happened during the visit of a clergyman to the cottage of an old woman, to whom in the early part of the year he had given an octavo Bible, part of a grant from the Bible society. "How do you do, Betty?" enquired the pastor on entering

the cottage, "I hope you bear your affliction patiently;" (the old woman was paralytic,) "that is well. You know that it is what the Bible tells us. You find great comfort, do you not, from reading your Bible?" "Ah, Sir, it is the comfort of my life. I never pass the long day that I do not open it; my granddaughter made a green baize cover for it the week you gave it me. Peggy," cries the old woman, "dear, run up stairs and fetch my Bible from the window-sill and show it the gentleman." Obedient Peggy was all diligence, and brought the Bible, and as the clergyman opened it to read a few verses, out fell a pair of spectacles, whereupon the old woman broke out into the exclamation, "Bless me, if them be'ant my spectacles that I have lost this pretty while."

However, in one department of the use of the Scriptures, that has followed from the ideas entertained respecting the necessity of their general distribution, no dispute will be attempted touching the verity of their being at least mechanically read, and this is in schools Parochial, National, and Sectarian. Nothing is more common than to see the portion of time that is given to the exercise of reading the Bible in these schools, advertised by way of convincing proof that education given in them is of a strictly scriptural character, on the principle that to mingle a sufficient proportion of biblical reading with the remaining duties of the school, constitutes scriptural education. What the fruits of this system are, can at present hardly be sufficiently known, since it is of comparatively recent institution on any great scale, and opinions will differ upon those it has already produced.

Without pronouncing any judgment, we shall be allowed to say, that in many quarters in the Anglican Established Church the opinion has been growing that great evils were to be apprehended from the system of Biblical Education. As a specimen of the kind of views alluded to, the following short extract from a letter recently written by an Anglican clergyman is here given:

"Indeed, the report I have from the parents, from indifferent persons, and from my own observation, is such as to make me fear that these (irreverent familiarity with the Scriptures, bad language, &c.) are the kind of results that are, as a general rule, to be expected from the National School, particularly in country parishes. So little care seems to be taken to exclude the bad boys and girls from admission, that there is most serious reason to fear that much artless

village innocence finds an early grave in the National School ; and the idle and vagabond boy and the vain, silly girl supplants the steady rustic, 'whose talk is of bullocks, and whose delight is in the work of his hand,' and the modest village maiden, 'whose eye looketh unto the hand of her mistress,'—

“ ‘ Sicut grex totus in agris,  
Unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci,  
Uvaeque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.’ ”

“ For, if you take the most perfect specimen of the National School creation,—the pattern boy or girl, who are selected for exhibition to all the strangers who may come to see the school ;—now, though both may have learned to repeat the four gospels by heart, yet neither could be trusted to carry a sixpence or a little wine to a sick grandmother. It would probably be among the duller children that the honesty would be found, and the most trustworthy of all would probably be a boy who, if never at school, had yet been kept by his father's side at the plough, and brought to church with him on the Sunday.”

That the scriptural education then of the young, is beyond all doubt a plan attended with the most signal success, cannot with any reason be assumed by its advocates, so long as there is any reason for thinking that the judgment of the eye-witness of its working above quoted, is a fair and well founded one.

Nor will it be easily maintained, that the instruction derived from the Scriptures, at all succeeds in fixing such religious truths as are taught, in a practical and effectual manner on the understanding of the children. For it would seem that all these schools are sure before long to give birth to a catalogue of droll answers, almost worth collecting as being funny, but when looked at in another point of view, serving as nearly infallible indications, that the instruction conveyed has no interest to retain a hold on the understanding. In a school with which the writer was himself acquainted, the following queries and their answers fell under his own observation ; they will serve as specimens of the kind of common mistakes here alluded to.

Sunday-school teacher to an advanced class :

Q. What is the origin of evil ?

A. Jesus Christ.

Q. Who were the twelve Apostles ?

A. Moses and Aaron.

On reading the verse of the 119th (118th) Psalm, I will walk in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my desire.

Q. What do you mean by *path*?

A. The path up the wood.

By a monitor:

Q. Who is your *Pasture* (Pastor,) supposed (*Pasty*)?

A. Meat and crust.

But these kind of mistakes, on the supposition that they abound, being true, which no one will dispute who knows anything of the schools themselves, are of a nature to cast the strongest possible suspicion upon the scriptural education system; that it does not interest the child, that he takes no pleasure in it, and replies at random, as if religious knowledge were nothing more than a dry and wearisome part of the school business, destitute of any other motive for acquirement than such as the school can itself supply; and ignorance in which, cannot possibly have annexed to it any other penalty than what the school discipline can inflict.

And now if we cast an eye at large on the effects of the distribution of the Bible, the picture even to the eye of its very advocates cannot appear flattering. You have the spectacle of a boiling ocean of religious dispute waged incessantly between neighbours and even in families. But we will be satisfied with the testimony of the late amiable Protestant bishop Jebb. In a sermon upon the text, "Search the Scriptures," which he interprets with the majority of the Fathers in the indicative mood, "Ye search the Scriptures," he continues:

"The meaning thus established will, I hope, not be found deficient in practical results of the most important and edifying character. From the case of the Jews we may learn, how possible it is, not only to read the Scriptures, but to read them with attention, with diligence, and even with some degree of lively interest, and at the same time reap no other fruit from this study than heightened responsibility and aggravated condemnation. And at the present day this lesson would seem to be particularly seasonable,—for, on the one hand, from a zeal very sincere, but not very considerate, the Scriptures are circulated in such a manner as unintentionally, I am sure, but still effectually to countenance the notion, that the mere perusal—I had almost said, the bare possession—of the Sacred Volume may be available for the attainment of eternal life; while, on the other hand, we find melancholy proof that

Bibles, indiscriminately scattered through the land, may be rendered instrumental to the most wicked and infernal purposes. The volume of Scripture is now in every hand, and men without faith, without hope, without charity, without God in the world, are labouring to convert that volume into the text book of atheism and anarchy.\* The book, the chapter and the verse are unblushingly referred to, whence a disastrous and diabolical chymistry extracts the poison of blasphemy and unbelief. The shops, the stalls, the markets are saturated with those materials of destruction, temporal and eternal. And at such a time, and amid such a deluge of unnatural impiety, the people ought to be set on their guard. They ought to be instructed how it is possible to read the Scriptures, not only without edification, but with moral and spiritual detriment. They ought to be made sensible that the Word of God, if it prove not a savour of life unto life, may become a savour of death unto death. They ought to be warned in the same spirit, and almost in the same words, with which our blessed Saviour warned the Jews of old: 'Take heed how ye hear,' was his solemn admonition; and from every pulpit in this nation, and by every minister of God's Holy Word, I could wish to hear pronounced the seasonable salutary warning,—*Beware how ye read.*

"The opinion would seem to be deeply gaining ground, that to exercise the head is to make sure of the heart; that the child whose understanding is cultivated, will himself come to discipline his passions and regulate his affections in the right way: in a word, that the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic constitute a panacea for all the mental and moral maladies of our nature. But this opinion is wholly without sanction from Scripture or experience. For my own part, I do not see how in itself the act of reading can be more beneficial to child or grown-up person than the faculty of hearing. While on the other hand I am compelled to observe, the superadded danger that they who now hear bad words in bad company may be drawn to read bad words in bad publications. Infidels and profligates have often been students of the Scriptures, and to many who read the Scriptures as their daily text-book, it may prove little more than the mere vehicle of so much mechanical power. The preparation of the heart is indispensable; and unless the heart be carefully and wisely prepared, sacred knowledge itself may be perverted into the instrument of wickedness and the seal of reprobation. But while I would guard against

---

\* "The Bible itself oftentimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly; it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus; in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader."—*A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.* By John Milton.

the error, that knowledge is all in all, I cheerfully and thankfully admit that knowledge is most valuable in its proper place. What I would impress is simply this, that *training* is previous to *teaching*,—that *teaching* without *training* may be useless, may be hurtful,—that *training* without *teaching* may make a sincere and pious christian,—that a man may go to heaven who does not know his alphabet.—On the whole, then, with respect to training and teaching I would say: ‘This thou shouldst have done, and not have left the other undone.’”—John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick. *Sermon xi.*, p. 230.

But if all this be true, then it will follow, that the assumption on which the advocates of the dispersion of the Bible rest their cause, viz., that it is the means which God has provided for the propagation of his revealed truth, at least gains nothing from the plea of its success. The common argument with dissenting preachers has been, “See how our congregations increase, see how we succeed.” But the advocates of Bible reading must, on this score, remain silent and hope, and in the mean time be satisfied to maintain their position *a priori*, which will be done by saying, “that they neither know or can find any other means adequate to the task, and that this must therefore needs be the one appointed by the Almighty for the work; and that it is eminently reasonable in itself, as indeed what can be more reasonable than to disseminate the word of God among those who need to know and learn it.”

And here we approach a part of our subject, which we fear will seem comparatively technical and dull, yet to which we must nevertheless beg attention, as decisive of the question respecting the use of the Scriptures. Our task is now to show, that not only is the axiom hitherto conceded without foundation, but that it is wholly impossible that Almighty God could ever have willed such a means of propagating his revelation, as the indiscriminate distribution of the Holy Scriptures. And indeed, humanly speaking, the only hope of influencing those who are really sincere and well-meaning among the advocates of Bible reading, would seem to lie in the proving this point. The more directly controversial line, *ad hominem*, which M. Malou pursues in his work, though it may often succeed in confounding an adversary, yet fails in persuasiveness; and what we would now seek, is to persuade those to whose upright intentions the highest respect is due, that an All-wise and benevolent God, having the good of his creation

at heart, could not possibly be the author of their scheme, and that unknown to themselves, they are now promoting it in opposition to his will; for could they but be convinced of this, they would, we are sure, abandon it with ten-fold the eagerness they now manifest in carrying it forward.

Faith is the foundation and beginning of every religion. We must believe that "God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek Him."

Now the first idea of faith is, that it is the assent which an intelligent and moral nature, freely and of its own accord, gives to the narrative or communication of whatever kind, of a second intelligent and morally endowed person. Faith necessarily implies a plurality of persons, the person believing and the person believed. In scholastic language the latter is called "*objectum formale fidei*," and the thing believed "*objectum materiale*."

However, not to enter upon all the subtle and minute enquiries connected with the question of faith, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to attend to the following points.

I. The principal one among the many motives of Faith, is our perception and approbation of the moral and intellectual qualities of our informant. This is what chiefly determines the will in all deliberations upon the question, whether to believe or not.

A traveller is passing over the Antilebanon Range with a single servant to whom the path is wholly unknown; they miss their way, and the servant in alarm loses all presence of mind,—night is coming on, and they have no provisions, but they happen to meet a party of wood-cutters, and they ask their way. In such a position the first thing the traveller would attend to, would be whether the men bore on their countenance and in their tone of voice the marks of kindness and good will, or whether they looked like cut-throats who would purposely mislead in order to murder and rob him; and this point determined, he would judge from their answers in the best way he could, whether they were really acquainted with the path or merely made a pretence to know it. In, a word, he would have an eye to their moral and intellectual qualifications for the office of informants, before he would believe; and his faith would be firm or hesitating in proportion as he felt satisfied or dissatisfied on these two points.

II. Since human nature as a whole is compounded of



various parts, the harmonious relation of which to each other has been broken, and a disorder and insubordination introduced, that which we call the heart has become the seat of a vast number of changing affections and conflicting feelings, and all these exert their influence in determining the will to an act of faith. This should be attended to, as it explains what is so commonly observed, viz., how much the degree of interest or pleasure, that is taken personally in the thing to be believed, has to do with a readiness to believe. What is a matter of more common experience than to find how readily the idlest and most vulgar fortune-tellers, who promise good things without reserve or scruple, are at once believed; while of the divine prophets, whose promises are usually qualified with conditions and are accompanied with their counterpart of threats, one was forced to exclaim: "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (Isaiah liii.)

III. This leads to the third point, that the truth or falsehood of the thing proposed for belief must more or less interest or concern us.

If a man receives a letter informing him of a large estate having been left him in the will of a very distant relative, and that it is now come to him by his death, he is interested in the truth of the information. But he has scarcely any motive for caring about the truth of the stories told by Robert Bruce of his adventures in Abyssinia, or by Mr. Waterton of what befel him in British Guiana.

IV. Faith will be either approved or disapproved by the reason. A man falls dangerously ill, and his relatives, who are alarmed, call in a physician of long experience and irreproachable character. He tells him that he will recover, but must give up all business, and go to live in some southern climate; but a foolish companion persuades him to send for a quack, who tells him that nothing is the matter, that by taking his medicines he will get well in a few days, and may continue his business as usual. If he believes the regular physician, his reason will approve, and indeed dictates to him that he ought to believe him. If he believes the quack, as his inclination prompts him, his reason will disapprove. Here, then, faith may be either reasonable or unreasonable, and it is the office of *reason* to decide what motives or grounds will justify an act of faith, and what will not, and to determine the com-

parative value of conflicting reasons, to do which is often in practice a very nice and delicate matter.

V. It will often happen, also, that the person who asks or claims our belief is for particular reasons specially entitled to it, and that faith may sometimes be a duty. A pleasing anecdote is told in the *Memoirs of Mr. Richard Cecil*, a clergyman of the Established Church, that one day observing his youngest and favourite daughter playing very merrily with a string of coloured beads, he said to her, "Now, my dear, believe your papa, and throw those beads into the fire,—you will be a gainer by it." The little girl looked up for a moment very wistfully in her father's face, and at last making an effort, and with tears in her eyes, she threw the string of beads into the fire. A few days afterwards Mr. Cecil bought her a box of much larger and finer beads, and said as he gave them to her, "Now, my dear, you have believed me, and you are no loser: how much more ought we to believe what God promises!" Had it been her brother who made the promise, the little child might have justly mistrusted, as brothers often tease their sisters, but to her father faith was a kind of duty.

VI. The act of believing often entails obligations more or less serious; and these again are often of so conflicting a nature, that in practice the science of casuistry has been found absolutely necessary to determine the doubts that are constantly arising, both as to the duty of believing and as to the duties that follow upon believing, and to which belief is the introduction.

An instance will explain this: The son of a partner in some large commercial firm is employed in travelling to collect orders at a time of the year when there is the most demand for their particular commerce. He has left his father in the town where they are established in good health, and after having been absent about a fortnight, he meets accidentally with a stranger in some distant inn who informs him casually, not knowing who he is, that he had called at a house on business where one of the partners had been taken ill in the morning, and was not expected to live more than two or three days. The son gleans enough from the stranger's narrative to form a strong suspicion that it is his father who is taken ill, but he is in a perplexity to know whether he is justified in acting upon this information to the serious injury of the

business, it being now the best possible season of the year. If he believes, he will be placed between two conflicting duties,—that of attending to the interests of the firm, and that of going to be present at the death-bed of a father; but he is also uncertain whether he can justifiably believe an account such as the one he has received, in which there is no absolute certainty. Here is the necessity for a casuist.

VII. Again, it is matter of experience, that the inward certitude with which two persons will believe the same thing, either on the same or different testimony, differs in degree according to the temperament of the individual, in a manner of which it is impossible to give an account. History tells of Catholics who have denied a faith capable of being justified in the eye of reason, for very slight fears or other very unworthy motives; while Scotch Covenanters and others have endured with wonderful fortitude the most dreadful death rather than depart from even a portion of their conviction, however unjustifiable this might be in the view of ordinary reason or common sense. The process whereby this comes to pass is a mystery of the moral nature, covered from the eye of every human observer; we can only know the fact from experience. Moreover, it may be remarked, that the inward certitude of faith is subject to increase or decrease as time advances, and that, generally speaking, it increases or decreases in proportion as the duties it dictates are fulfilled or neglected.

To these it may be added: I. That faith is either *real* or *counterfeit*, in proportion as it leads to the taking with promptitude and energy the measures it dictates, or the careful fulfilment of the duties it brings along with itself. It is unnecessary to exemplify this in an instance; and, II. That faith implies that the words or narrative of the speaker or person in whom we believe have been properly understood; for the act of faith has reference, first to the *person*, and next to the *thing* believed.

The above points, characteristic of the ordinary natural acts of human faith, as they occur in the daily experience of social life, will be found from the Scripture to be also characteristic of the act of divine or supernatural faith by which we believe in the revelation of God.

And, first, Divine faith, although it reposes in God as its ultimate object, is placed mediately in an intelligent

and morally endowed messenger sent to us from God, God being invisible to man.

"Fides ex auditu," Faith cometh by hearing ; (Rom. x. 17.) and "How shall they hear without a preacher, or how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14.)\*

**Point I.** The moral and intellectual nature of the person to be believed, a motive of divine faith.

"Jesus answered and said unto them : Go, and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them." (Matt. xi. 4.)

**Point II.** The moral nature of the believer affecting the act of divine faith.

"Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them." (St. John xii. 39.)

"Corde credit homo ad justitiam," With the heart man believeth unto justification. (Rom. x. 10.)

**Point III.** The interest of the thing to be believed.

"But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name." (St. John xx. 31.)

**Point IV.** Faith to be justifiable in the eye of reason.

"Be ready always to render an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." (St. Pet. 1st Ep. iii. 15.)

**Point V.** Faith a duty.

"If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin." (St. John xvi. 22.)

**Point VI.** Faith attended with obligations.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say unto you?"

---

\* The quotations are taken from the Protestant authorized version.

Point VII. Faith subject to increase and decrease.

"Lord, increase our faith." (Prayer of the Apostles.)

Point VIII. Real faith and counterfeit faith.

"Knowest thou not, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?" (St. James ii. 20.)

Point IX. That the thing proposed for belief be understood.

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare for the battle?" (1 Cor.)

With respect to this latter point it should be observed, that in common human intercourse it very seldom happens, that the condition which requires that the thing proposed for belief should be properly understood, i. e. in the sense in which the person in whom we believe proposes it, is wanting. Persons who speak to each other about things more or less familiar to their experience, are not in the way of misunderstanding each other; but when God speaks to man, by a messenger, respecting matters wholly beyond his experience and above his understanding, there is nothing more likely than that man should mistake and misunderstand. How far it is in the power of mistake to vitiate the act of divine faith, is a point to be judged according to circumstances. As far as the act of faith is an homage to the moral and intellectual attributes of the person believed, it appears complete, although the thing believed may be wholly different from that which was really proposed for belief. But since faith leads to action, and action is followed by consequences to ourselves and others, it is of the utmost practical importance to have a definite and determinate knowledge of the thing to be believed. An indeterminate revelation appears not so much incapable of being believed by man, (for man must believe in the best manner he can—*indeterminately*, where he cannot *certainly*), as it is incapable of coming from God. The disorders that would arise from an indeterminate revelation are without number; and God cannot be the Author of disorder.

Divine faith then, or faith in the revelation and its messenger sent to us from God, although impossible unless the grace of God had placed it within our reach, now that through His grace it is possible to all men, is still under

ordinary circumstances subject to all the conditions which regulate the ordinary natural faith upon which all our social life daily proceeds. This is a very important point to be attended to, for it is a common error to suppose that divine faith is the result of a personal miracle worked in a special manner in the case of every person who acquires and continues to possess it, and that it has little in common with our natural faith, the truth being that it is our natural faith raised by the divine grace to the supernatural power of believing in the word and message of God, but in all other respects generally subject to the same rules and conditions. (Such is, in substance, St. Augustine's doctrine in his book, "*De Utilitate Credendi*.")

It may be safely taken as an axiom with all who profess any concern for the Bible, that God has not only intended, but has actually accomplished, a revelation, which is, moreover, of such pressing concern to us, that our condition for eternity is involved in it, and to which, as coming from God, we owe a positive and absolute duty of belief. Here two essential points should be considered.

First, seeing that God, after the fall of man, has retired from the direct and immediate intercourse with His human creation which the Scripture informs us subsisted between Adam and his Creator in the state of innocence, and that He has now become invisible to man; the messenger whom He was about to choose to be the Bearer of His revelation would necessarily be able to display such evident tokens of his being the chosen servant of an invisible God, that man's reason should on this score have no ground for refusing belief. It is impossible, in short, that God could require man's faith with violence to the dictates of his reason, or that He could be pleased with a weak and credulous faith.

Secondly, since God recognizes the freedom of our will, and leaves us free to believe or disbelieve, His messenger would necessarily bring with him such a manifestation of the divine attributes, moral and intellectual, as should be most suited to conciliate and lead captive our faith,—in short, to move us to believe in the most powerful, although never irresistible manner, for God acknowledges our free will. In a word, then, the revelation that was about to come from God, would both appeal to the intellect and address itself to the heart. And further it may be remarked, that however the things made known to us by revelation may be

above our natural reason, and beyond our experience, it is impossible that God could propose anything to us for belief which could justly shock or offend our reason, whose Creator He is, when it should come to examine and study what should be thus made known to it.

These two points should be carefully attended to; for the problem to be solved is twofold: 1. How an invisible God is not only to lay the nations of men whom He has created and placed upon the earth, with perfect justice both to Himself and them, under the obligation to believe, but acknowledging their free will, and yet desiring to bring them freely to believe,—how He is to win and gain them over to faith in His revelation; and, 2. How he is to render its contents practically plain and intelligible to them.

Now Almighty God, in whose works there is not a shadow of arbitrary will or imperfection, sent, as all christians are agreed, His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ, incarnate in our human nature, to be the Messenger of His Covenant, and to win or purchase our faith.

Let us stop for a moment to consider what was done to prepare the credentials that were to identify the divine Messenger when He should come into our world.

He was promised to the first man and woman on their banishment from Paradise. Then, after the lapse of some centuries, and the accomplishment of a fearful judgment, from which only one family escaped, after some generations a particular family was chosen, among whom He was to be born. Time advanced, and this family became a numerous people, and at length a nation governed by kings. Now, from time to time in this nation appeared prophets, who minutely foretold the circumstances and time of His birth, life, and death, the character of His ministry, and the future spread of the religion which He should teach. From this particular nation, added to the broken remains of the primæval tradition, was spread the hope of His coming over the whole earth. Four thousand long years were then, by the forethought of God, employed in providing those credentials which were to identify Him, at His Advent, to man's reason as the long-expected Son of God.

When He came, notwithstanding that His outward appearance did not openly bespeak either His superhuman origin or His supernatural power, for He had emptied



Himself of His glory, and had come in the form of a servant, and not a monarch, yet He nevertheless displayed the intellectual and moral attributes of God in a manner proper to challenge and to win our faith. "I receive not testimony from men," He cried, "the works that I do they bear witness of me," and "Believe me for the works' sake;" and frequently He so wondered at the unbelief shown to Him as often to exclaim: "Why do ye not believe?" "where is your faith?" not that He would accept a rash or thoughtless faith. To one that suddenly promised to follow Him, His reply was to bid him look to the consequences of believing: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." And, lastly, to win our faith in the most complete degree, after spending a laborious and patient life in the humblest works of mercy, in such a manner as to merit the description given by His Apostle: "Jesus Christ of Nazareth, a man who went about doing good," He suffered Himself to be put to a violent and ignominious death, that He might be the sacrifice for our sins.

"Nobis natus, nobis datus  
Ex intactâ virgine;  
Et in mundo conversatus  
Sparsa verbi semine,  
Sui moras incolatus  
Miro clausit ordine."

*Hymn from the Vespers of Corpus Christi.*

As His Apostle has said, "that perchance for a good man some one would even dare to die, but God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 7, 8.)

Thus had the wisdom of God decreed, to authenticate to us His revelation, and in and through his messenger to win and conciliate our faith, "Testimonia tua credibilia facta sunt nimis." (Ps. xcii.)

Thus far it is probable that all parties who claim the christian name will be agreed: it is as to what follows that they are widely at variance.

For it was not sufficient for Almighty God to give to man a revelation which was properly accredited and rendered attractive in the person of His Son, to whom He gave the mission of conveying it to us, without providing for its proper and effective promulgation and preservation

for future generations, "In generationem et generationem veritas ejus." (Ps. xcix.) But the continued promulgation of God's revelation to the end of time demands, from the nature both of the revelation itself and of the persons required to believe it, a continuance of the like, or other equally effective means of authenticating and rendering it attractive, which were required on its first introduction; for the same problem ever remains to be solved, the *demanding* and *conciliating* man's faith in the revealed message of a God whom he cannot see:

According to the Catholic doctrine, the living Catholic Church, and in a special manner the Catholic hierarchy, are the means which God has created and appointed to continue the work which He began by His Son Jesus Christ; and to this end the Catholic Church has been furnished with special powers to qualify her for the work, and provided with the necessary credentials to authenticate and prove her divine mission. "No," say the advocates of scripture reading, "God cannot have chosen the Catholic Church, because it is so notoriously corrupt and deceitful a body; but He has chosen the book of the Holy Scriptures, whose general dissemination is certainly His will, and therefore, to us at least, a labour of love."

In reply to which we shall now request a consideration of the ensuing seven reasons why the general distribution of the Scriptures cannot be the divinely-ordained means which its advocates believe it to be.

And, first,—

I. It was laid down that faith is in *living persons*; but the Bible is a mere material book, not possessed of life, incapable of motion, and unable by any power of its own even so much as to propose itself for belief. But it will be answered, that when any one is said to read and believe the Bible, such a person really believes in CHRIST, whose words and revelation are found in the Bible. Yes; but how do you know that His words *are* found in the Bible? It is now eighteen hundred years since our Saviour and His Apostles were on the earth. If their revelation was committed to a book, as you suppose, how do you know that in the course of time this Book has not been falsified? How do you prove the identity of the Bible of the nineteenth century with the Bible of the first?

The advocates of the distribution of the Bible say, that

the present Catholic Church, as it is now in the world, has become a corrupt and perverse body, that it has tampered with and added to the articles of the original christian creed. Do they not see that it is a much more easy thing to falsify the letters of a manuscript, than to change the traditional belief spread over many different nations? If, therefore, vice and wickedness has so obtained the upper hand in the Catholic Church, as to bring to pass a falsification of the traditional faith current among her members, how will you make it sufficiently plain to satisfy the reason that the same vice and wickedness did not succeed in falsifying the Scriptures during the centuries in which the Catholic Church was their exclusive keeper? The motive in either case is equally powerful, and the task in the latter much more easily executed.

But, on the supposition that God intended the propagation of the revelation He gave, by the means of a Bible and its circulation, yet, at least, the Bible of the nineteenth century cannot, on the principle of its advocates, be an instrument conformable to the attributes of God, because they have no means of solving the rational doubt as to its identity with the original Bible. But it is impossible that God would make a mock of the human reason by the tender of a doubtful and unauthenticated Bible, such as without the testimony of the living Church the present Bible must be.

II. In the Bible is found the declared will of God, that all men should come to a knowledge of the truth, and be saved. If, then, the general distribution of the Bible be the means which God has framed in order to effect his purpose, it will follow that it must be a book easily obtainable, and when obtained, easily intelligible to all. But, before the invention of printing, the Bible was not in any moderate degree generally accessible; and if it had been, the greater part of mankind are unable to read; and if they were able to read, they are unacquainted with the languages in which the Scriptures are written.

But an instrument supposed to be designed for the universal propagation of a divine revelation to all mankind, which yet is such as that by far the greater part of mankind can make no use whatever of it, cannot come from the wisdom of God.

III. If the indiscriminate study of the Scriptures were of God's appointment, it would be calculated to produce

uniform and concordant conclusions with respect to the doctrines that constitute the main body of the revelation ; for all God's works tend with certitude to the end for which they were designed. But such are not the fruits of the general reading of the Bible, for it gives birth both to the Calvinist and Arminian systems, which contradict each other. The man who affirms the Son of God to be a creature, created in time, is a reader of the Scriptures equally with him who confesses Him to be the Son of God begotten from all eternity. Moreover, it should be observed, that whoever accepts the Bible as the word of God, notwithstanding the doubts to which it is exposed on the principle of the advocates of its distribution, and gleans from it any doctrines, or supposed doctrines, is thrown into the anomalous position of believing himself—that is, of trusting himself in the process whereby he extracts and appropriates what he there finds. Whether this can with any justice be called *faith*, and not mere *opinion*, as some have boldly called it, we do not determine : its little value or durability, however, is manifested by the perpetual liability to change to which the doctrines so obtained are ever found to be subject.

But it is inconceivable that the Son of God, who suffered and endured so much in order to authenticate and render His revelation attractive to us in its first introduction, could possibly have appointed a means so uncertain and precarious in its results for its perpetuation. On the principle of the advocates of the Bible distribution, the divine revelation is practically *indeterminate*; but of such a revelation, as was before said, God could not be the Author.

IV. On the hypothesis of the advocates of the distribution of the Bible, God designed that it should become by its dispersion a means of general instruction. But this is contrary to the whole analogy of His dealings in other parts of His creation. For instruction is nowhere else conveyed by the distribution of a mere book ; but instruction invariably implies the presence and labour of an instructor, and *self-taught*, in popular estimation, is a term equivalent to badly taught.

V. On their hypothesis, also, God designed the Bible as a medicine for “all our mental and moral maladies ;” but in the analogy of God's works a medicine implies the presence and the control of a physician. So generally is

the truth of this admitted, that a recent writer\* has observed, that he never saw books with a title purporting to be "Every Man his Own Physician," without thinking that they would have been more truly called "Every Man his Own Poisoner." The same author would probably have been of opinion that the scheme of Bible-distribution really intends to make every man his own spiritual poisoner.

VI. The works of God are carried on upon a system laid down and predetermined by Him from the beginning, according to His infinite goodness and wisdom, which developes indeed and unfolds itself, but cannot be subject to any fundamental change. But it is certain from history that the means which God did employ for many centuries for the propagation and perpetuation of the Faith, was not the general distribution of the Scriptures, which, in fact, before the invention of printing was impossible by any means other than miraculous. Nor have the still imperfect and inadequate means which at present exist for the purpose of effecting the distribution of the Bible been in existence quite half-a-century. In order, then, that this scheme should be the dictate of divine wisdom, its advocates must be prepared to maintain that God has wholly recast the plan upon which He has hitherto conducted the propagation of the Gospel, and that His counsels have undergone a fundamental change;—but this is inconceivable.

VII. Lastly, in all that Almighty God appoints with the view of benefiting His human creation, the stamp of His choice may be seen evidencing itself in their success and good effects. God said, "Fiat lux, et facta est lux." But the scheme of distributing the Bible, although too recent for its ultimate effects to be otherwise than future, does not even in the effects hitherto visible afford any rational ground for believing it to be from God, rather the evidences of a sad and melancholy failure are on all sides apparent.

But not to fall into an error of Professor Malou, who has somewhat overburdened his subject with proofs, here is at least sufficient matter of serious reflection for those who advocate and promote the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures. It is impossible that the will of God,

---

\* The Doctor.

on a measure so eminently important, can be a matter of abstruse secret to those who are willing to enquire; nor, again, does it seem possible that those who act blindly in such a matter upon their own mere assumption can be free from the most serious guilt, when by calm reflection and enquiry they might ascertain the truth.

Indeed, the hearts of all good Catholics have reason to groan with inward misery on viewing the channel into which the wealth, the energy, and enterprise of their country is casting itself. Let us imagine ourselves for a moment on the river's banks above the falls of Niagara, and that we there saw a ship decked out in her colours, gliding down the current with all her sails set, to a fair wind. Her passengers and crew are strewed over her decks, enjoying the sunshine and mingled rock and woodland scenery of the banks, and in innocent merriment they nod a greeting as they pass by. Now, we ourselves are wholly ignorant of their language, and are unable to warn them even by a sign that they care to notice, of the certain death to which they are hurrying. What would be the mingled interest and misery of such a sight!

But it is nothing in comparison of the feelings with which the eye of faith ought to regard the spectacle of an enterprising and devoted nation, wasting its energies and treasure upon so cruel and destructive a work of spiritual ruin. Silent spectators Catholics cannot be; yet again, what is the use of their speaking? Will the wealthy and the powerful believe the forebodings of Papist superstition? will enthusiasts stop to care for the chimerical fears of lovers of blindness and ignorance? Unhappily, such is our lot, that we must be prepared to find that the voice of the Catholic clergy may be but that of a little heeded and overlooked remnant, whose words will be as idle tales to those to whom they may be addressed. Such is the usual fate of warnings, particularly those of prophets of evil, of which it is commonly the event alone that vindicates their truth.

Καὶ τῶν δομοίων εἴ τι μὴ πείθω, τί γάρ.  
Τὸ μέλλον ἤξει, καὶ σὺ μὲν ταχ' ἂν πάρων  
ἀγαν γ' ἀληθομάντιν οἰκτείραν ἐρεῖς.

*Æschyl. Aga. (1235.)*

But if we may hardly presume to entertain the sanguine hope to prevail much with those whom we would fain per-

suade to see the futility and folly of their scheme, at least we shall be allowed to find in it a point of view not a little instructive to our own body.

There is a degree of seeming reason in the view that Protestants commonly take, which is often not as properly appreciated as it deserves to be, by those who are acquainted with the really profound inconsistency under which Protestantism labours. Protestants in practice, all admit the necessity of instruction, and consequently its theoretical necessity. And on the supposition of the existence of a divinely instituted Church really teaching and preaching the word of God, they would admit the duty of adhering to, and believing such a Church, since man absolutely needs a religious faith, and can have no reason for not assenting to the truth. But they say that, on looking abroad on the face of the world, they find no sufficient evidence of the existence of such a Church. For the Roman Catholic Church, which boasts that it is the infallible Church, has so many marks of a falsehood of doctrine, and of a corruption of worship and morals in its members, that they cannot without violence to their reason believe it to be an institution of God. We have, therefore, they say, nothing left but to learn and believe the divine revelation in the best way we can, and we therefore apply ourselves to the Scriptures with the best helps we can procure.

Our task is not now to vindicate the Catholic Church, and to show in what an untrue light it is here regarded, but to point out, that in proportion as we draw the mind away from the habitual contemplation of the existence of an efficacious and sufficient means for the perpetuation of the revealed truth, in the circulation of the volume of the Holy Scriptures, it will be inevitably thrown upon the Church and her Hierarchy. For the mind that seeks to believe, must have before itself the view of some means of carrying forward the work begun by Jesus Christ and his apostles. Now the Hierarchy of the Church in this, as in all other ages, is the subject of many various opinions on the part of the multitude, particularly of those who do not belong to it, as to the fitness of its several members for the duties of their divine mission. It would seem then that if we are serious in contemplating the spread of the Catholic faith among our estranged countrymen, we of the clergy who bestir ourselves to turn people away from regarding the circulation of the Scriptures as God's chosen means of



spreading religious truth, and in their place would have them substitute ourselves, the living ministers of God's holy word in lieu of the material book, at least we are bound to see that we are fit for the work which we claim to be *our own*. "You dispute," people will say to us, "our use of the Bible, and you tell us that we are supplanting you and your ministry by it, but that ruin and confusion will be the reward of our efforts. Now are you qualified yourselves? If religion has nothing to hope for from the circulation of the Bible, has it more to hope for from you?" People born and brought up in the Catholic faith, can palliate and charitably allow the human imperfections which they may observe in the ministers of their faith; they know perfection to be as far removed by nature from the priesthood as from the lay state, and that it can in neither case be obtained without personal care and watchfulness. But to conciliate the jealous minds and win the suspicious hearts of an estranged and alienated people, superhuman excellencies are required and must be aimed at. The ordinary priesthood that would satisfy a Catholic and confiding people, will not suffice to bow down the hearts of a prosperous and haughty nation as the heart of one man. We are not to expect the multitude to be satisfied with written descriptions of the fair beauty and spotless perfections of the bride of Christ, which, however true and intelligible to one who is already a believer, are mere rhodomontade to those who look at the Church from a distance. That which alone can in the ordinary course of God's providence arrest the attention of the people, is the sight of a numerous body in the sacerdotal and religious state, ably and efficiently devoting themselves to the work which lies before them on all sides. This is the proper sequel of a denial that the circulation of the Scriptures are the divine means of propagating the Christian religion.

It will be well that we should know and feel this. For in whatever degree we may succeed in drawing away people's minds from trusting to the Protestant use of the Scriptures, in that same degree we turn them towards the Church, and specially on ourselves, her clergy and priests. The clergy in the Church are messengers of the invisible God, and the reality of their mission has, it is true, credentials external to themselves, be they ever so unworthy of their sacred calling, abundantly sufficient for those who have already a disposition to believe. But God desires

that those who are even ill-disposed to believe, should be brought to believe, should be persuaded, should be *gained* over and *won*. And to this end serve the virtues, learning, and high qualifications of the priests. By her prayers, by her virtues, by her many good works of mercy, by the healing medicines which she possesses from the fruits of the tree which God has given for the healing of the nations, by the learning and useful knowledge of her clergy, the Catholic Church has hitherto earned for herself a home among the nations where she dwells, and to the end of time she will never prevail by any other means. When her members become overgrown with wealth, and forget the cross under which they serve, people grow suspicious of her, and they turn their attention to a Bible religion, which has a great deal to say for itself when scandals abound in the Church, and they turn her out of an abiding place in which they cease to see the Christian works they know well how to expect. And when the Catholic Church rises up to regain her lost empire over the hearts of a nation where she once reigned as queen, she has before her, her original task, to come to them with the same patient, meek, and lowly virtues, the same untiring and unwearied spirit of going about doing humble good, that other people will not care to do. She must come with an active, well-trained, well-instructed and enterprising priesthood, with pious and diligent religious of both sexes, devoting themselves to every work of christian mercy which circumstances permit, she must be able to point to a moral and affectionate laity, as the fruit of her doctrine and instructions. All this and far more, is the legitimate sequel of denying the Protestant use of the Scriptures, and most Protestants have discernment enough to see that it is so.

When, therefore, we do come forward to deny the use now made in England of the Scriptures, let us be aware that we invite the multitude to come and inquire what sort of persons the Catholic priests are, that we in a manner provoke them to ask what our character is and what our habits are, that we court a scrutiny and an examination. And although no one who fairly considered the severe oppression and penury under which the Catholic remnant of England has long subsisted, could possibly discover a just ground of reproach in the imperfections he might find, yet persons in general will bring to the enquiry a high idea of what the Catholic priest ought to

be, and will, without bestowing a thought upon the circumstances of the case, be offended if they do not find the reality correspond to their ideal conception. It may be well to be aware of this. For it ought to be in no way a matter of surprise, if some persons from the multitude, without a thought of their real virtues, yet imagining themselves on their first superficial inquiry to have discovered that the Catholic priests are generally only a poor, ill-instructed, snuff-taking, common sort of persons, should continue in their incredulity upon the truth of the Catholic Church being the divinely appointed means of spreading the gospel, and not the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures. Whereas, if every priest employed on our missions, could be not less wise and winning than St. Francis of Sales or St. Philip Neri, we might expect to see among such persons, an increase in the number of those disposed to prefer their ministry to the dry reading of the Bible. This view of the matter then may at least benefit ourselves. It would seem to say to those already in our missions, "for mercy's sake remember whom you represent, be as kind, attractive, gentle, and patient as you can, acquire what perfections you may, and bear in mind that as a city set upon a hill cannot be hid, so the Catholic priest cannot escape being an object of scrutiny, and that strangers will judge of the religion by what they see the priest to be, and that the holy sacraments, especially confession, will be seen through a doubly odious medium, if there be anything in the priest that can awaken disgust to the fastidious tastes which in these times abound."

While to students in our seminaries it would seem to say, you are designed to serve God in an office in which you will have the life and actions of the incarnate Son of God for your standard and your example, beware then how you spend your time in idleness, or in acquiring frivolous accomplishments, instead of solid and useful knowledge; and if you can, keep from snuff-taking, that never did any body any good, who had not a physician's prescription for it. And remember that the lot before you is that of representing Jesus Christ, the God incarnate teacher of mankind, and that without the knowledge necessary to your state, you will be a certain scandal and sorrow to the Church, and will surely bring condemnation upon yourself. It will be as well also to bear in mind, that not-

withstanding the prevailing taste for medieval ceremonial and architecture, we still do not *live* in the middle ages, when there existed in the minds of all a mysterious reverence for the priesthood, which no doubt had its share in beguiling more than one unhappy priest to prefer the esteem in which his office was held, to the labour of qualifying himself for it; but we *live* in times not overburdened with reverence for the sacred office, and abounding with wits sufficiently sharpened to perceive the little consistency of high pretensions and a splendid exterior, with meagre qualifications and imperfect attainments. Not merely then for the honour of our calling, the disgrace of which falls upon the truth of God, but from a debt of mercy to those many amiable and alienated minds, among whom hereafter the sacred functions when conferred may be carried, there is a duty of aiming beyond a common mediocrity. If the philosopher of antiquity could arrive at the maxim, that notwithstanding the shortness of the longest life and its ever precarious continuance, it was still the part of the wise man to aim at the highest excellence, Εφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀθανατίζειν, (Arist. Ethic. Nicom.) can it be too much to ask, that among the candidates for the Catholic priesthood, and in our peculiar circumstances, a spirit, at least not inferior, may be found to prevail.

But we are neglecting M. Malou and the remainder of our subject; we had said incidentally, that the holy Scriptures, like every other of God's good gifts, were given to be used. It now remains to be seen, what in the view of the Catholic Church is the use for which they were divinely intended. Almost the commonest topic of vilification against the Catholic Church, urged with varying degrees of good and bad faith is this, that for the sinister design of magnifying her own priesthood, and obtaining an easier dominion over a tame and toothless people, the Catholic Church strictly interdicts all circulation of the word of life among her people; she is said, in a spiritual point of view, to put out the eyes of the people, that she may lead them blindfold with the less power of resistance on their part. To what extent this may be true, shall now be learned from the work before us, that at least the honest and sincere may know what the Catholic Church does hold with regard to the use of the Scriptures, and what her ideas are respecting them.

M. Malou speaks as follows, p. 27.

"Here three quite distinct questions present themselves:—I. What is the doctrine of the Catholic Church touching the use of the sacred books? II. What is her legislation? III. What is her practice?"

"I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures have been given to the Church for the instruction of all the faithful, and that they have been specially entrusted to the pastors in order that they should preserve them pure and intact, in the midst of the vicissitudes of human societies, and that they should habitually make them the basis of their instructions. We believe that the greatest part of the revealed truths are contained in them, and that the working Church, that is, the body of pastors, of whom the successor of St. Peter is the chief, has received the commission to interpret them in an authentic manner by means of a living tradition which is preserved amongst them, and by virtue of the authority they have received from the Saviour. We believe that in a number of cases the Holy Scriptures are by themselves sufficient to confound heresy when they are interpreted in the sense of the holy Fathers, and conformably to preceding decisions of the Church. But we believe also with Tertullian, that they are not fitted to resolve absolutely and definitively any controversy, when they are separated from the principle of authority, and interpreted according to preconceived opinions or human systems; then, to use the strong expression of the African Doctor, they are fitted only to disorder the brain and the stomach. We believe that the Scriptures do not contain all the revealed truths: but we believe that it is necessary for those who have cure of souls to read them, and that to read them may be good for all the faithful who have been at all prepared. We believe that God never commanded all the faithful to read the Holy Bible, and to extract from it by their own labour a knowledge of the revelation. We believe that the faithful profit by the Scriptures when they listen with attention and docility to the instruction of their pastors, and that the Church has had legitimate motives for enacting or modifying her laws or local customs that have restrained or encouraged at different times the use of the sacred books among the laity."

Passing over the lengthy exposition of the above summary which follows from page 37 to page 78, we learn what the legislation of the Church has been. It would be impossible to follow the author into the mass of details which he has collected, and which on the whole tend to prove that the Church has shown herself positively and not negatively anxious that the Scriptures should be in the hands of the laity where they manifest a desire for them, and there appears reasonable hope that they will use them

to their real edification. It will suffice to give an account of the law passed by the Council of Trent.

That council passed a law creating an "*Index librorum prohibitorum*," which the faithful were forbidden under certain penalties to read; among these were placed, in different classes, all versions of the Scriptures which could not be approved. The fourth rule with respect to these books is as follows:

"Rule IV. Since experience has proved that the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, if it be permitted to all without discrimination, causes, by reason of the temerity of men, more mischief than it produces good, be it enacted,—that in this matter the judgment of the bishop or inquisitor be followed, who are empowered to permit, on the recommendation of the curate or confessor, the reading of the Holy Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic authors, to those whom they shall have judged to be capable of fortifying their faith and piety by this study, instead of receiving harm."

After passing in review the operation of this law in different countries, the author comes to England.

"In vain would any trace be looked for, of the legal promulgation of the Index in that country. The acts themselves of the Council could never be published there. The Church of England, cruelly oppressed by Protestantism, was obliged to be content to admit the laws of the Council in its practice without investing them with the legal forms which the churches in other countries gave to them. Although the restrictions which were there imposed on the reading of the Bible were less numerous than in other countries, the rules of the Index have nevertheless been observed in prohibiting the use of versions not approved, and in confining its approbation to the versions made by refugees at the colleges of Rheinis and Douai. If the vicars apostolic of England have put no further restraint upon the reading of the Holy Bible in the vulgar tongue, it is because they have thought well to act according to the discretionary power granted them by the IV. Rule of the Index."—p. 56.

"In 1757, Benedict XIV. granted to all the faithful the permission to read versions of the Scripture that had been approved by the competent authority, and which were accompanied by a Catholic commentary."—p. 62.

In all this, there is nothing beyond a rational and parental care for the welfare of the people. At page 78, follows a long sketch of the use which is daily made of the Scriptures in the Catholic Church. As this could not be



quoted without adding to our remarks, already long, a series of numerous and minute details, we will be content with requesting those who are serious in thinking that the Catholic Church ungratefully neglects the use of a divine gift, to convince themselves of the contrary, by casting an eye over the account given by M. Malou, of the very varied and interesting manner in which the Scriptures are daily and thankfully used in the Catholic Church.

We regret that space does not permit us to follow the author through the remaining divisions of his subject, in which he examines the questions, whether the Scriptures themselves contain the precept obliging all persons to read them, and afterwards proceeds to give a learned summary of the doctrine of the Fathers, in which he shows the recent legislation of the Church to be contained in germ. The second volume contains a learned defence of the Canon of the Council of Trent, and discusses at length every minor detail belonging to the controversy, concluding with an historical sketch of the sterility of results, which has everywhere attended the efforts of the Bible Societies. In a word, the work will be found a complete mine and storehouse of all that in the way of arguments and erudition belongs to his subject.

But we must now bring our remarks on this all-important question to a close, wishing much prosperity to a University, which, phoenix like, displaying that wonderful vitality which can be found no where but in the Catholic Church, has, within the last dozen years, arisen from her ashes and entered upon a course of instruction that bids fair to draw the eyes of christendom once more to her schools of learning, and attract many a student from other countries to benefit by her instruction. We cannot witness in the work before us, the evidences of an erudition, such as must needs have been the fruit of many years' diligent labour, without the prayer, that an institution blessed with such teachers, together with all other Catholic seminaries, may by God's grace pour forth numbers of such virtuous and soundly instructed priests, as shall convince the happy people among whom they may be sent, that it is better for the flock to feed in peace by the shepherds' tents, than to wander on the mountains seeking their own food in cold and hunger; and vindicate the divine wisdom of the Church, which will not give her people indiscriminately the dumb-material book of the word of life, but sends to



them its living teacher, their guide in prosperity, their adviser in doubt, their help in difficulty, their consoler in sorrow, their cheerful associate in joy, their advocate under oppression, their physician in miseries of conscience, their companion and comforter in the last sad hour of this mortal life, in a word, their pastor and friend. Alas, that people could ever have been brought to believe, that a steam printing press should be able in five minutes to furnish them with a more precious gift, than that work of divine wisdom and mercy, the true Catholic Priest.

ART. X.—1. *Ellen Middleton. A Tale.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 3 Vols. 8vo. London, Moxon, 1844.

2.—*Grantley Manor. A Tale.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON, Author of “*Ellen Middleton.*” 3 Vols. 8vo. London, Moxon, 1847.

3.—*Amy Herbert.* By a Lady. Edited by REV. W. SEWELL, B. D. 4th Edition, 2 Vols. 8vo. London, Longmans, 1847.

4.—*Gertrude.* By the Author of “*Amy Herbert.*” 3rd Edition, 2 Vols. 8vo. London, Longmans, 1846.

5.—*Laneton Parsonage. A Tale for Children.* By the Author of “*Amy Herbert,*” &c. 3rd Edition. London, Longmans, 1847.

THE day, we fear, is hardly come as yet, when the name of a lady on the title-page of a work of fiction may be regarded in the light of a positive recommendation. We have not yet learned entirely to forget the prejudices of the olden time, when a lady's business with literature was limited, according to the received notions, to her prayer book and her volume of household recipes; and her judgment in matters of taste was supposed to range no higher than the management of a sampler, or the selection of patterns for needlework or embroidery. There are few, even still, who can bring themselves to judge an authoress by the same standard which is applied to an author; and even the most admiring and applauding critic, in expressing his approval of the production of a female pen, will almost insensibly mix up with his judgment of the individual some unconscious depreciation of

the intellectual powers of the sex, and, as if in despite of himself, resolve his sentence of commendation into a half-wondering, half-patronizing declaration, that is really "an extraordinary work for a woman!" Unfortunately, too, these vague and, as it were, half-instinctive prejudices are the most difficult to combat. The hereditary character follows each new generation of authoresses, like the fat widow of the warder of the German watch-tower, who, being too corpulent to make her way down the narrow stair of the turret in which her husband died, descended, from the mere impossibility of removal, as an heirloom to his successor and to all the subsequent warders of the castle. We fear that, notwithstanding the extraordinary advances which female authorship has made within our own day, an authoress must be prepared, for many a year to come, to take up, along with her title of authoress, an appendage somewhat similar to that which descended to the warders, in the traditionary stamp of inferiority which, with the mass of readers, still attaches to the work of a lady.

At first sight it might appear that this belief of the general inferiority of the sex would, by the contrast, be advantageous to an authoress of real merit, beyond the ordinary standard of the sisterhood of letters. But long observation has convinced us of the contrary. We cannot help thinking, paradoxical as it may seem, that the authoress of the very remarkable work entitled "*The Two Old Men's Tales*," acted wisely in not only abstaining from all unnecessary parade of the fact that it was from a female hand, but even insinuating the contrary, as far as the title could insinuate it; and if the MS. of "*Ellen Middleton*" or "*Grantley Manor*" had been submitted to us before publication, we should have felt greatly disposed to advise Lady Georgiana Fullerton to adopt the same course, and to allow the vigour, and originality, and truthfulness, by which they are both distinguished, to produce their own effect, unembarrassed by the question, whether, and how far, these are the qualities which we might most naturally expect in the known and acknowledged author.

For we have no hesitation in saying, that both these works are of a character very different from that which we ordinarily meet with from the novel-writers, whether male or female, of the present day; and we feel assured that

they could not have failed to force their way to popularity, almost under any circumstances of publication, no matter how unfavourable.

Every year, indeed, is going farther to elevate the pretensions, as well as to improve the character, of female authorship, both in our own country and upon the continent. On the foreign literature we do not mean to dwell; but it possesses a few names too prominent to be passed over in silence. Miss Bremer has long stood at the head of the young, but vigorous and respectable, literature of Sweden. Of the writings of this distinguished authoress we have already spoken at some length. With a few peculiarities of manner, which grate upon our conventional tastes, and with an occasional tendency towards German mysticism, which not even her strong native sense can overpower, her works, descriptive as well as imaginative, evince powers of the very highest order. There is more of genuine feeling, more of true simplicity and unaffected fidelity to nature in "*The Home*," or "*Our Neighbours*," than is to be found in a hundred of the ordinary novels which even our most popular writers produce; and indeed, although we must admit that her performances are exceedingly unequal, there are scenes in both of the works mentioned above, for which it would be difficult to find any counterpart, except in the writings of our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth. In France too, the reader will at once remember the gifted but eccentric Madame Dudevant (*Georges Sand*). Her pre-eminence, it must be admitted, is one which no well-regulated mind will envy; but it is not the less true that this extraordinary woman stands in the very first rank of French fiction. In Germany—not to speak of Caroline Pichler, Sophia May, Henrietta von Montinglaut, and many lesser names—there is no novelist of the present day more popular, and certainly none more prolific, than the celebrated *Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn*. And of her it is true to say that, notwithstanding many and striking defects—notwithstanding occasional weakness or incongruity in the plot, a habitual tendency to speculate and philosophize rather than describe, a love of paradox which obtrudes itself even into the most exciting scenes, and an overstretched sentimentality which frequently destroys or overlays the genuine feeling with which her writings unquestionably abound—notwithstanding these and other peculiarities which, though admired

at home, are regarded as defects in this common-place land of ours, it would be difficult to name any writer who has sunk a deeper shaft, and drawn forth more precious ore from the great mine of the affections, or who has laboured more successfully in what may be regarded as peculiarly the woman's province in literature.

Of our lady novelists at home it would be idle, within the narrow space at our disposal, to attempt anything like a formal criticism. We have already spoken, from time to time, of the most remarkable among them. Many of them are of such standing before the public, and are so familiarly known, as to need no notice at our hands. The very youngest of our readers would anticipate us in our criticism of dear old Miss Edgeworth, of Mrs. Hall or Mrs. Johnstone, of Miss Mitford or Miss Martineau. There are others—as for example, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Waddington, the authoress of “*Father Darcy*,” and many less noted members of the same school—regarding whom we are unwilling to trust ourselves in writing; and others, again—as Mrs. Gore, the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Howitt, &c.—whose merits, though not inconsiderable, are of so common-place a character, that a critical discussion of them could contain but little interest, and embody but little information. It is certain, nevertheless, that of our entire stock of English fiction, a very large and a highly respectable proportion has been contributed by female hands, and that every successive season supplies fresh and decisive evidence of increasing vigour and originality in these fair contributors.

And there is one quality, for the development of which, as far as it is possible to embody it practically in imaginative literature, we should naturally be disposed to look to the female pen, and of which we are glad to perceive in our more recent lady-writers strong and increasing indications,—we mean that deep religious feeling which is the true foundation of all christian virtue, and for which, as a principle of action, the vast majority of our novelists are content to substitute a vague and undefined moral instinct, partly resolvable into what is called a nice sense of honour and self-respect, partly into a spurious and unregulated compound of sentiment and principle, the most delusive and dangerous guide which it is possible for the young mind to adopt.

We have been induced to select, as examples (though in very different ways) of this better tone, the two authoresses

whose works are enumerated at the head of these pages. The latter of the two, though her tales appear to have enjoyed a very large sale, cannot, nevertheless, be said to have attained anything like general popularity. They all belong to what is termed the "serious class," and have found their circulation almost exclusively among persons of professedly religious habits. Still, they are of a character very different from that which usually belongs to the religious novel; and although the professed object which they all have in view—that of direct religious instruction—and the very liberal admixture of what might almost be called "pious reading" which pervades them, may have the effect, in the first instance, of limiting their circle of readers, yet they evince a degree of vigour, truth, and tenderness, a dramatic power, and a mastery of the feelings and affections, which cannot fail to make them popular with all into whose hands they may fall. Nor do we hesitate to say, that the plot of "*Amy Herbert*" and that of "*Gertrude*" are so exceedingly well conceived, and the excitement so successfully sustained throughout, that not even the most hacknied novel-reader, who habitually reads but for the sole purpose of amusement, will be proof against the absorbing interest with which these tales abound.

The secret of this remarkable success we believe to be, the earnestness and sincerity of the writer. She has not, it will be observed, chosen to give her name to the public; but common fame describes her as a very near relative of the gentleman under whose editorial supervision her several tales have appeared. In the preface of "*Amy Herbert*," we are informed that the story was written for the use of a young member of the author's family; and we gladly ascribe the heartiness and earnest sincerity of its tone to the feeling of love, as well as of duty, which guided its composition.

It would, however, be beyond our present purpose to enter into any analysis of the several tales of this charming and most instructive authoress. They have each its own lesson. "*Amy Herbert*" and "*Laneton Parsonage*" may be considered as juvenile tales; but both, especially the former, contain much instruction for more advanced readers, and the interest of the narrative is of a character to which no one can be insensible. We do not know, in the whole range of moral or religious fiction, two more delightful portraits than *Amy Herbert's* mother and *Emily Morton*;

nor have we ever met a more successful sketch of the several vices of character and disposition most common among the young, and of the consequences which their indulgence usually entails, than is found in the sisters, Dora and Margaret, and their young friends. The story of "*Gertrude*," on the contrary, though equally religious in its tendency, approaches more to the character of the regular novel. It is designed principally for grown-up readers, and its interest lies among the characters and events of every-day life. Among the many moral lessons with which it abounds, the most prominent and most forcibly conveyed is, the misery inseparable from reserve and the withholding of confidence between those whose interests and affections are identified; and the danger of indulging, and still more of exhibiting, any consciousness of superiority to those among whom we are thrown, even though they be members of the same family, and united to us by ties of duty as well as of affection. It would be difficult to find a more strikingly instructive picture than that of *Edith Courtenay*; and certainly it would be impossible to exhibit the excellencies, as well the defects, of her character in a more impressive light than the gifted authoress has done, in the contrast of *Edith* with her sister *Gertrude*, the heroine of the tale.

After all, however, the influence of such tales as these can hardly be expected to be very general. Of their own nature the circle of their popularity must be limited. They address themselves, directly at least, but to one class,—the professedly religious; and what is more to be deplored, they are, from this very circumstance, almost of necessity, sealed books to those who most stand in need of the instruction which they contain. Few of the frivolous and worldly-minded, who constitute the large majority of the novel-reading class, will think of encountering the supposed dullness and prosiness of a professedly religious tale; and even of those into whose way chance or caprice may happen to throw such a work, the greater number will be steeled by habit, by prejudice, and even by pride, against any permanent impression which it might seem calculated to make.

With far more of hopefulness, therefore, should we look to the influence insensibly and indirectly exercised by works not professedly religious in their tone, but yet written upon sound principles, and by persons of thoroughly

religious habits of thinking and thoroughly religious views of the moral and social destinies of mankind.

We are far, therefore, from sharing the feeling of disappointment which we have heard expressed in reference to Lady Georgiana Fullerton's new tale of "*Grantley Manor*." Her ladyship, as most of our readers are probably aware, is one of the many gifted individuals who, during the course of the late religious movement, have sought rest from the controversies which surrounded them in the bosom of the one unchanging Church, in which the "orphans of the heart" never fail to find a shelter. A short time previous to her taking this most important step, she had published her first novel, "*Ellen Middleton*," a work, according to her then views, of a strongly religious tendency; and it was believed and expected that her second novel would have exhibited even more decided evidences of this character,—that it would, in fact, be little more than a dramatized apology for the step which she had taken, and would add one more to the numberless controversial works of fiction which recent events have called into being. While we fully recognize the services which may be rendered by a judicious use of fiction for the purposes of controversy, we cannot help rejoicing that this hope has been disappointed. In the present temper of the public mind, such a work, even from Lady Fullerton, would have produced comparatively little effect. Regarded with distaste by some, by others with downright opposition, and by all with suspicion and distrust, its influence could not but have been exceedingly precarious, and its popularity would of necessity have been very limited, and, in fact, confined but to one party. It might have created a sensation for a certain time; it might have provoked a certain amount of discussion; to Catholics it might have given a passing triumph, to Anglicans a subject of mortification, perhaps of bitterness; but its day, such as it might be, would have been a short one, and it would soon have sunk into unhonoured and influenceless obscurity.

Very different, however, is the real character of the admirable work which Lady Georgiana has given to the world, as the first fruit of her new faith. "*Grantley Manor*" cannot, in any sense of the word, be called a religious novel; and yet we doubt whether the most frivolous reader could lay it down, even after the most superficial perusal, without having received from it a profoundly



religious impression. It is a great mistake to suppose that religious lessons are imparted, and religious impressions conveyed, solely by direct and professed religious teaching. There is a large class—the indifferent and worldly-minded of whom we have already spoken—whom such teaching, in all probability, would never reach; and even with those who are more open to instruction, the didactic method, very frequently, is the least judicious that can be adopted. There is a principle in our hearts—whether it be a modification of pride and self-love, or whether it be of some less unamiable origin, we shall not now enquire—which, in everything that concerns our supernatural interests, leads us rather to commune with ourselves, and to draw motives of action from within, than to receive them directly from another; and perhaps it is an insensible awakening of this instinctive principle, which, unless in those cases where we ourselves have sought it, leads us to receive with suspicion the instruction or counsel too importunately tendered. But without entering into any discussion of the abstract reasons upon which this result depends, we can have no hesitation in declaring, that the story of “Grantley Manor” is not only interesting in the highest degree as a literary composition, but, for those who read it aright, is eminently calculated to chasten the dispositions, to improve the principles, to purify the motives, to elevate the views, and to establish a correct and fitting standard of thought as well as of action.

As a literary composition, “Grantley Manor” more than realizes the high anticipations created by the first work of the authoress, the well-known and deservedly popular tale of “Ellen Middleton.” With more of variety and boldness in the plot, it is marked by the same exquisite skill in delineating character, the same delicate discrimination of the nicer shades of feeling, the same masterly knowledge of all the secret springs of action, the same command of the passions and affections, the same originality of thought, and, above all, the same elevated tone, which constituted the great charm of its predecessor, and the secret of its success. The style, too, is in admirable keeping with the elevated tone which breathes through the work. Imaginative and poetical in the highest degree, it is at the same time simple, chaste, and vigorous, occasionally even to severity. The poetry is not inserted in patchwork and for effect: it forms part and parcel of the

framework of the composition. The illustrations are not far-sought, or introduced for the mere sake of illustration: they are the spontaneous out-pourings of a rich and cultivated imagination, dealing out illustrations naturally and without effort; and hence they are almost always singularly natural, harmonious, and well sustained. And this is even more true of the delineations of passion and sentiment with which the work abounds. They are never over-stretched or out of place. There is a vigour, an originality, and a self-sustainment in the narrative, by which the reader is prepared for each incident as it occurs, and which prevents the broken and disjointed appearance which impassionate and excited narratives too often present.

We do not mean to forestall the pleasure of perusal by a regular analysis of the tale. It will suffice for our purpose—which is simply to present the reader with a few specimens of the style and manner of this charming writer—to describe “Grantley Manor” as the story of two sisters, daughters of Colonel Leslie, the one by an English, the other by an Italian wife, both of whom he had loved passionately, but lost early after marriage. The elder of these sisters, Margaret, has been brought up in England by the family of her mother, and educated not only in the Protestant religion, but, as far as her gentle nature is susceptible of them, in all the peculiar prejudices of country and to some extent of creed, which distinguish the domestic education of England. She has lived from childhood estranged from her father, who, from the death of his second wife, has been constantly engaged in foreign service; and has grown up in entire ignorance not only of the existence of her sister, but even of the foreign marriage of which this sister was born. On the character and fortunes of this sister, who is named Ginevra, the chief interest of the tale is made to turn. Her mother, the daughter of a poor but honourable house in Verona, had died, like Margaret’s mother, soon after Ginevra’s birth; and the broken-hearted father, unable to endure the presence of objects which reminded him too forcibly of the happiness he had lost, had entrusted his child to the care of her mother’s family, and especially to the guardianship of her uncles, Leonardo, an eminent and enthusiastic artist, and Father Francesco, a pious and exemplary priest. Ginevra accordingly is educated a Catholic.

The characters and dispositions of the sisters are as

different as it were possible to conceive. We shall transcribe the sketch:—

“At the time of her arrival in England, Colonel Leslie's youngest daughter was about seventeen years old, but she looked older, and was much taller than her sister. Both had small aquiline noses, high foreheads, very much rounded at the temples, dark pencilled eyebrows, and thick eyelashes; but while Margaret's eyes were of the hue of the violet, or of the hyacinth, those of Ginevra were of the colour of the forget-me-not, or rather of that blue which lies sometimes between the crimson clouds and the burnished gold of a gorgeous sunset, a blue which puts to shame the azure of the rest of the sky. Her hair was fair, and her cheeks were pale; her mouth was the only feature which was decidedly prettier in her than in her sister; it was full of sweetness and gentleness. Her face was calm, but it was the calmness of a smooth sea—still, but not dull—quiet, but expressive. When she came down to breakfast on the morning after her arrival, all eyes were turned with anxious curiosity on the young girl who was a stranger in her father's house, but had come to take there a daughter's place. Her timid step, her likeness to Margaret, the expression of her eyes, at once dissolved all the prejudices that had been conceived against her, and when she turned from her father to Mr. Thornton, he held out both his hands to her, kissed her forehead, and said, ‘God bless you, my dear girl,’ in a tone of mingled effort and kindness. Mrs. Thornton's embrace followed, and then Walter shook hands with her with a cordiality which he had not imagined he should feel, or have been able to show. Colonel Leslie's eyes often wandered from his newspaper that morning; he did not speak much to Ginevra, but when she spoke, he listened attentively. As he saw his two daughters sitting together on a low couch in the drawing-room, before a table covered with books and work and flowers, their two pretty heads close together, Ginevra's arm round Margaret's waist, and Margaret's cheek resting on Ginevra's shoulder—as he saw their eyes fondly turning to one another, and their hands often busied at the same piece of tapestry—as he heard the sound of their young voices, and the frequent peals of Margaret's joyous laugh, he drew a deep breath, and the weight of a mountain seemed removed from his breast. That day, and the next, and the next, were spent by the sisters in the enjoyment of a new found happiness, new to both, and apparently welcome to each. There was an extraordinary similarity in their destinies; neither of them had known a mother, a brother, or a sister; and with different characters, different educations, and different previous associations, both had longed for those ties of kindred which no other affections can replace. It was a pretty sight to see Margaret wrapping a fur cloak round her pale sister, persuading her into the pony chaise, or coaxing her into the sledge, and looking at her side like a damask

rose by a lily—it was pretty to see Ginevra weave the green-house flowers, the graceful fuchsias, or the many-coloured heaths, into garlands, which each day she placed on her sister's fair brow—it was pretty to see them read together, to watch them at their Italian lessons, or with their English books before them, correcting each other's mistakes with childish pleasure, and chiding each other in sport—or in the old library when the twilight was closing, the shutters yet open, and the fire burning brightly, to hear Ginevra sing the songs of her own land, while Margaret sat at her feet, and warbled a second, as she caught the melody of those wild strains.

“‘Sister,’ the eldest would say, as they sat up at night in each other's rooms, ‘sister, we must travel very fast over our past lives, and be in a few days like old sisters who have always lived together.’

“And then she would tell Ginevra how happy she had been as a child, how kind everybody had been to her, how Walter Sydney had always loved her, ‘and tried to make himself into a mother, a brother,—even a sister,’ she would say, laughing at the contrast between him and the real sister she had found.

“‘You have been very happy then, always, dearest?’ the other would reply.

“‘Yes, the happiest child in the world; but I suppose a child's happiness cannot last.’

“‘Have you found that out yet, sister?’

“‘Guessed it perhaps,’ and Margaret bent her head over the flowers which she had just removed from her brow.”—vol. i. pp. 246-250.

Their early history is just as dissimilar. Margaret has lived from childhood almost without a care, the idol of her family, the spoiled pet of the entire circle in which she moved, and especially the cherished pupil and friend of one who may be regarded as, in some sense, the hero of the tale,—Walter Sydney, her father's early friend, her mother's tried and trusted companion, the confidant of all her cares and anxieties, and the guardian to whom, on her early death-bed, she entrusted as a sacred charge, the interests and the happiness of her orphan child. We have never met, in the whole course of our reading, a more delightful picture than that of Walter Sydney. It would be impossible, without far exceeding our limits, and indeed without anticipating much of the pleasure which is to be derived from a perusal of the tale, to give a full idea of his character, much less of his history. For the purpose of enabling the reader to understand the extracts which we shall have occasion to make, it will be enough to hint, that the fidelity

with which Walter has discharged the trust confided to him, and the affectionate anxiety with which he has watched over his young charge, has proved fatal to his own fears. Despite of the disparity of years, of his own disadvantages of person, and the philosophy within which he has endeavoured to entrench himself, he has gradually found the almost paternal affection with which he had hitherto regarded his young charge transform itself into a more tender feeling; and the exceeding beauty of his character lies in the thoroughly unselfish and heroic constancy with which he struggles against and suppresses this attachment, because he regards it as one which could not bring to Margaret the happiness to which her youth, her beauty, and her excellence entitle her.

As a sample of the authoress's views on the great social duties, and on the spirit in which they should be discharged, we are tempted to extract one passage descriptive of the lessons which Walter sought to impart to his young pupil.

"He taught her that self-denial practised in secret, and pangs endured in silence for conscience' sake, no less deserve the palm of martyrdom than the courage that carries a man to the scaffold or the stake. He illustrated his meaning by various examples; he called her attention to those heroic actions which are sometimes performed by the poor with such sublime simplicity, such unconscious magnanimity. For instance, he made her read and compare the historical record of the noble answer of Louis XII. of France, when in the presence of an applauding court, he pronounced that sentence, which has been handed down to an admiring posterity, 'It is not for the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans;' with the police reports of an obscure trial in the newspaper of the day, in which a poor collier bruised and disfigured by a cruel assault, begged off his brutal enemy all punishment, and refused all pecuniary compensation, simply urging that the man had a wife and children and could not well spare the money, and that he would himself take it as great favour if the magistrate would *pass it over*;\* and he asked her if the monarch's deed was not of those that have indeed their own reward on earth, and the collier's did not number among those which are laid up as treasure in Heaven—there, where the rust of human applause does not dim, and the moth of human vanity does not consume their merits, and forestall their recompense? The virtues of the poor!—Their countless trials!—Their patient toil!—Their sublime because unknown

\* See a similar example in a trial in the *Times*. September, 1844.

and unrequited sacrifices! History does not record them. Multitudes do not applaud them. The doers of such deeds travel on their weary journey through life, and go down to their graves, unknown, unnoticed, though perchance not unwept by some obscure sufferers like themselves; but a crown is laid up for them, there—where many first shall be last, and many last shall be first! Wearied creatures who after working all day with aching head perhaps, or a low fever consuming them, creep out at night to attend on some neighbour more wretched than themselves, and carry to them a share of their own scanty meal. Mothers who toil all day, and nurse at night sickly and peevish children. Men, who with the racking cough of consumption, and the deadly languor of disease upon them, work on, and strive and struggle and toil, till life gives way. Parents whose children cry to them for food when they have none to give. Beings tempted on every side, starved into guilt, baited into crime;—who still resist, who do *not* kill, who do *not* steal, who do *not* take the wages of iniquity, who do *not* curse and slander—and who, if they do *not* covet, are indeed of those of whom ‘the world is not worthy.’ And *we*—*we* the self-indulgent—we the very slaves of luxury and ease—we who can hardly bear a toothache or a sleepless night; *we* go among the poor, and (if they are *that* to be which, must require a higher stretch of virtue than we have ever contemplated) give them a nod of approval, or utter a cold expression of approbation. They have done their duty, and had they *not* done it, had they fallen into the thousand snares which poverty presents, had the pale mother snatched for the famishing child a morsel of food, had the sorely-tempted and starving girl pawned for one day the shirt in her keeping, stern Justice would have overtaken them, and Mercy closed her ears to their cries. And if they have *not* transgressed the law of the land, but for a while given over the struggle in despair, and sat down in their miserable garrets with fixed eyes and folded arms, and resorted to the temporary madness of gin, or the deadly stupor of laudanum, then *we* (who into our very homes often admit men whose whole lives are a course of idleness and selfish excess,) turn from them in all the severity of our self-righteousness; and on the wretched beings who perhaps after years of secret struggles yield at last—not to passion, not to vanity, but to *hunger*,—with despair in their heart and madness in their brain,—*we* direct a glance, which *we* *dare* not cast on guilt and depravity when it meets us in our crowded drawing-rooms, in all the pomp and circumstance of guilty prosperity.”—vol. i. pp. 19-23.

There is more of Christian philosophy in the following conversation, more truthful dissection of motives, and more fearless laying bare of the impulses under which, even unconsciously, the best of us are disposed to act, than is ordinarily met outside of the profound and search-

ing books of spiritual instruction which the great masters of the ascetic life have left; and yet it is conveyed in a guise in which even the most tepid will receive it with interest.

“‘You must confess them before I can correct them,’ answered Walter, with a smile. Margaret looked a *little* graver than usual, and folded her arms, as she stood at the end of the couch exactly opposite to Walter.

“‘I could not bear you to think ill of me,’ she said at last; and after a pause added, with a forced laugh, ‘and shall not, therefore, choose you for my confessor.’

“An hour afterwards, after entangling further some very entangled knitting, with a desperate pull, which served to bring matters to a crisis, she asked—

“‘Walter, do you think it a great fault to wish *passionately* to be liked, praised, and loved?’

“‘No; not a great fault in itself, but a dangerous taste, and if it grows into a passion, not seldom a fatal one.’

“After a pause, seeing that she remained silent, he continued—

“‘But is it *all* praise you care about? Is it the affection of anyone or everyone that you covet?’

“‘Not alike,’ she replied; ‘but none comes amiss. I like the house-dog to wag his tail at my approach. Cousin Mary’s baby to throw his arms round my neck when I kiss him. I like kind, loving faces about me; and I hate a cold, stern look, as I do a dark and gloomy day. I wish to be loved, as I wish the sun to shine upon me. As a sunless world, so would a loveless life be to me! Walter, can you fancy a more unhappy being than one whom nobody loved?’

“‘Yes; one who loved no one.’

“‘Would that be worse, do you think? Can love be its own reward?’

“Walter opened a volume that was lying by his side, and read out loud the following beautiful passage from one of Scott’s novels:—

“‘Her thoughts were detached from the world, and only visited it, with an interest like that which guardian-spirits take for their charge, in behalf of those with whom she lived in love, or of the poor whom she could serve and comfort—’

“‘That is like *you*,’ said Margaret, as he closed the book; ‘and that is the sort of love you would feel for others. I shall never be so unselfish.’”—vol. i. pp. 123-125.

The life of the Italian sister has not been so uniformly calm and unruffled. The departure of her beloved uncle, Father Francesco, (who exchanges the sweets of home and



of the society of his early friends for the labours and anxieties of a foreign missionary,) the declining health of his only surviving relative, the artist Leonardo, and the prolonged absence of her father, whom she loves with all the tenderness and all the ardour of her Italian nature, have inured her early to sorrow, and to that chastened temperament which Christian sorrow never fails to induce; but a still more decisive step has introduced her, while she is still almost a girl, to all the troubles and all the cares of life. Edmund Neville, a young Irish gentleman, a Protestant, and the son of an inveterate orangeman, who has vowed to disinherit him if he should marry into a Catholic family, visits Verona, becomes passionately attached to Ginevra, and wins her young affections by the ardour and enthusiasm of his love. Concealing or extenuating the difficulties which lie in the way of his forming an alliance with a Catholic, he proposes a hasty marriage, without consulting either Ginevra's father or his own; and the anxiety of her uncle Leonardo, who feels his last end rapidly drawing near, and is nervously anxious to secure a protector for her before he should be himself withdrawn, induces her to forego all her own scruples and fears, and to yield a reluctant consent to Edmund's proposal. Soon after the marriage a letter arrives from his mother, written in consequence of a rumour of the intended marriage having reached his family, and assuring him of his father's unalterable determination of disinheriting him in case he should take the obnoxious step of marrying a Catholic. Too weak to brave his father's displeasure, Edmund, after a vain effort to induce Ginevra to renounce her faith as a Catholic, is tempted into further concealment, and in an evil hour, Ginevra, against all her better feelings and instincts, consents to this painful and disastrous course. Meanwhile her father has resolved on returning to England, and writes to express his desire that she should meet him as soon after his arrival as might be possible.

It is in the near prospect of this reunion that the story opens.

The course of the narrative will easily be anticipated. Margaret meets Neville in entire ignorance of all that has occurred, is interested by his character, so different from all with which she had previously been acquainted, and in the end falls in love with him, and persuades herself that her affection is returned.

This is a hard trial for poor Walter—both for his own sake, and because he fears that the character of Neville is not one which could bring happiness to Margaret.

“Walter had suffered much from his childhood upward, in the midst of what, to all appearance, would have been deemed a calm and prosperous life. With many sources of enjoyment in his pursuits, and in his tastes, he had seldom met with sympathy in others, and there had been in his breast a store of ardent and passionate feelings which had never found full scope. He had learnt that lesson which either softens or hardens a man’s heart—that in his strongest affections he must not expect a return, that his life must be one continual self-sacrifice, and his own happiness consist in the happiness of others—he had early learnt this lesson, and well did he take it to heart; long and steadily did he practise it. To guard Margaret Leslie from the least touch of evil, and, if possible, of sorrow—to watch that the breath of heaven played not too roughly on her cheek, or not a stone lay in her path that he could remove—had been the aim and the joy of his existence. He often forced himself in calm self-discipline to scan his feelings, to interrogate the past, and anticipate the future. He thought of her marriage, he pictured her to himself in the enjoyment of domestic happiness—in the performance of domestic duties—and he could breathe an ardent prayer that he might thus see her, and never wish to be more than her friend unless, years hence, her affections should be blighted, her heart chilled, or her spirit broken. Then would be his time; then—then—he would bind up these wounds, and pour into them the balm of a love that had known no change, and warm what the cold breath of the world had chilled, at the undying flame kindled in silence and nurtured in self-devotion; he had no fear that five or ten or twenty years could dim its brightness or subdue its ardour. There was one question that Walter often asked himself in his stern self-examinations—why was it that, if indeed he had no hope for himself, and no care but for her happiness—why, when she sat by Neville, and looked into his face as if the destiny of her life was written in his glance, and she lived only in the sunshine of his presence—why did he, so resigned and self-forgetting, long to tear her away from him, to thrust him aside, and to clasp her to his own heart, as a bird rescued from the snare of the fowler? He fought with himself—he struggled in silence—he forced himself, in imagination, to place her hand in Neville’s, to think of her as Neville’s wife; but an imperious, overpowering, inward voice seemed to forbid him, even in thought, to sanction this marriage; and, in old Walter’s heart, there were conflicts sustained which were little dreamt of by those who saw him engaged with his architectural designs, or his benevolent schemes, or, as at the moment we are speaking of, with the leading article of the ‘Times’ newspaper.”—vol. i. pp. 260-263.

Ginevra arrives in England. Neville and she, with all the former necessity of concealment, meet under her father's roof. The struggle is described with exceeding skill and power; but we shall not venture to dwell upon it. Another effort to induce Ginevra to profess herself a Protestant is equally unsuccessful; and the difficulties of their position are deepened by the death of Neville's father, and by his will, in which he formally disinherits Edmund "if he shall marry or declare a marriage with a Catholic."

Meanwhile new trials beset Ginevra from another quarter. Her sister soon discovers through all their efforts at concealment, evidences of a secret understanding between Neville and Ginevra; and despite the affection and the unbounded confidence with which she has regarded her, is unable to reject the most painful and unworthy suspicions, which are suggested by a malicious friend who had known Ginevra in Italy. The impossibility of explanation in which she is placed is a sore trial to Ginevra; but the truth and purity of her character soon countervail in her sister's mind the array of circumstances which had seemed to impeach her. The remaining part of Margaret's history is comparatively of minor interest: and it will be enough to say that the struggle which she has undergone gives her strength to forget the affection she had begun to cherish for Neville, and to give her heart in all its fulness to the guardian of her childhood and friend of her youth, the "old Walter," who had loved her so silently and disinterestedly.

The main interest of the story, therefore, rests with Ginevra. Her husband having once placed himself in the false position of denying his marriage by taking possession of his inheritance, is unable to summon up courage to retrace his steps. He rejects the advances made by his sister, to whom the estate had been bequeathed in case of his violating the condition required by his father; imputes to her the most unworthy and ungenerous motives; and stakes his whole prospects upon the hope, so frequently baffled before, of overcoming the constancy with which Ginevra has hitherto clung to her creed. We wish it were possible to give some idea of this portion of Lady Georgiana's volumes; but we must content ourselves with a general reference to the work itself. There is an earnestness and sincerity in the spirit which breathes through it all, that is worth all the controversial arguments which

could have been alleged to prove the sinfulness and inadmissibility of the step.

We prefer the following passage, descriptive of the agony of suspense to which poor Ginevra is condemned by the selfish weakness of her husband.

"One day that Ginevra seemed less fatigued than usual, her father persuaded her to go and dine with a friend of his, who had a villa in the Regent's Park. There was to be some music in the evening, and he pressed her very much to make the exertion. She consented, for Margaret was engaged elsewhere, and she saw how anxious Colonel Leslie was that she should go. Mr. Elvers was a lawyer of great reputation, and his house was very much frequented by old judges and young barristers. The society at dinner that day was almost entirely legal, and Ginevra sat at dinner between a learned member of the bench and a young man who had been just called to the bar. It was refreshing to her to see a set of wholly new faces, to hear no allusions to the set of persons with whom she had recently associated, and she conversed with her neighbours with more ease and cheerfulness than she had experienced for some time past. There are moments of strange relief to all suffering, mental as well as physical, and this Ginevra now experienced. One of her neighbours interested her very much by accounts of various strange trials, which had come under his notice during a late circuit, and her earnest attention and intelligent remarks rivetted him to her side during the rest of the evening. She was sitting by the window, and two or three other persons joined her and her new friend, and the conversation became general. After discussing with some animation a case of poisoning, they adverted to the subject of a disputed property in the county of Essex, and Mr. Ausdon, Ginevra's new acquaintance, eagerly maintained, that under the terms of the will, on which the question turned, there could be no doubt of what the verdict would be. Some one questioned that the words were correctly quoted, and in support of his superior acquaintance with the exact tenor of the will, he mentioned that he had been to examine it at Doctor's Commons, 'where, by the way,' he added, 'I read through that strange will of one of the Nevilles of Clantoy.'

"'What will?' asked Mr. Ausdon.

"'That will by which the only son is disinherited if he marries a Catholic.'

"'So much for Protestant liberality,' said Mr. Ausdon.

"'O! on that score,' replied the other, 'the Papists themselves have no right to complain.'

"A young man, who had not yet spoken, passed his hands through his hair, gazed at the opposite looking-glass, and said,

"'O! I know that Neville; the son, I mean; he is a capital fellow, but very extravagant. He ran through as many thousands as

he had lived years, before he came to the estate. It was reported that he had married a Catholic abroad.'

"'What did he do with his wife then—burked her somewhere, or gagged her?' said Mr. Ausdon.

"'No, no; upon my word, that's all nonsense. I have known him all my life. He would not do a shabby thing.'

"'Shabby!' said the gentleman who had seen the will; 'you might as well call a man's picking your pocket shabby. It would be a downright fraud.'

"'Why, it serves his father's purpose if the Catholic wife is suppressed.'

"'But there is a sister, my dear sir; a sister, whose right to the estate would, in that case, be good in law, though you may think it founded on a most abominable injustice.'

"'O, there is a sister in the case, is there? A Miss, or a Mrs. somebody?'

"'Miss Neville; a very amiable person, I am told, who will be well worth looking after if this invisible wife should ever turn up.'

"'Well, I declare, I think it would be too much to expect of him that he should ruin himself by acknowledging his marriage; but, if it really is true, how he must have bullied the wife to keep her quiet!'

"Mr. Ausdon looked rather contemptuously at the last speaker, and, turning to Ginevra, said,

"'Can you imagine, or excuse a man, keeping such a secret under such circumstances?'

"It was impossible for her to speak; she turned abruptly away, and at that moment the first notes of a loud bravura interrupted the conversation, and with her arm resting on the back of the piano-forte, her head on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the singers, as if she was riveted by their performance, she revolved in her mind the new impression which that hour had conveyed to her mind."—vol. iii. pp. 115-119.

As a contrast with this painful scene we may as well present a sketch of a very different character, and one which presents the authoress in an entirely new light. There are few who will not recollect among the circle of their acquaintances an original for most of the traits of this inimitably graphic portrait.

"Colonel Leslie's sister, Mrs. Wyndham, was a widow, and one of those persons whom most people like, without exactly being able to assign a reason, for she was rather too much engrossed with worldly amusements to suit the thoughtful in character, and the strict in principle. She was not wise or witty, or quiet enough to be an agreeable, or even wholly untroublesome member of society.

She was not kind enough to put herself much out of the way for the sake of others, nor generous enough to render them very important services. But she was always in good spirits, always glad to see her friends, always ready to promote their pleasures. She had a pleasant laugh, an undisturbable good humour, an agreeable way of shaking hands, exceedingly comfortable arm-chairs, nice books, with paper-cutters in them, on her tables, enough of luxury in her house for enjoyment, and not too much for show. She never said disagreeable things to people, nor of them to others, except to those to whom it happened at the moment to be peculiarly acceptable. She had not been often at Grantley, and of her brother had hardly ever seen anything since the days of their early youth. She was delighted, however, at the idea of his coming to town, and complained with rapture of the fatigue it would be to take out her two nieces. She told everybody that they were *coming out*, and that girls were so unmerciful at first in their exactions about sitting up at balls, that she expected to be quite knocked up before the end of the year. Maud Vincent, to whom she was holding forth on the subject, could scarcely repress a smile as she thought of the two sisters, and especially the pale Ginevra, being supposed to pine for a succession of London balls; but she, too, felt an intense impatience for their arrival. No subject had ever excited her curiosity so much as the state of feeling in that family, and she longed to observe the attitude of those two sisters in society."—vol. ii. pp. 249-251.

It would be a pity not to present Mrs. Wyndham in another phase.

"This conduct on her part, joined to the emotion which some casual expression sometimes caused her—to the agitation which he had sometimes noticed in her manner and in her countenance, without being able to assign it a cause—had given him hopes that she reciprocated his attachment; and on the preceding evening he had confided these hopes to Mrs. Wyndham, and intreated her to interest herself in his favour. To be made the confidant in an affair of this kind was one of the happiest incidents in her life; and actually to be the chaperon on the occasion when a proposal might be anticipated, almost turned her head with joy and excitement. Her great object in persuading Margaret to go to the breakfast had been that she might have conversed incessantly with her as they drove to Rosewood, and have thus left the lovers, as she designated them already, in peace and comfort on the opposite side of the carriage; but this scheme failing, she vainly sought for some mode of suppressing herself altogether—of annihilating herself for the time being. She would have liked to *faire la morte*, like her own spaniel, or to have been for an hour—

'In second childishness and mere oblivion.'

But it would not do; she could not offer to shut her eyes and her ears, or to go to sleep or read the 'Court Guide;' the two last expedients she attempted, but it did not help on matters; and in this unsatisfactory state of mind she remained till they reached Rosewood, and joined the numerous groups of people who were already assembled on the lawn.

"A band of music was playing in one place, some Swiss peasants singing in another, children dressed as children should not be—that is, so smartly, that they ought not to tear their clothes; and yet scampering about happily, doing exactly what they should not have done, with their lace frocks and gauze bonnets—were running round and round between people's feet. Girls were sitting talking as if talk was the business of life; and men standing about, as if to be bored was the inevitable condition of humanity, from which they sought no refuge and no escape. Some mothers, anxious about their daughters' parasols being up and their veils down; others pursuing their younger offspring through bushes and beds of flowers; some full of hopes and schemes, others full of weariness and heart-sickness; some anxious about themselves or curious about others; a few enjoying themselves in the pure air, in the gay scene, with the joyous music and the romping children—happy in the sight of happiness, and confronting with their radiant smiles some of those careworn visages—

'As rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain  
Meet in the sky.'"—vol. iii. pp. 64-67.

But we must proceed with the story. Distracted between her sense of duty to herself and to her father, and the promise of secrecy exacted by her husband, as well as her concern for his honour and his happiness, which she looks upon as compromised, the broken-spirited wife seeks comfort and counsel in the ordinances to which her religion has taught her to look in the hour of trial. Nothing could be more beautiful than the description of her feelings in entering upon the spiritual retreat, which she undertakes as a means of questioning her own heart, and seeking strength from on high to follow what it shall dictate.

"When she entered her little room, its simple arrangement, and its various religious ornaments, reminded her of her Italian home; and the sacred Litanies chanted by the nuns—the same which, from her infancy upwards, she had loved to join in, wherever a humble choir of wandering peasants, or of home-bound children, recited them before some wayside image of the Blessed Virgin—carried her back to the days of her childhood, and awoke in her heart a fervent gratitude, that her faith had made no shipwreck in



the midst of the storms which had beset it. Who can describe what the language of the Church is to a Catholic—the type of its universality, the badge of its unity! That voice, reaching unto all lands, and speaking to all hearts! uttering the same well-known accents in the gorgeous temples of the south, and the Gothic shrines of the north, as in the rustic chapel or in the mountain cave, where persecuted worshippers meet in secret. At every altar, in every sanctuary, each sacred rite and solemn hour claim the words of sacred import, which fall on the ear of the stranger and the wanderer, at once as a whisper from his home, and a melody of Heaven.

“Ginevra’s eyes filled with tears as she joined in the well-known responses, but they were tears that relieved the heart and brain; not like some that she had shed a few days before, when each scalding drop seemed to record the disgrace of one she loved, and whose name she must one day bear in sorrow or in joy, in honour or in shame.”—Vol. iii. pp. 136-38.

While she remains in the convent the crisis of her fate arrives. Among the trials to which she had been subjected, not the least painful were the constant surmises which she was compelled to hear in society, as to the probability of a marriage between Neville and a certain brilliant widow, who was said to employ all her attractions for the purpose of enslaving him. These surmises at length appear to acquire a fearful reality. A poor client calls upon her at the convent, to tell her that her husband has gotten a place with a new master, who is about to be married and go abroad; and places in her hands the letter which he had written to announce this intelligence. The first words which meet Ginevra’s eye are the following:

“My new master is Mr. Neville. I saw him and settled with him last night at Mivart’s Hotel; you know *that* Mr. Neville, who was staying at Grantley Manor when I went there with Mr. Warren; it was all along of him that I got the place. He is going to be married to-morrow at St. George’s, Hanover Square, and I am to be there at half-past eleven, with the carriage that is to take him and his wife to Hastings——”

“At that moment, the clock was striking ten at the neighbouring parish church.

“Mivart’s Hotel!—Mr. Neville—Grantley Manor—marriage—St. George’s—that very day—that hour—the date—yesterday—going abroad!”

“Oh, there is strength in the human frame when terror awakens it.” There is a might in the feeble limbs when despair lends them speed. Weights have been lifted—walls have been scaled—bolts

have been wrenched by the weak hands of women, when love and fear have made them strong; and she too can struggle, she too can fly, she too can reach that spot, lift up her voice at that altar, or die at its foot! She did not faint, she did not tremble now, she did not even turn pale. She gave the child to its mother, and drew her shawl over her breast, as if she had been cold. The thermometer was at eighty, and the sun shining on her at the time. She stared at Giovanni's wife for a second as if about to speak, and then darted out of the door, and into the lane that led to the London Road. She walked—she ran—she flew along the dusty foot-path. She was cold and shivered, but her head was burning. An omnibus passed, in a minute she was inside. Then the intensity of suffering began. While she walked it had not been so acute; now the horses crawled along, while the fever raged in her veins. The coachman stopped for another passenger. She went almost mad. Each impediment, each delay, sent the blood to her head with violence, and then with a sickening revulsion back again to her heart. The crimson spot on her cheek grew deeper and deeper; the brilliancy of her eyes vanished, a dull film spread over them. She knew, or felt, or saw nothing, but that a crime was about to be committed, that she was dying, and that the road was lengthening before her. The fixity of her purpose guiding her, the intensity of fear paralysing her, the dreadful strength of agony supporting her, she went on, each second a minute, each minute an hour, that hour an eternity of suffering. The driver stopped again; she clenched her hands together and wrung them. 'Are you wanting to get on? What's the matter wi' you?' said a rough man by her side. She did not answer, but he looked into her face and saw that the delay was killing her. 'Have you money to pay for a cab? It would take you faster?' They were just passing a stand. She rushed out, was asked for the fare, and put her purse into the driver's hand. He took out a shilling, and gave it back to her, but shook his head, and touched his forehead with a significant gesture as she passed him. She sprung into a cab, gave the coachman a sovereign, and said, in a scarcely audible tone, and then, when not understood, in a loud startling manner—'To St. George's, Hanover Square!' and, crouching at the bottom of the carriage with her head against the front seat, she prayed not to be too late—that prayer which has no form, no words, no cry, nothing but a silent wrestling for mercy—the struggle of a great agony which God sees and hears. Her sufferings drew to a close. Flashes of light seemed to pass before her eyes. Strange sounds mingled in her ears with the distant growling of the thunder. An unnatural strength seemed to animate her. She began to speak in a loud voice, and was conscious that she did so, and yet could not stop. She knew not where she was. Earth seemed passed away, Time to be no more. The carriage stopped—she sprung out—passed through the portal into the church—gazed wildly

down the nave—tried to speak, to move, to scream, for he stood at the altar; she could not—she gasped—she stretched out her arms. He turned—he saw her—he knew her—he was with her—her arm was drawn in his—and through the crowd they darted away across the square towards Oxford-street, unconscious where they were, unconscious of what they were doing. He pressed her arm to his heart, but the mute caress was not returned; he spoke to her in short broken sentences, and no answer passed her lips; still she kept up with him, and walked on with her eyes bent on the ground. He asked, at last, in dreadful agitation, 'Ginevra! do you hear me?' She stared at him and said 'Yes.' 'Where have you been?—where do you come from?—will you not answer me, Ginevra?' Still she said 'Yes,' in that same strange voice, and gazed on him with the same fixed dull look as before. He turned very pale. A horrible thought occurred to him; one of those thoughts which freeze a man's blood in his veins and make a cold sweat start on his brow; and the while, they stood in one of those crowded London thoroughfares, jostled by hundreds of busy hurrying passers-by—brought together he knew not how—an unnatural silence between them—his mind unable to contemplate the next step to be taken—and still they walked on, and still she spoke not. It was as if her spectre was accompanying him. He addressed her again in words of supplication, and still she answered 'Yes,' in that deep unnatural tone. He grew almost frantic. 'She is mad—she is mad,' he said to himself. He felt it; he knew it; *he* had driven her mad!"—Vol. iii. pp. 177-83.

With this powerful passage we shall close our analysis of the tale. The reader must be content to unravel the sequel of the plot for himself, though we think it is but common charity to relieve his anxiety by a general assurance that the close is not the least consoling portion of the story.

We cannot conclude, however, without transcribing one other extract,—an exposition of the true principles of Catholic charity, and of the true spirit in which it loves to display itself. Would that our poor people had many a Ginevra to feel for their wants, and to let them feel that the sympathy which is tendered is the sympathy of a sister, not of a patroness—of a fellow member of Christ's Body, not of a being of a different race, in whom kindness is condescension, and charity is but a modification of self-love and pride!

"The idea had never even occurred to her, that it was possible to *visit the poor* in the spirit of harsh dictation and arrogant superiority, which at one time seemed prevalent amongst us, as if their

poverty gave us, in itself, a right to invade their houses, to examine into their concerns, and to comment and animadvert on their conduct in a manner which we would not ourselves endure from our best friends. It is long before we practically learn, though many among us are learning it by slow degrees, that we should respect the poor, and count it an honour and a blessing to have them 'always with us' as our Lord told us we should—to cast aside our refinement, our sensitiveness, our delicacy, and our false shame, and perform real offices of love to the poor, not as a matter of display or effort (though there may, and must be, some effort in it at first), but as the natural result of our belief in Christ's words, and our trust in his promises. This was the spirit that made Ginevra's charity so particularly acceptable to the poor, and suffering; it was tender and affectionate, and it was so without constraint. It was as natural to her to take on her knees one of the washer-woman's ragged children, or to kiss the pale forehead of her sick daughter, as it would have been to caress one of Lady Dorrington's little boys, or to embrace Mrs. Warren after an absence of some weeks; and who can measure the amount of sympathy, and of consolation, comprised in those small details, which insensibly tell on the spirits of the sad and the suffering? The advance of civilization the progress of worldly affairs, are gradually tending to a greater assimilation between the different classes of society; but the political barriers may vanish, and the social ones may remain in full force, and even with far more offensive stringency than ever, if the reserve, (it cannot, in all cases, be called the pride) of wealth is suffered to remain in unabated vigour. The real source of influence is sympathy; the only means of exercising it is through sympathy; and we may bestow alms without end, and have societies without number, and see no results from our gifts and our labours, till we reach the hearts of the poor—and strange hearts they would be, if the distant nod, and the formal investigations, and the measured terms in which we are wont to address them, were to win them to us and to our objects! 'Man does not live by bread alone,' is a sentence which has a meaning even short of its highest spiritual sense; there is a germ of feeling in the human breast which springs into existence in the sunshine of another's sympathy, though for years, perhaps, it may have lain cold, and apparently dead, till some have even doubted its existence. But it is worth seeking for in the most unpromising soils; it is a flower which God has planted, and we may find it blossoming in the midst of apparent barrenness, like the Alpine rose in the depths of the glaciers."—Vol. iii. pp. 171-74.

Such is "Grantley Manor." We do not mean, of course, to represent it as a perfectly faultless performance; but the drawbacks upon the praise which we have be-

stowed are so few and inconsiderable, that we have not heart to mar the pleasure of criticism by dwelling upon them in detail. They regard rather the general arrangement of the plot, than the execution of its several parts; and with a mind so cultivated and a taste so refined as those of the gifted authoress, a little more practice in novel-making will, we doubt not, do more to correct those defects than volumes of criticism could hope to accomplish. If all novels were composed in the spirit which breathes through every line of "Grantley Manor," the critic would soon be released from all responsibility as to the most important and most anxious department of his duty,—that of guardian of the moral and religious principles of the Literature of Fiction.

---

ART. XI.—1. *The Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the Time of George III.* By LORD BROUGHAM, &c. Dr. Johnson. Charles Knight and Co., London.

2.—*The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.* By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL. 8vo. Burns: London. 1847.

"BOSWELL'S Life of Johnson," emphatically declares no incompetent judge, Mr. Macaulay, in reviewing the book, "is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has distanced all his competitors," &c. Such, too, is the general opinion, maintained from its origin in unimpaired favour now after the lapse of half-a-century. It truly is a work of pre-eminent excellence in its line, unsurpassed, or rather, as just stated, unrivalled.

" ——— Nihil majus generatur ipso;  
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."

For, surely, the meagre collections of anecdotes and pointed sayings, known under the designation of *Ana*,—not even the best of them, the *Ménagiana*, so enriched by La Monnoye's supplemental tomes; nor Luther's "Collo-

quia.....in mensa prandii et cœnæ observata, et fideliter transcripta;" nor Selden's "Table-Talk," nor Eckermann's "Gespräche" (or Conversations) with Goëthe, can enter into competition with it. And yet this remarkable book is the composition of a writer represented to us as of slenderest endowments, weak even to silliness, and the consequent mark of ridicule to his associates; a contrast of act and mind, and discordance of cause and effect, seldom, if ever, so signally exemplified,—unless we place in parallel the noble discoveries in science and the healing art, assignable, we know, to the seemingly least adequate or most incongruous of agencies. To these volumes, however, of such an author, so immeasurably, in appearance, unequal to the performance, will Johnson's fame be mainly indebted for its enduring freshness of preservation through succeeding ages; and as his dictionary must ever be the model and basis of all similar undertakings in our language, so this compilation will continue to be the supplying mine of every essayed notice of his life. Any new attempt, indeed, except in an abridged form, would necessarily be superfluous and uncalled for, exhausted as every source of direct information now is; for little was contributed even by the late prolix memoirs of Madame D'Arblay, the last survivor of the writers admitted to Johnson's familiar converse. The work, as at present published, embodies all the observations or recollections of the friends or acquaintances of Johnson; but if hopeless of further accession of personal anecdote, it still leaves ample room for the elucidation of unexplained, or correction of misrepresented facts, in the existing text and commentaries. This is the pretensionless object of our assumed task on the present occasion; for the Rev. Mr. Russell, as well as Lord Brougham, present nothing of incident, and little of view, additional in interest to what we previously and redundantly possessed. His lordship, indeed, scarcely recognizes a blemish in his friend, Mr. Croker's labours; so that, in various instances of obscurity or inaccuracy in the narrative and notes, the reader is suffered yet to remain in the dark, or in error,—a defect which we shall endeavour to remove, as more especially required in a book of such extensive circulation and general instruction.

One of the most popular branches of literature is biography. Scarcely does the grave close on a person of eminence

in any department of society without exciting an impatient desire for the record of his acts and sentiments,—a desire no sooner expressed than sure to be followed, from fond or speculative motives, by its accomplishment. Since the personal details transmitted to us of Socrates by his disciples, Plato and Xenophon, up to this passing day, these ever prompt memorials have accumulated to thousands; because in their singleness of object, and contracted sphere of consideration, they are at once and easily embraced in fulness of view, often likewise retracing to the reader's memory various impressive analogies of position or self-feeling, while the wider field of general history demands a larger stretch of mental appliance, which is not unfrequently strained to painful exertion, in order to combine varied scenes in consistent association. But in this extensive range of biography, what publication can vie in vivid effect with Boswell's volumes, and the mass of diversified and entertaining instruction, of deeply inculcated moral lessons, and of striking delineations of social life, spread in teeming abundance over their compass? Truly fortunate, indeed, was Johnson in the acquaintance and admiration of so singular a person; for in whom else could he have found so searching an enquirer, or faithful reporter of his movements, principles, or feelings, and we may add, of his wayward habits, prejudices, and faults of temper—an ordeal from which few would, on the whole, emerge less scathed? Boswell suffered nothing to escape his deep-probing curiosity, to slip his recollection, or divert his attention, in drawing this portraiture, which reflects as in a mirror, so true is it to nature, every lineament, mental or physical, of his idolized original. He has, in fact, left us a photographic representation, as we may truly call it, of our great moralist; and most suitable to him are the expressions of M. Daillé, introductory to the *Scaligeriana*: “Ea est in istos litteratorum heroas præpostera religio et quædam idolomania, ut ne verbum quidem excidere patiatur, quod non avidè colligat, et inter preciosissima κειμήλια sedulo recondat.” But happy as Johnson was in his biographer, the latter was not less so in the subject of his elaboration; for of Johnson we are told by Sir John Hawkins, another contributor to his garland of fame, that “One who had long known him observed: In general you may tell what the man to whom you are speaking



will say next. This you cannot do of Johnson; his images, his allusions, his great powers of ridicule throw the appearance of novelty upon the most common conversation." (Life, &c., by Hawkins, page 211.) Literary records, indeed, would be vainly searched for an example of richer imagination, or of more diversified forms of thought and expression, than distinguished his familiar intercourse; though the names of many persons eminent in brilliancy of discourse are transmitted to us, both of our own and other countries.

Confining, we repeat, our consideration of Mr. Boswell's achievement principally to such special circumstances, as from their obscurity or misstatement may demand illustration or animadversion, we shall lightly touch on the generally well-known or personal events of Johnson's life. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller at Lichfield, where the son was born the 18th of September, 1709. When three years old, he was taken to London to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne, of whom he retained an infantine remembrance as of a lady in diamonds, with a black hood; but the disorder yielded not to the royal exorcist, a failure seemingly attributed by Boswell to the error of application; for the child, he observed, should have been carried farther, that is, to Rome, then the residence of the Pretender, Anne's brother, who, as the chief of the Stuarts, was supposed to be alone invested with the curative faculty. In 1728, Johnson entered Pembroke College, at Oxford, where his poverty exposed him to some galling humiliations. Thus, a benevolent person, we are told, having left at his chamber-door a pair of shoes, obviously required by the condition of those which he wore, he indignantly threw them away, "possibly," adds Boswell, "considering his ascetic disposition at times, also on the principle of superstitious mortification; as we learn from Turselinus in his Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, that this intrepid founder of the Order of the Jesuits, persisted in wearing his miserable shattered shoes when he arrived at Goa, after having made a severe pilgrimage through the Eastern deserts, and when some new ones were offered him, he rejected them as an unsuitable indulgence." But here we must remark that the parallel thus adduced is utterly misapplied as to the person, for the founder of the Jesuits never was in the East beyond Jerusalem, and it was not of St. Ignatius Loyola

that the biographer relates the anecdote. It was of his disciple, and glorious missionary, St. Francis Xavier, distinguished as the Apostle of the Indies.\* The book, remarkable for its classical latinity, was first printed at Rome, 1594, 4to., and was the source of Father Bouhours' abridgment, one of the Jesuits' school volumes, translated by Dryden in 1688. (See Scott's *Life of Dryden*, Section vi.) In relation to two such memorable personages as Loyola and Xavier, the comparison drawn, according to Bouhours, by the Great Condé, of their respective characters is striking in its assimilation. "St. Ignace, c'est César, qui ne fait jamais rien que pour de bonnes raisons. St. Xavier c'est Alexandre que son courage emporte quelquefois," and Condé, educated at the Jesuits' College, in the town of Bourges, though first prince of the blood, (as have been Louis Philippe's sons at the College of Henry IV.,) indiscriminately with the sons of ordinary citizens, was not only a great captain, but an accomplished man.† This blundering confusion of such celebrated persons as the founder of the Jesuits and his follower, has been entirely overlooked by Mr. Croker, Lord Brougham, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Russell, and all the editors or reviewers of Boswell.

Johnson's earliest literary essays were, as usual, in poetry. He had not long been at Oxford when he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin; and so pleased was Pope with the version, that he said, "the translator will leave it doubtful in future times, which was the original, his poem or mine;" an exaggeration of praise, borrowed from the compliment, quite as ill-merited, paid to his own version of *Homer*—

"And future ages will with wonder seek,  
Who it was translated *Homer* into Greek."

---

\* To our own honoured and wonder-working apostle, Father Mathew, we can add the "Apostle of Convicts"—L'Apôtre des Bagnes—L'Abbé Laroque, under whose reformed tuition, not less than fourteen hundred of these previously unhappy men, received communion at Brest last Easter Sunday.

† See "*Manière de bien Penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit*," page 118, a work recommended by Lord Chesterfield to his son, the 8th of February, 1750, and which made Dryden pronounce Bouhours the most penetrating of critics.

Johnson himself thought lightly of this juvenile effort; but we must remark what no commentator of Pope, to our knowledge, has noted, that the opening invocation of the Messiah—

“————— O Thou my voice inspire,  
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire,”

almost literally renders the introductory prayer to the first Gospel read at Mass, “Munda cor meum et labia mea, omnipotens Deus qui labia Isaiaē prophetæ calculo mundasti ignito.” And this impressive supplication was necessarily familiar to Pope, born in the bosom and educated by a clergyman of the Catholic Church, whose mass he must frequently if not daily have attended, or even served, when the rite could only have been celebrated in domestic privacy; but he merely refers to Isaiah, chapter vii, and to Virgil's fourth Eclogue, or Pollio. Johnson makes no reference, nor do Warburton or Wharton, to this most probable original of Pope's invocation.

In 1731, Johnson quitted Oxford without a degree, and the ensuing year he translated the Jesuit Father Jeronymo Lobo's mission to Abyssinia, but in a reduced form, from the Abbé Legrand's French version printed in 1738, 4to., and not from the original published in 1659, folio, at Coimbra, where the author died in 1678, aged 85, when rector of the University. Bruce, while largely borrowing from Lobo, depreciates his work, most unjustly, as proved by Mr. Salt; nor is Bruce less indebted to another Jesuit missionary, or less unjust to him; we mean Father Balthazar Tellez, whose “*Historia Geral de Ethiopia*,” a rare and valuable folio, appeared also at Coimbra, in 1660. “*Quidam quā plus debent, magis oderunt*,” as expressed by Seneca, (Epist. 19.) may be applied to our Abyssinian traveller, in reference to the Jesuit missionaries. Yet his own fame had also long suffered from misrepresentations. The justice so signally due, is not less fully shown to the Spanish missionaries in South America, by Mr. Prescott, more especially in his admirable *History of the Conquest of Peru*, vol. ii., *passim*.

In 1738 Johnson published his *London*, an imitation, not, as asserted by Lord Brougham, a translation of Juvenal's third satire. It appeared without his name, but Pope confidently foretold, that the author would soon be discovered, or, as he termed it, *déterré* (unearthed.) Not-

withstanding, however, its acknowledged merit, the copy-right produced him only ten guineas. His next undertaking, which was a translation of Paolo Sarpi's, or Father Paul's, "History of the Council of Trent," with Le Courayer's notes, in 1737, was quickly abandoned. For the original work and its value, we would refer to the fourth volume of Ranke's, "Die Romische Päpste," where a comparison is instituted between the celebrated Servite, and his historical opponent, the Jesuit, afterwards Cardinal Pallavicini, not much to the former's credit for veracity. A great variety of subjects for many years employed his mind, and proceeded from his pen, including numerous biographical sketches, at the requisition of the booksellers, who by no means evinced the liberality of the present day, because, of course, there were fewer readers, and less profit to themselves. He wrote the preface, and assisted in the compilation of the Harleian catalogue, for which, notwithstanding his extensive literary acquirements, he was not so well suited as many persons of far inferior faculties. It should have been committed to Maittaire; for the collection, unquestionably the most valuable ever formed by an individual up to that period, in Great Britain, or probably in Europe, was worthy of illustration by the first bibliographer of the time, who had, indeed, abundantly availed himself of its riches, in his "*Annales Typographici*," (Hagæ Comitum, 1719—25, five volumes, 4to.) a work not wholly superseded by Panzer's or other subsequent publications.—Sold to a bookseller, the library only produced £.13,000; less by £.5,000, states Dr. Dibdin, than the cost of binding even the smaller part of the books. (*Bibliomania*, p. 348.) If now exposed to public sale and competition, the proceeds, we have no doubt, would exceed ten fold what the purchaser, Tom Priestly, as he was familiarly called, paid for the collection. The second Earl of Oxford, who formed it, yielded to the passion with equal ardour to that which animated Mirabeau in the pursuit, as described by Debure in the preface to the sale catalogue after the demise of the great orator, whose most triumphant public displays *we* witnessed:—"Une âme aussi ardente que celle de Mirabeau," says Debure, "ne pouvait rien vouloir faiblement: l'acquisition d'un beau livre lui causait des transports de joie: il l'examinait, l'admirait, et voulait que chacun partageât avec lui le même enthousiasme." This celebrated personage,

who, from a declared state of insolvency, at the outset of the revolution, became possessed of a noble library, including that of Buffon, in the short interval of fifteen months, obtained, as the price of his conversion to the royal cause, covertly however, and long a secret to the public, a sum of £.60,000; an act justified by M. Thiers, (*Histoire de la Révolution*, tome i. p. 207,) on the plea advanced by Bacon in vindication of his sale of justice. The present writer was allowed an inspection of the library a few days previous to the sale, which took place in January, 1792, and well bears its contents in mind.

Johnson's imitation of Juvenal's tenth satire, under the title of "The Vanity of Human Wishes," published in 1744, was eminently successful, though it won him more praise than profit; for he was paid only fifteen guineas for it. Lord Brougham dwells, at some length, on its merits compared with those of his model, granting it the superiority in tracing the career of Charles XII. over Juvenal's characterized course of Hannibal; but he prefers the Latin poet's conclusion, and resulting moral from the ultimate fate of these warriors.—The

"——— I demens curre per Alpes,  
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias"—

appears to his lordship a more impressive and deterrent lesson than Johnson's termination of the royal Dane's vicissitude of fortune.

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Our own age has, however, presented a still more signal example of this alternation of successful and humbled ambition:—"Magna documenta instabilis fortunæ summaque et ima miscentis." (*Tacit. Histor. 4, 47.*)

But in his criticism on this poem of Johnson's, the learned peer has been found guilty of a singular misrepresentation.—At page 76 of his volume, in an elaborate review of Dryden's and Johnson's respective versions of Juvenal's lines, (357 and seqq.)

"Fortem posce animum et mortis timore carentem,  
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponit  
Naturæ"—

he gives as Johnson's translation, or rather imitation—

“For faith, that panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature’s signal of retreat”—

which two lines are preceded by another thus quoted:—  
“For Nature sovereign o’er transmuted ill,”—a verse, adds his lordship, unintelligible, and to which Dryden has nothing that corresponds. But if it be unintelligible, as, in reference to the subject, it doubtless is, it has been so made by our noble critic, who in it has substituted the word and agency of *nature*, for Johnson’s expression, perfectly appropriate to its purpose, is *patience*. Thus read: “For *patience* sovereign o’er transmuted ill,” the sense is explicit.\* His lordship obviously trusted not to his eyes, but to his memory, which has often betrayed him into error.

After writing the life of Savage, one of his best in literary, though by no means so, in judicial or impartial composition, Johnson in 1747 issued the prospectus of his English Dictionary, but it was not published till 1754. The number of words it contained amounted to 36,784, while that of the French Academy did not exceed 29,710; and their relative disproportion at this hour is about the same. Dr. Todd collected above 15,000 additional words, making together 52,000, which the American Webster increased to 70,000, advanced by his countryman Worcester to 72,000. Gilbert’s *Universal*, and the *Imperial* Dictionary, now announced, may possibly raise the figure to 100,000; for, as remarks Terentius Varo, (*De Lingua Latina*, pars prior,) “*omnis consuetudo loquendi in motu est.*” According to Sir James Macintosh, and Mr. Sharon Turner, the proportion of English words derived from the Saxon, excluding the articles and prepositions, may be about five-eighths, leaving the completing three parts to other sources, principally French, through which the Latin has generally passed to us. On a trial, however, made of 1339 words taken indiscriminately from fifteen writers, including, of course, the authorized bible, 1050 were traceable to the Saxon, and only 289 to other tongues. The result, in reference to some of these authors, will be found little correspondent to received opinions; for Johnson’s relative number of Saxon terms, 66 out of 87, exceeds Hume’s, which were 63 out of 101, or Pope’s, found

---

\* See Gentleman’s Magazine for March last.

Montesquieu's society was courted by the duchess of to be 56 out of 84, although our lexicographer's phraseology is always considered as the most alien to our original idiom. Of Gibbon, too, 49 out of 80 were of Saxon root, more in proportion than Milton's, Addison's, Swift's, or Locke's pages exhibited; but the bible presented a far larger majority of Saxon origin, not less than 125 in 130 words. Garrick's compliment to his old master, who is singly and successfully opposed to the French Academy's Forty, in comparison of their dictionaries, is happily expressed, of course in poetical licence of exaggeration.

"Talk war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,  
That one English soldier will beat ten of France.

\* \* \* \* \*

And Johnson well armed, like a hero of yore,  
Has beat forty Frenchmen, and will beat forty more."

In fact, his dictionary was far superior to that of the French Academy; and his definitions, with some few capricious exceptions, are remarkably lucid, while illustrated by apposite quotations of some of the most beautiful passages of our best authors, after the example of Forcellini and Facciolati's Latin lexicon. This is a great desideratum in the French vocabulary, but not to be objected to the Italian "*Vocabolario della Crusca*," nor to the "*Diccionario de la lengua Castellana de la Academia Real*," of Madrid. Johnson's preface is a noble production, though rather querulous in tone.\*

Not many circumstances in Johnson's lengthened career,

---

\* For which, however, he had not the same cause as Henry Stephens had in respect to his "*Thesaurus*," of which a surreptitious abridgment was made while passing through the press, by John Scapula, one of the workmen. This, from its diminished form and price, undersold his master's great work, as the epigram given by Maittaire and Fabricius so plaintively deplores:

"*Thesauri momento alii ditantque beantque,  
Et faciunt Cræsum qui prius Irus erat.  
At Thesaurus me hic ex divite facit egenum,  
Et facit ut juvenem ruga senilis aret.*"

Maittaire — *Vitæ Stephanorum*, Lond.: 1709, 8vo.,—and H. Stephani Artis Typographicæ Quærimonia, 1569, 4to.

The Irus here contrasted with Cræsus, we may passingly explain, is the *ἶσος ἀλγίτης* of the *Odyssey*  $\Sigma$  37, the beggar who encountered Ulysses in pugilistic contest.



excited Boswell's anxious curiosity more than "the celebrated letter of which so much has been said," to use his language, written by Johnson to Lord Chesterfield. Boswell had for many years, he mentions, (vol. i. p. 248,) solicited a copy of it, "that so excellent a composition should not be lost to posterity." This praise, we think, overrated its merit; but a quotation in it has been often and specially referred to by those who knew not whence it was derived: "I wished that I might boast myself, he says, *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre.*" It forms the opening line of George Scudery's long forgotten epic of "*Alaric, ou Rome Sauvée*," published in 1656, "*Je chante le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre.*" so justly ridiculed by Boileau, (*Art. Poétique* Chant iii. v. 136;) as Horace similarly derides (*Ars Poet.* 137,) the magniloquent exordium of some poetaster of his day, "*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.*" All Johnson's editors appear equally ignorant of this, his original. His reluctance to communicate the letter, Mr. Croker properly attributes to a returning and fair reflection, that its severity had been unprovoked by any competent cause.

His wife died in 1752, and in 1759 he lost his mother, two domestic visitations which deeply afflicted him. It was during this interval that he published the "*Rambler*," almost exclusively his composition, or with very few contributions, including a paper from Samuel Richardson, who, Johnson in complimentary language says, taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. He also wrote the "*Idler*," a work of more spirit, remarks Boswell, though of less body, than the *Rambler*; but neither can be favourably compared to Addison's or Steel's similar productions. It was to defray the cost of his mother's funeral that he composed his "*Rasselas*," a beautifully told and imaginative story, which, examined on every fair ground of criticism, is the not unsuccessful rival of Voltaire's *Candide*, though placed far beneath it in Lord Brougham's estimation; but his lordship's errors in the attempted comparison, have been made manifest in a former number.\*

Raised, however, as Johnson's name had now become in learned circles, in those of rank or fashion he was unseen, while in Paris, at that period, they were open, with anxious desire, to every person of literary distinction.

---

\* *Dublin Review*, No. XXXVI., p. 532.

Aiguillon, as it had equally been by Marshal Berwick. Rousseau's presence was frequent and welcomed at Marshal Luxembourg's, the chief of the Montmorencys, whose wife was the daughter and widow of two dukes and marshals; and Voltaire was the familiar acquaintance or correspondent of crowned heads and princes, as likewise was D'Alembert. Others too, of meanest birth, associated on perfectly equal terms with the highest nobility, not only in the French Academy, which by strict regulation, allowed no distinction of rank, but in general society, though occasional and humiliating exceptions, such as the Chevalier de Rohan's conduct to Voltaire, or the Count of Clermont's outrage on the poet Roy, may be cited. But in England the discriminative line was far more difficult of passage; and though, from continental mixture, it is now more easily surmounted, there still continues a wide bar of separation which parliamentary fame or the transcendent renown of a Walter Scott, can alone wholly remove. Fortune, however, now benignantly smiled on Johnson, who received a pension of £300 a year in 1762 from the royal bounty, which at once dispelled all fears of recurrent penury, and placed at his command every requisite comfort. The following year Boswell was introduced to him, and in 1765, he happily became acquainted with the Thrale family;—events each respectively of signal influence on the well-being of his surviving years.

In 1767, Johnson had the honour of an interview with George III, in which he conducted himself with acknowledged propriety. He was profoundly respectful, but neither abashed in manner, nor meanly cowed in the expression of his required opinions on any subject. He subsequently took the Government side in several political pamphlets, but certainly more from personal conviction than moved by mercenary influence, though probably in grateful retribution of the royal liberality; but however admired while the topics were of living interest, even such compositions as the "False Alarm," and "Thoughts, &c., respecting the Falkland Islands," were necessarily of evanescent effect; and the Letters of Junius are, in this kind, a solitary exception to the general rule. His style, so apparently artificial, would seem to have cost great labour; but it is certain, on the contrary, that he wrote with remarkable ease and rapidity. His *Rasselas*, for example, occupied, as he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, only the evenings of a single week; and

he was heard to say, as Boswell (vol. i. p. 142) states, that he wrote forty-eight printed pages of the *Life of Savage* in one night. Boswell also tells us, that Johnson assured him, that ninety-six pages of his translation of Lobo were the achievement of one day, which Lord Brougham assumes to be a mistake, "as no man who wrote Johnson's hand could have written as much." A hundred verses of his "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," were also the produce of a day, though Pope prided himself on a daily number of fifty in his translation of Homer. But compared with what we read of Lope de Vega, this velocity of the imagination and pen sinks into insignificance. This poet published, we are told, eighteen hundred dramas all in verse, and twenty-four hours sufficed for each. At least, he thus rapidly extemporized one hundred in an equal number of days, as he affirms,

"Mas de ciento, en horas viento quatro,  
Passaron de las Musas al teatro."

Many, we may add, of these improvisations, were scarcely worth their cost of production, though occasional gleams of genius will be found to pierce the crude mass; for he wrote to please those who most numerous filled the theatre, and best remunerated the author, "the people." They, he asserts, in his "*New Art of the Playwright*," pay the most, and therefore are entitled to a preference of gratification.

"Porque come la paga el vulgo, e justo  
Hablar le en necio, para darle gusto."

Which has not been inaptly expressed thus:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;  
And those who live to please, must please to live."

Molière too, stooped in submission to the vulgar taste for the lowest farce, in order to recall the people who deserted the theatre when tired of the *Misanthrope*, his noblest comic effort,—"*J'ai vu le public quitter le Misanthrope pour Scaramouche, et j'ai chargé Scapin de le rappeler.*" Calderon was nearly as prolific as his great predecessor. Of his redundancy the sovereign, Philip IV., took advantage, and claimed the authorship of some of his best productions, amongst others the "*Dar su vida para su dama*," which was acted as the king's composition in 1629; but

time revealed the truth, which fear for a while had suppressed. The collective sum of Lope's printed verses, however, exceeds not only all example, but in fact all credibility, amounting, it is stated, to twenty-one millions three hundred thousand, equivalent to above ninety-seven lines per hour, or eleven hundred each day of twelve hours unbroken labour for fifty years; while, when serving on board a vessel of the Spanish Armada in 1588, his time must have been otherwise employed, and he must have been equally interrupted in his versification, when he was afterwards discharging the priestly functions: "Forse era ver; ma non pero credibile," as Ariosto sarcastically remarks of Angelica's boast, after her adventure with Orlando—

"Ch'el fior virginal cosi avea salvo,  
Come selo porto del materno alvo."

On this subject we may, in conclusion, say with Lord Byron, that in general easy writing is hard reading.

Johnson's stay in Scotland, states his biographer, (v. iii. p. 110,) was from the 18th of August to the 22nd of November 1773; and never were ninety days passed in more vigorous exertion. He saw the four Universities, the three principal cities, and as much of the Highlands and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation. He was respectfully entertained by the great, the learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he less delighted with the hospitality which he experienced in humbler life. His narrative of the excursion appeared in 1774, under the title of "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," and met with general favour, except from the Scots, who, like the over sensitive Americans of the present day, considered every imputed defect, however expressed, whether in sharpness of censure or remedial exhortation, as a national insult. But with the people generally, his disbelief in the genuineness of Ossian's poems was an irremissible offence, though some few were found to submit the cherished delusion to the test of dispassionate inquiry, and thus surmount the influence of patriotic vanity. Time has since gradually dispelled the film, and few now, on the other hand, of the educated classes, are those whose eyes are not open to the imposture. The journey unfolded to Johnson new and varied scenes of life and nature, both admirably described, and combined with his companion's

statements, presents a vivid image of his mind and feelings in a wholly novel sphere. The editor has enriched this third volume with Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale during the journey. They are in the Appendix, and will be found fully equal, in spirit of description and general interest, to his published volume.

Before another year had passed, in September, 1775, he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to France, where he remained about two months, proceeding, however, not farther than Fontainebleau, and only leaving some cursory notes of little importance on what he happened to see. They are given by Mr. Croker, but most incorrectly printed, and imperfectly elucidated. At page 274, still of the third volume, we read, "that the prince of Condé was a grandsire at thirty-nine," to which the editor adds, "that the grandson was the celebrated and unfortunate Duke d' Engheien, (thus misspelt,) born in 1775, murdered in 1804." To be a grandfather at so early an age is certainly no ordinary circumstance in male descent, as in this instance; but Mr. Croker erroneously places the duke's birth in 1775, since the ill-fated prince, whose murder will ever stand an indelible stain on Napoleon's memory, was born the second of August, 1772, when his grandfather, born the ninth of August, 1736, had not even completed his *thirty-sixth* year, an event more uncommon than what excited Johnson's surprise. Whence Mr. Croker derived his dates we are at a loss to conceive, for every old French almanack would have contradicted them, as most explicitly does, the highest authority, "L'Art de Verifier les Dates," tome VI. octavo edition. The suicide, if such it was, of the Duke of Bourbon, son of the Prince of Condé, and father of Enghien, in 1830, closed this illustrious line. It had become the "*Extremum tanti generis per secula nomen*," as Lucan (VII. 589), says of the last Brutus, or as Mr. Croker expresses it, (we believe from Delille,) "*restes infortunées du plus beau sang du monde*," though he doubtless is here unfaithful to his original, for no French writer could make the word *restes* feminine, which is too distinctly given to be imputable to the press. But surely, when necessarily, we may believe, submissive to the voice of the legislature and nation, Louis Philippe obtained liberty from the English government to remove the remains of Napoleon from

St. Helena, where they had so long reposed, and where it might have so well been said,

“————— Situs est quâ terra extrema refuso  
Pendet in oceano.”

he should have delegated the mission to any one rather than his son; for he could not forget that Napoleon was the murderer of his own cousin-german; a crime, however, by which his third son, the Duc d'Aumale most largely profited, to the extent of no less than three millions of francs, yearly revenue, left him by the Duke d'Enghien's father, thus bereaved of his natural heir. The transference of the imperial wreck to the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, resembled even in its minutest details, after the arrival of the remains in France, the reception and passage from Calabria to Rome, of the body of Germanicus, so pathetically related by Tacitus, in the third book of the *Annals*. The funeral, too, of Drusus, father of Germanicus, of which Seneca, (*“De Consolatione ad Marcam, lib. iii.”*) gives an account, produced almost an equal popular sensation.

Johnson's first edition of Shakspeare appeared, as we have stated, in 1765, and advancing in progressive improvement, under the supervision of his co-operator, George Stevens, to a fourth edition in 1793, was pronounced, and by many is still esteemed, the *best* of our great dramatist. His notes are judicious and discerning in their exposition and criticism, though, no doubt, not so elucidatory of the obscurities in the diction and the contemporaneous allusions introduced by time into the text, as the industry of others, especially of Stevens himself, too often, indeed, bestowed on subjects unrequiting the labour, has proved. In fact, as imputed to the commentaries of Scaliger, they have generally subtilized and enervated by elaborate refinement words or thoughts of simplest meaning. Johnson's concise reviews are more truly critical than most of those effusions of unqualified and indiscriminate admiration, into which the prevalent and overpowering enthusiasm inspired by the name of Shakspeare betrays, we cannot say his critics, but his eulogists. Mr. Macaulay, on the other hand, in his review of Boswell's volumes, holds Johnson's notes in utter contempt, quite “as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, the worst critic that ever lived.” But, in fact, Johnson's enlightened and rational

judgment, which alike discerns and acknowledges faults where they exist, and will not convert them into merits, while praise is never withheld, or not dispensed in deep and cordial expression, when due, satisfies not these assertors of the poet's super-human genius or infallibility. This excess of admiration, classing them almost with the "pessimun inimicorum genus, laudantium," has accordingly roused the emulous pretensions of other nations; and if Mr. Hallam, yielding his usually dispassionate judgment to the popular excitement, proclaims, "Shakespeare's name not only the greatest in our literature, but the greatest in all literature," (vol. iii. p. 574.) the French confidently refuse him even an equality with their own or Grecian poets.—"Il n'ya qu'un Anglais," says M. Villemain, late Minister of Public Instruction, in a sketch of Shakespeare's life, "qui puisse le mettre à côté d'Homère, ou de Sophocle," while he exalts Racine and Corneille even above the Greek dramatist in genius. Of Molière, again, the late M. Suard said, in his biography of Congreve, that he was, "peut-être le seul homme de génie, qui n'ait eu ni modèle chez les anciens ni concurrent parmi les modernes." M. Auger, one of Molière's editors, is not less exaggerated in language. "Molière ne rencontre en aucun temps, en aucun lieu, ni émule ni vainqueur. La Grèce et Rome n'ont rien qui puisse lui être comparé: les peuples nouveaux n'ont rien qu'ils lui puissent opposer: eux-mêmes le reconnaissent sans peine."\* This writer's

---

\* The extraordinary prices paid for Shakespeare's autographs, one of which sold for £165. 15s., in 1840, as we read in the Gentleman's Magazine for July of that year, has excited a similar passion with our neighbours for every reminiscent relic of their great writers, more especially of Molière, as the rarest. The late M. de Soleine was the owner of Cyrano de Bergerac's drama, "Le Pédant Joué," which in common condition not worth a franc, but happened to have scrawled in the margin of one of the pages, "Ceci est à moi, Molière;" it was at once valued at and produced four napoleons each letter, extending to eighteen, and thus amounting to £67. 2s. 6d. Racine's Sophocles, the Aldine and first edition of 1503, filled with his notes, is considered one of the treasures with which the Royal Library of Paris abounds; but his Longus was twice snatched from him, because a romance, by his overscrupulous Jansenist master, Lancelot, and was finally thrown into the fire by himself after he had got it by heart in defiance of his teacher; we have heard the late M. Van Praet, who so long superintended that



opinion of his countryman's superlative genius may be a matter of discussion, yielded or denied; but the averred fact of an universal concession of his pre-eminent and unapproached superiority over all rivals, is an utterly

unrivalled collection, and whose polite attentions we often experienced, deeply regret the loss of this volume. Every memorial of Napoleon has also become the object of peculiar research; and as he wrote seldom himself, though he dictated largely, what remains of his own inditing, is anxiously sought for. In 1825, on the sale by Messrs. Sotheby of the books sent from St. Helena to London, after his demise, we saw an ordinary copy of Volney's *Travels*, worth, in itself, a few shillings, but possessing on the fly-leaf, of his writing, so illegible as to require General Gourgaud's annexed interpretation, what might fill about twenty lines in common print, purchased, after a hard contest, by the late Sir Frederick Baker, for fifty-one guineas. His signatures were numerous spread on the table at a pound each for those without the *u* in Bonaparte, or, at five pounds each with the *u*, Buonaparte, because much scarcer, and before he had Frenchified the name by excluding the vowel, when in constant correspondence, during his renowned Italian campaigns, with the French Directory. Both signatures were emulously seized at these prices; but we did not see any with the imperial name of Napoleon.

Moliere died the 17th of February, 1673, of an apoplectic fit, after acting the part of Argan, and in it turning into ridicule the medical profession, in his own "*Malade Imaginaire*," which suggested to his friend Bichat, the following epitaph, of course not ostensible on the tomb, and little known—

"Roscius hic situs est, parva Molierus in urna,  
Cui genus humanum ludere lusum erat;  
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem  
Corripit, et nimium fingere sacra vetat."

His great name graces not the list of French Academicians, as an original regulation excluded all players from that object of highest literary ambition, and, though repeatedly urged by Boileau, he refused to give up his profession, and thus remove the obstacle, acting, as he said, on a point of honour.

Much as Napoleon admired Moliere, he wondered that Louis XIV. had allowed the "*Tartuffe*" to be represented. "*Cette pièce*," observed the Ex-Emperor, (Las Cases, 19th August, 1816,) "*présente la dévotion sous des couleurs si odieuses, que je n'en aurais pas permis la représentation.*" Bourdaloue, in his Sermon for the Seventh Sunday after Easter, reprovingly adverts to it; and an Italian moralist truly remarks—"Il satireggiare sù l'imperfettioni de' religiosi, pecca in moralità, e scandalizza, i huomini

groundless assumption. Each nation fondly asserts, on the contrary, its own champion of excellence. The Greeks claimed for Homer the supremacy, which, indeed, can hardly be contested—"the first in birth, the first in fame."\*

Propertius demands an equal homage for Virgil. "*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,*" while both, compared to our Milton, are depressed by Dr. Samuel Barrow, in his verses prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, into mere songsters of frogs and gnats,—

"*Hæc quicumque legat tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*"

Nor is Dryden less disposed to exalt our poet in his well-known epigram, "Three poets in three distant ages were born," &c., translated, we find, by Johnson,—

"*Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebit  
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulit,*" &c.

Lope de Vega, Calderon, Camoens, Göethe, Schiller, are equal objects of admiration in their native soils. Yet as nations cannot, more than individuals, be impartial judges in their own cause, if we collect the now established opinions of foreign critics, especially of the Germans, by far the best qualified to award the precedence, little doubt can exist of Shakspeare's acknowledged dramatic superiority. Scarcely, indeed, could our own enthusiasts be more impassioned in asserting it than Schlegel, Voss, Schiller, and Goethe.

Johnson's language in regard to the Americans, when struggling for their independence, is wholly inexcusable.

pii." It frequently appears on the English stage under the title of the Hypocrite.

The inscription on Molière's statue, which stands pre-eminent among those conspicuous in the French Academy's Collection,—"*Rien ne manquait à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre,*" is the tributary and blended confession of his surpassing glory, and the Academy's regret for the absence of its reflection on their archives. The poet B. I. Saurin was the author of the inscription chosen among numerous others presented at the same time, (1778.)

\* Thus, we accordingly read of him,

"*Ὑμνοπόλους δὲ ἀγεληδὸν ἀπημάλδυνην Ὀμηρος,  
Λαμπρότατον Μουσῶν φέγγος ανασχόμενος.*"

*Analecta Veterum Poetarum, a Brunck, tom. i. p. 233.*

"They are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything allowed them short of hanging," were his ungracious words. (Boswell, iii. 327.) But his expressed abhorrence of the Negro slavery, and his indignant reproof of the misrule of Ireland, are truly creditable to his humane and liberal feelings. At Oxford, in the company of grave doctors, he even gave as a toast, "The insurrection of the Negroes in the West Indies;" (vol. iv. p. 56.) and both in the *Rambler*, no. 114, and *Idler*, no. 22, he denounced the nefarious traffic. Of the Irish he remarked, (vol. ii. p. 249.) that they were in a most unnatural state; "for we see there," he said, "the minority prevailing over the majority. There is not, even in the ten persecutions, an instance of such severity as that which Protestants have exercised in Ireland over the Catholics. King William was not their lawful king: he had not been acknowledged by the parliament of Ireland when they appeared in arms against him."\* On an union with England, though then not a legislative question, yet long in contemplation, he is reported in volume iv. page 287, to have addressed an Irish gentleman: "Do not make an union with us. We would unite with you only to rob you. We should have robbed the Scotch, if they had anything of which we could have robbed them." The union, however, was effected—legislatively, but not voluntarily; for it was the fruit of

---

\* Of this prince and his queen, Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary of Modena*, in the lately published tenth volume of the *Queens of England*, has shown the genuine characters. The champion of liberty is proved to be intolerant of the first of liberties, that of conscience, (page 332,) and his wife not less so. Of the latter, whom Madame de Sévigné, (Letter of 8th November, 1688,) compared to the abominable Tullia, who drove her chariot-wheels over her murdered father's body, (Livy, lib. i: 48)—a contemporary poet, J. F. Pavillon, thus wrote, and the feeling will find a responsive echo in every paternal breast.

"Cette Princesse est fort aimable;  
Elle est, si vous voulez, en tout incomparable;  
Elle a de la bonté, del' esprit, du savoir,  
Et toutes les vertus ensemble;  
Mais je ne voudrais pas avoir,  
Une fille qui lui ressemble."

(Tome ii. Paris: 1715.)

corruption, as distinctively expressed in the applied distich,—

“*Anglia vicisti, profuso turpiter auro,  
Armis pauca, dolo plurimum, jure nihil.*”

but of corruption quite as foul, or rather more so, in the suicidal sellers of their independence, as in those who, in the conviction of its political necessity, spared no cost, and stopped at no device to achieve it. Yet had its stipulated conditions been carried into full execution, in place of being flagrantly violated, it might, notwithstanding the sacrifice felt by national pride in the surrender of even so depraved a legislature, have become a source of satisfaction and prosperity, as in Scotland, where, similarly, it had long continued to be the sorest of grievances and most sensitive ground of discontent, down even to 1787, as may be seen in the poems of Burns. But a wiser system gradually conciliated the nation; an example of enlightened justice, with its sure and happy consequences, soon, we trust, to be applied to Ireland, which, bound to England by natural position, and drawn by the improvements of science in closer cohesion, has been estranged by oppression,—the oppression of ages. A generous impulse, or at least a well considered sense of national interest, will not, we hope, leave it to fear to produce a change of policy, and ensure to Ireland the accomplishment, in complete enjoyment, of the promised benefits of the union. Fear, however, though the least desirable, is too often found the most effective instrument of justice; and history impressively tells us, that it is to England only, when tremulous from domestic or foreign danger, and not when revelling in the insolence of prosperity, that Ireland has ever owed the concession of a demanded right, verifying the characteristic saying, “*Anglia gens est optima, flens; sed pessima, ridens.*”

After a cursory allusion to Thomas à Kempis in volume the fourth, page 84, a note by Mr. Malone assigns the date of 1492 to the first edition of this admirable book, which Fontenelle, in his life of his uncle, “*Le Grand Corneille*,” who translated it into verse, distinguishes as, “*le livre le plus beau qui soit parti de la main d’un homme, puisque l’Evangile n’en vient pas;*” and which the Abbé de Rancé, founder of the monastery of La Trappe, consonantly designates, “*Le plus excellent des*

livres après l'Évangile," in his letter to the Abbé Nicaise. But at least a dozen editions, under the names of St. Bernard, Gerson, and others, had preceded that of 1492. Above twenty years before, in 1471, one (probably the first) was printed at Augsburg, followed by several more in various parts of Europe, before Malone's date. Johnson is reported, on this occasion, to have said, "that, in one language or other, it had been printed as many times as there had been months since it first came out;" which, reckoning with Malone from 1492 to 1792, would amount to three thousand six hundred times,—a number, in his opinion, very improbable. But, in the first instance, we have to observe, that Fontenelle, from whom the enumeration was taken, limits it to the intervening years, not months, and to the original Latin impressions, which are thus reduced to three hundred. Yet we hesitate not to express our confident belief, that, including the translations in every European tongue, and which exceed six hundred, with constant republications of each, the volume has been printed quite as often as Malone had difficulty in crediting. The French version, by the Jesuit Gonnellieu, has issued nearly fifty times from the press. That in English, by Stanhope, is a mutilation,—the fourth book, because it treats of the Eucharist in the Catholic sense, and other parts implying Catholic doctrines, being retrenched. In June, 1841, a medal was awarded M. Onesime Leroy by the French Academy for his essay on the author, whom he maintains to have been John Charlier Gerson, chancellor of the diocese and university of Paris (1363—1429); while the Benedictine, Dom Virginio Valsecchi, claims the work for one of his order, in his "*Giovanni Gersen, Abate dell' Ordine di Sto. Benedetto, sustentato autore de' libri dell' Imitazione di Giesu-Christo.*" (Firenze, 1774, 8vo.) Bellarmine, Mabillon, and Valart have been of the same opinion; but the consonance of name with that of the Chancellor Gerson, has caused most probably the confusion of one with the other. Hammerlein, called Thomas à Kempis, has not at present many partisans; though, like the name of America, lost to its real discoverer, that of Kempis still stands prominent as the writer in every impression. His right, however, was formerly supported by the Jesuits, Rosweide, editor of the beautiful Elzevir editions, and Bollandus, the originator of the vast compilation, yet unfinished, of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," his

countrymen; and still more strenuously by George Hesel, a German Jesuit, also of the seventeenth century, in his "Diaptra Kempensis," printed at Ingoldstadt, 1650, 12mo., and other subsequent publications of his. The "Dissertazioni intorno al manoscritto de Imitatione Christi, il codice di Arona," &c., (Torino, 1829.) is a work of great interest on the subject.

In Boswell's fifth volume, page 227, Johnson, it is said, was much pleased with the following repartee. *Faciamus periculum in corpore vili*," said a French physician to his colleague, when speaking of the disorder of a poor man that understood Latin, and who was brought into an hospital. "Corpus non tam vile est," says the patient, "pro quo Christus ipse non dedignatus est mori." The story, however, is here entirely perverted; for the patient was no other than M. A. Muret, one of the most elegant scholars of the sixteenth century. Stopped by illness on his way to Rome, where, from the professor's chair he afterwards delivered those eloquent discourses collected under the title of "*Prolusiones*," he heard two medical men, little aware of the eminence of their patient, use the now hack-nied phrase, "*Faciamus periculum in anima vili*;" but his reply quickly undeceived them, "*An animam vilem appellatis pro qua Christus non dedignatus est mori.*" Independently of the correction as to the name of the person to whom the story refers, the propriety of *anima* in place of *corpore*, (as the object of the Redeemer's propitiatory sacrifice was the soul, not the body,) must be at once felt; and the expression, *anima*, embracing the whole being of man, was not inaptly applied thus to the patient by the physician. (See Menagiana, tome i. p. 129. edit. 1762.)

Lord Brougham, at page 78 of his article on Johnson, repeats a previous assertion, that his countryman "Buchanan was the first of modern Latin poets," which, though placing him justly in the *first rank*, may be fairly contested. We could name a score fully his equals, such as Politianus, Fracastorius, whose poems were collected in two volumes at Pavia, 1735, (4to.) And it would appear from his "*Homocentricorum, sive de Stellis*," printed at Venice in 1538, 8vo., that he had some not indistinct notion of the construction and power of a telescope, just as Servetus had of the circulation of the blood, before the one was made available to science by Galileo, or the other

proved by Harvey. The "Syphilis," by him, equals in dread delineation the horrors of the Athenian plague, in the second book of Thucydides and the sixth of Lucretius; and his style is singularly pure, as is that of Vida, whose works appeared at his episcopal seat of Cremona, in 1550, 8vo.; and of Sannazzaro, with various other Italians, not omitting the Jesuit Boscovich, of more recent times. Murphy's representation of his colloquial Latin in the third volume of Boswell, page 292, only betrays his own ignorance; for the Jesuit spoke, as he wrote, the language with peculiar ease and elegance. Of this we have been assured by those who had enjoyed his familiar society. Among the French, distinguished in the same line, we may name, Nicholas Bourbon, (the younger,) whose distich on the Arsenal of Paris, has been considered so apposite to its purpose, at the time of the League against Henry IV.—

"Ætna hæc Henrico Vulcania tela ministrat,  
Tela Gigantæos debellatura furores."

With Muret, Sainteuil, Rapin, Vanière, Polignac, Oudin; and, of other nations, the Pole, Sarbievius, Johannes Secundus, of Holland, independently of some English, and another Scottish poet, Arthur Johnston, whose version of the Psalms, compared with that so justly admired of Buchanan, gave rise to a controversy in 1755, between Rudiman, (Thomas,) the advocate and editor of Buchanan, and Benson, (George,) the partisan of Johnston. But dimmed, indeed, is the ancient fame of Scotland in that pursuit, however high it has risen in English poetry, the more appropriate sphere of national genius, as a few instances derived from the first class of Scotch writers will prove; for their solecisms in prosody occur too frequently to be screened under an imputation on the press. In the lately published *Life of Hume*, this great historian's Latin quotations betray either a defective ear, or an imperfect tuition. In vol. i. p. 14, we find Virgil's beautiful lines, "At secum quies, &c." (*Georgic*, ii. 467,) wholly perverted, though he had just then emerged from school. And his biographer produces other similar instances of prosodial aberrance. Then, we see Mr. Alison in the fifth volume, page 698, of his elaborate history, citing, as from Virgil, (*Æneid*, ii. 354,) "*Una spes victis nullam sperare salutem*," where *spes*, instead of *salus*, destroys



the metre. Again, Lord Campbell, quoting also Virgil, (vi. 96,) writes, "*Tu non cede malis, sed contra audientior ito.*" On such scholastic errors, for the most part, not assignable to the press—and we could enumerate many more—Gibbon, (Life, page 47,) indulgently observes, "The private or voluntary student, who possesses the sense and spirit of the classics, may offend by false quantity the scrupulous ear of a well-flogged critic." In Roman history, too, we are surprised to read such an anachronism as that of Sir James Macintosh—(Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. p. 412.) "The consulship of Cato the Censor, was only about ninety years prior to Cicero's;" whereas the interval was not less than 142 years, from U. C. 557, to 689. Sir James reckoned to Cicero's *birth* in U. C. 647, exactly ninety years, and not, as he says, to the celebrated consulship. Mr. Macaulay, in his article on Sir Walter Raleigh, adopts, we find, old Tom Fuller's blunder, in transferring the striking character of the elder Cato by Livy, (39-40,) to the Censor's great grandson of Utica. And, in his "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," he mentions Claudius Crassus, the *fourth* only of the family known in Rome, "as the representative of a *long* line of ancestors;" rather a short pedigree, it must be granted, to sanction such an inherited distinction.

Johnson's "*Lives of the Poets*," the last and best of his literary performances, though the labour of his old age, evince certainly none of the seldom avoided infirmities of advanced years, and still continue the theme of unimpaired praise, notwithstanding Campbell's and Wordsworth's expressed disfavour of the work. On it, however, Lord Brougham maintains, that his fame as an author chiefly rests, and his lordship's review of it, displays his powers of critical discrimination in a very advantageous light. The booksellers, we learn from Boswell, had made their original agreement for £200; to which the rapid sale and popular acceptance of the publication, soon procured the addition of £100—a price probably inferior to the one-fourth of what such an achievement, ushered in by so high a name, would now be sure to fetch. The *Life of Savage* is the general favourite, as it was that of the author's predilection; but Lord Brougham prefers, and, we think, justly, those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. To Milton, Johnson's marked aversion to the poet's religious and political principles, is usually supposed to have made him

especially unfair; but of this imputation his lordship, on full consideration, and authorisedly in our concurrent belief, acquits him. "No one," observes the learned peer, "can read his criticism on *Paradise Lost*, without perceiving that he places it next to the *Iliad*, and in some respects on an equal, if not a higher level." That Johnson was unjust to Swift and Gray, to the former even as a prose writer, cannot be denied; but collectively he presents an impartial, perhaps an over-favourable estimate of each poet's distinctive merits. Viewed in comparison with the analogous publications of continental Europe, the work may not shrink from a parallel with those of La Harpe, Chénier, Ginguéné, Tiraboschi, Feyjio, Andres, Eichorne, Schlegel, and others; nor would the adjudged result be to its disadvantage. The style, too, is seldom chargeable with the defects of unracy or unidiomatic phraseology, commonly objected to Johnson's.

---

ART. XII.—*The Constitutional History of the University of Dublin, with some account of its present Condition and suggestions for Improvement.*  
By DENIS CAULDFIELD HERON, A. B. 8vo. Dublin, Mc'Glashan, 1847.

SOME years ago a History of the English Universities appeared, translated from the German of Professor Huber, and elaborately edited by Professor Newman of Manchester New College. This publication was (as we learn from the preface) the undertaking of Mr. James Heywood, of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the present members for North Lancashire, an enthusiast in the cause of University reform. Strange to say, although Huber had come to an opinion *against* any change in the constitution of the Universities which would have the effect of admitting Dissenters to degrees, Mr. Heywood had the book published mainly with the design of furthering such a change, and the notes appended by him and Professor Newman are for the most part directed to the overthrow of Huber's conclusions. The volume before us also owes its birth, we see, to Mr. Heywood, and is published in furtherance of the same cause of University free-

dom. With a peculiar propriety it comes from the pen of a Roman Catholic Graduate, and one who has already distinguished himself by a well contested struggle against the present monopoly of the College.

In an early number of this Periodical\* we took a survey of the impediments standing or supposed to stand in the way of Catholics attaining offices of emolument in the Dublin University. We gave it as our opinion that one at least of these, the sacramental test for scholarship, was illegal, and unwarrantably imposed by the board. We mentioned the case of Mr. Timothy Callaghan, who had actually commenced to try the question, but was stopped by an informality in his legal proceeding. Since then, however, Mr. Heron has fought the same battle with great spirit and perseverance.† In the year 1843 he stood as Competitor for Scholarship, and his answering having entitled him to a very high place among the successful candidates, he was rejected solely on the ground of his refusal to take the Sacrament. He lodged an appeal with the visitors, the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh, which they refused to entertain. He then applied for, and succeeded in obtaining, a Mandamus from the Court of Queen's Bench, commanding the visitors to hear and adjudicate upon the case. A solemn visitation was accordingly held in December, 1845, in which the question was argued with great ability on both sides.

The whole issue hinged upon the construction of the emancipation Act of 1793, and of the college statute or royal letter of 1794, by which Catholics were enabled "in dictum Collegium admitti atque gradus in dictâ Academiâ obtinere." Previous to that year no greater difficulty lay in the way of a Catholic becoming a scholar than of his being an ordinary student. The scholar's oath may be taken with a perfectly safe conscience by a Catholic, as we showed in the Article before referred to, which was quoted on the hearing of Mr. Heron's appeal for the purpose of establishing that very point. There was no sacramental test; that was imposed after 1794, with the exact object of excluding Catholics; the only bar consisted in

---

\* Dublin Review, vol. iv. p. 282-307.

† See McDonnell and Hancock's report of the case of Heron v. the Provost and Senior Fellows. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

the ordinary religious exercises, common to scholars with the rest of the students. And in point of fact Catholics, although excluded from degrees by the oath of supremacy, did become students as dissenters do at this day in Cambridge, and *did obtain scholarship*, their non-performance of the religious observances being either winked at, or the difficulty altogether avoided by non-residence within the walls. Then came the Act of 1793, removing the statutory bars to the obtaining of degrees, but expressly excluding Catholics from the office of provost or fellow, while no mention of scholarship was made either way; and the royal letter of 1794, admitting Catholics in the above-quoted words to become students and take degrees, but equally silent as to scholarship. The effect of this letter of course was, to abolish the necessity of attending religious observances, so far as Catholics were concerned. The question at issue was, whether the right to scholarship was such an incident to studentship, that it became naturally open to all to whom the latter was open, unless expressly excluded; or whether the scholars form a class so distinct from the body of the “studiosi,” that, not having been expressly included, scholarship still remained according to the constitution of the University, confined to members of the established Church, so as to justify the board, not only in continuing with regard to them the old religious observances, but in imposing a new one, the sacramental test, for the purpose of ascertaining the religion of the candidates. There was one strong analogy in favour of the former view. Sizarship, like scholarship, was not mentioned by name, either in the Act or the letter; it is a situation having pecuniary advantages like scholarship, and duties just as peculiar as those of the scholars, yet no question was even raised as to the capacity of Catholics to become sisars since 1794.\* Dr. Keatinge, the assessor, decided against the appeal. His main ground was, that Trinity College was an essentially Protestant institution—that the cultivation of the Protestant religion was one of the objects for which it was established, and that the intention of the founders must still be carried out, except so far as a change has been made by express words or necessary implication. As to the intention at the time of the foun-

---

\* See the argument of the present Chief Baron Pigot in McDonnell and Hancock's report, p. 21.

dation of the University under Queen Elizabeth, we remain of our former opinion, which Mr. Heron coincides with and fortifies, that there is no evidence whatever that the University was designed for the cultivation of the new religion, or that its benefits were meant to be confined to Protestants. If such was the intention it was at least studiously concealed from the Catholic burghers and gentlemen, whose pecuniary assistance towards the founding of the infant College was asked and obtained on the ground of its being meant "for the common good of the realm." As to the intention of the legislature in 1793, to all the other circumstances, Mr. Heron adds one fact which gives a moral certainty on the point:

"In the debate in Committee upon the Emancipation Bill of 1793, John Claudius Beresford moved as an amendment, that Catholics be made eligible to the offices of Provost and Fellow of Trinity College. It is quite obvious that he did not intend by this amendment, to have the office of Scholar closed against them. He did not intend to open to them the wealthy offices and the governing body of the corporation, and to have closed against them the place of a Scholar, which, though nominally in the corporation, is now merely a scanty reward for classical ability. The inference is plain. The bill introduced by the Secretary of State was intended at the time, and understood in the House, to open Scholarships in the University to Catholics. The amendment was lost. Dr. Duigenan opposed the opening of the University at all, and entertained 'that those hallowed walls should not be made the residence of superstition and tyranny.'"—pp. 91-92.

Although Mr. Heron did not succeed then in opening scholarships to his Catholic fellow-students, they are much indebted to him for a contest which is the sure precursor of victory hereafter. Not only was the agitation of the question important, but it was most important to have the legal point thoroughly sifted, and the discovery made which the board had steadily and impassively refused to make, what was the precise legal objection to the eligibility of Catholics; to have, in fact, the matter narrowed to one single issue, which may hereafter be tried and tested again. For our parts, though the capacity to obtain scholarship or fellowship, or any other office in the College would by no means be sufficient to satisfy us as we shall presently endeavour to show, yet, as we regard, and always have regarded, the present monopoly of the College as a gross injustice, we cannot but applaud every endeavour to

break down that monopoly, as facilitating a transition to a better state of things.

Mr. Heron's researches and studies connected with his own case peculiarly qualified him for undertaking such a work as that now before us. We never before had so many and such important facts and details connected with the College, made so accessible to us. The same cause has naturally contributed to make his plea for abolition of education monopoly more earnest and emphatic. As to the historical portion of his work, from rather scanty materials he has made a clear and interesting narrative. Of the themes of greatest interest in the history of institutions, Trinity College is comparatively barren. It cannot, like other Universities, be traced back to a rude and formless beginning in early times. There are no gradual groupings, no successive formations of halls and colleges, no interesting particulars of their founders, to be noted. It did not grow, but was made. It had its birth by royal Charter, in an age when the University system was fully formed and matured, and so it gives little room for speculation and hypothesis. Its one College (*mater Universitatis*) has, by the chapter of events, been doomed to remain childless, or rather to serve itself for both mother and progeny down to the present day. Whatsoever of interest there is for us in the history of Trinity College consists in its relation, from time to time, to the general history of the country, unless we pause to smile at such specimens of college life in the seventeenth century, as are chronicled by Bishop Bedell in his diary, some extracts from which are given by Mr. Heron.

"We read of Deane and Wilson being mulcted 'a moneth's commons for salting and striking the boteler,' which was commuted into sitting at the lower end of the Scholars' table, *and being subjected to the rod.* A certain candidate bachelor, 'Sir Hoile,' struck Frize's head against the wall, and was also fined 'a moneth's commons,' the money being given to Frize as compensation. Burton for striking Dodwell, was punished 'a moneth's commons;' and this, being the second time of his striking, he was to have lost three, but upon his knees in the hall, he subjected himself to the taking of a like blow, and asking pardon. Rawley for drunkenness, and for having 'knocked Stranck his head against the seate in the chappell,' was denied further maintenance. We read also of one Booth, who stole a pig from Sir Samuel Smith, and caused it to be dressed openly in the town, inviting Mr. Rollo

and Sir Conway. He was condemned 'to be whipped openly in the hall, and to pay for the pig.'—pp. 41-42.

Or in the following century the feats of the notorious Provost Hutchinson, who, as Dr. Duigenan complains with tears, "infested the walks before sacred to the muses with himself and his military officers, his wife, and adult daughters, his children, their nurses, and their go-carts," to the doctor's inexpressible disgust. But the reign of Provost Hutchinson is remarkable for transactions of a much worse stamp than this invasion of the academic turf. This man was from his youth a trading politician; to political or moral principle he never even pretended. By corruption he got his provostship, and for corruption he used it. The election petition against his son furnishes us with what Mr. Heron may well call "extraordinary revelations." At that time, as we mentioned before, Catholics, though excluded by the Graduate's oath from taking degrees in College, were permitted to enter and go through the course, and even to obtain scholarship, the sacramental test not being then required.

"A series of disgraceful transactions is brought to light by the report of this election. The election was held on the 15th of April, 1790. The candidates were Doctor Arthur Browne, afterwards Prime Sergeant and Attorney-General; the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, second son of the Provost; and Doctor Laurence Parsons, afterwards Lord Rosse. The two former were declared duly elected, and Doctor Parsons petitioned against the return of Mr. Hutchinson. The case came before a committee of the Irish House of Commons on the 1st of February, 1791. In the list of this committee appear the Hon. Arthur Wesley and Lord Edward Fitzgerald; among the counsel for the petitioner we find also the honored names of Peter Burrowes and William Conynham Plunket, who in this case first displayed that talent which raised him, in after years, to the highest position at the Irish bar. Our readers are aware that at this time only the members of the corporation, viz., the Fellows and Scholars of Trinity College, possessed the right of voting, which has, by the Reform Bill, been extended to all who take the degree of A. M., or any higher degree. In this limited number of voters there was a large opportunity for bribery and undue influence, which appear to have been extensively employed by the Provost. But the report of the case is particularly valuable to the advocates of College reform, because it removes the veil which might otherwise have concealed from us direct proofs of the mode in which Trinity College has employed the endowments of learning to corrupt Irish Catholics from their religion. The



evidence of Mr. Martin Toomy displays most fully the system of proselytism that prevailed. Mr. Toomy was a Scholar; but, strange as it may appear, he was also a Catholic. At this time Catholics were not possessed of the elective franchise; and consequently the electioneering agents of the Provost pressed him to conform, that he might vote for the Provost's son. One of these men, Bond, was junior dean. Mr. Toomy was requested to speak to Lord Donoughmore on the subject. The sitting member, too, a good while before the election, was informed that Mr. Toomy was a Catholic, and personally pressed him to conform, for sake of his vote. One Adair, a tutor in the Provost's family, who seems to have been selected to do all the dirtiest work, had also told him that Mr. Hutchinson requested and expected he would conform; and subsequently to this interview Mr. Hutchinson again pressed him to conform. Lord Donoughmore, the Provost's eldest son, entreated him to conform; he told him that his (Lord Donoughmore's) ancestors had been Catholics, and yet that he was a Protestant, and that were he (Lord Donoughmore) in a Catholic country, he would be a Catholic. Mr. Toomy refused to conform, and did not vote at the election; but he does not appear, in consequence, to have been deprived of his Scholarship. Timothy Casey and Hely, two other Scholars, voted; and the petitioner attempted to set aside their votes, on the grounds that they were Catholics. It was sworn that Casey's parents, who lived at Buttevant, in the county of Cork, were of the Catholic religion, and that Casey had attended Mass with them. It was sworn that Hely's parents were Catholics—that he had attended Mass with them, and that even still he was in the habit of attending Mass. The votes of these men were not set aside by the committee."—pp. 83-85.

But the other fact connected with this election is transcendent in the way of corruption. Dr. Miller, now principal of Armagh Royal School, then a candidate for fellowship, was offered to be put in possession of the questions which the provost intended to ask at the ensuing election, and which would of course have secured his success, *on condition of his voting for the provost's son*. To his eternal honour Miller indignantly rejected the proposition.

The revenues of the college are at present enormous. Mr. Heron computes them to amount to upwards of £70,000 a-year, of which £31,000 are derived from the college estates. A very pretty appendage as it stands, to the wealth of the establishment. The situation of a fellow is in itself almost an affluence. Mr. Whiteside, at the late election for the college, in a tone of mock indignation took Mr. Bernal Osborne to task for daring to assert

that the fellows of Trinity College were worth on an average £.300 a-year. "I suppose," said Mr. Whiteside, "that is the income of an Oxford tutor, and he measures us by them. He (Mr. Osborne) could not imagine how a man could be

"to all his College dear,  
And passing rich on FORTY POUNDS a year!"

And this piece of solemn quizzing—for no one could suppose Mr. Whiteside serious—was positively received with cheers. Now, premising that neither in Oxford nor Cambridge is a fellow's income on the average £.300 a-year, but only a little more than £.200, let us turn to the Dublin antitypes of Goldsmith's self-denying rector.

"The incomes of the fellows vary according to their standing. The place of a senior fellow is said to be worth £.2000 per annum." As to the junior fellows: "The income of a tutor in the first grade is about £.900 per annum. The Erasmus Smith professors of natural philosophy and of mathematics are not permitted to retain their pupils; their incomes, with the additions made by the Board, are £.800 per annum. There are ten tutors in the second grade; their incomes are about £.700 per annum each. The income of a tutor in the third grade is about £.500 per annum. The non-tutor fellows" (of whom there are only *four* at present, and never can be more than six) "have only about £.84 each,—viz., £.40 each as the regular salary of a junior fellow, £.20 each as morning lecturer (if appointed to that office) and about £.24 for the quarterly examination."

So Mr. Whiteside's "forty pounds a-year," which closed the period so nicely, had reference to the "regular salary of a junior fellow," omitting the large hundreds per annum derived from tutor's fees. But what a situation is that of a fellow of Trinity College! Certain, after a year or two of non-tutorship, to glide into the easy receipt of £.500 a-year, with routine duties no way onerous, pleasant society, liberty to marry, and a certainty that his fortune will at least increase year by year with his family, "growing when he is sleeping," without any further trouble or effort on his part, till his climacteric sees the hundreds swelled to thousands. We wonder Mr. Whiteside did not continue his quotation by way of explaining the wonderful content of the fellows with their poverty, "the love they bore to learning was in fault." It should be mentioned, however, that as to the incomes of the senior fellows, it is

impossible to arrive at an exact estimate of them, inasmuch as they divide the entire surplus of the college revenues among themselves—among the seven of them; an arrangement which, as Mr. Heron very truly remarks, “places their duty and their interest in exact opposition.”

But how does the system work? Admirably, as we have seen, for the fellows; but for the pupils, and for the interests of learning in general, not quite so well. As for the students, they might well expect that the fellows, in return for their large incomes, might bestow upon them something that deserves the name of teaching. But the fact is unhappily far otherwise.

“By various statutes the Fellows are compelled to give lectures, and the Students to attend them. But, long since, all the instruction to be derived from Trinity College, is given by private tutors. These now occupy the place which in the middle ages was occupied by those learned men, whose congregation for the pursuits of science, formed the early Universities of Europe, which Popes and Kings incorporated. The lectures given by the Fellows are a most flagrant waste of their own time; for, after undergoing for three hours the mere labor of a small country schoolmaster, hearing the drowsy translation of some ancient author, without remark or comment, their minds are utterly unfitted for mental labour. The private tutors give instruction on those terms only on which instruction can ever properly be given, namely, when the price paid for it depends upon its value. It is the interest of the Fellow, having his fixed salary, to do as little as possible. It is the interest of the private tutor to make as much money as he can, by giving the best instruction.”—pp. 144-45.

“*Incidis in Scyllam*,” &c. Up to the year 1834 the system with regard to the tutors proper was just what Mr. Heron states to be so effective in the case of the private tutors. Each fellow got the entire of the fees paid by his own pupils, and he that had most made most; an arrangement which might naturally be expected to quicken their faculties and exertions. But it had unfortunately other results. Suavity of manner, a good connection, hospitality, and the name of being careful of his pupils,—that is, showing them a degree of favour at examinations, and the like,—were found to be much more attractive and lucrative qualities in a fellow, than either ability or integrity in the performance of their duties. So the men who enjoyed the former qualifications amassed fortunes, while better men remained in poverty. In short, the system led of

necessity to the grossest abuses. It was therefore changed, and the entire of the tutors' fees are now divided rateably among them all, according to their standing, a division being made into the three classes mentioned above. And now it appears that the fellows, having nothing to lose or gain, go through their duties on the principle of taking the minimum of trouble. The price being fixed, they give as little of the article as possible, and the student who wants instruction has to pay additional money for it, and get it "on the only terms on which it can be properly given,"—namely, its market value. Now, there is something in this startling to us who would fain believe that instruction is *not* one of the articles subject to the laws of supply and demand alone, and that this eternal reference of every act of man to self-interest and the omnipotence of money, is one of the cants of the age, happily dying out. The connection between the amount of payment and the quality of teaching we are willing to admit thus far, that we never can expect a body of suitable men to devote themselves to the task unless they are suitably remunerated. But to affirm that men of learning and honour, who are not only adequately but far too amply remunerated, cannot be expected to fulfil their duties decently because they are not paid rigidly by the job, and the spur of poverty kept clinging to their reins, seems to us too hard upon poor human nature. If it be so, the sooner all colleges are abolished, and an absolute free-trade in teaching proclaimed, the better; for if colleges are to be maintained, we see no rational mode of paying the professors except by fixed salaries. But surely there is such a thing as sense of duty—such a thing as literary ambition, as emulation, as love of teaching and interest in the progress of one's pupils. It is evident there is something vicious in the college system besides the fixity of the fellows' incomes. There are other causes which would appear to us much more naturally to account for the inefficiency of the fellows' lectures. In the first place, we should consider the nature of the examination, at least in classics, to which they are preliminary. For ordinary students, who seek to pass their examinations, and no more, it is confined to the translation of a passage or two from the appointed authors, and the turning of a piece or two of English prose into Latin. At this examination there is a selection made of the best men, who are re-examined for honours. The

classical "honour examination" consists, first of Latin composition in prose and verse, secondly of *vivâ voce* reading and translation, and thirdly of printed questions which are answered in writing. But the nature of the questions asked is such as to preclude any hearty relish for the preparatory studies. Minute verbal criticisms on the text, the painful discoveries of German commentators, cramp subtleties of one kind or other, form the staple of them. Seldom is there any endeavour to test the student's appreciation of the author, or of his relation to his own time or to the writers of other times and countries. True it is, that a verbal examination is to a certain degree absolutely necessary, for without knowing the plain meaning of an author, it is folly to think of comprehending his spirit. Still, this extreme pursuit of the mere letter—this dead and barren method of treating the great lights of the world, has produced a most pernicious effect on classical learning in the college. We are sure that we never met with a meaner or more heartless mode of estimating the authors of Greece or Rome, than among the men famous for their classical premiums. It is not much wonder, then, when this system weighs like a torpor upon both tutors and students, that the former should confine themselves in what are called their lectures to the unlabourious but most wearisome task of listening to Homer or Euripides translated by their class *seriatim*, relegating the pupils anxious for honours to the private tutors or "grinders" who make it their business to find out the last German editions, read up the notes, and cram their pupils with answers to the questions which by sagacity and long experience they can almost foretell. As for science, by which the mathematical and physical sciences are alone meant, as there is but one way of treating it, both the lectures and examinations in that department are much more efficient, and Trinity College has a reputation in it very different from its classical one. But the great and main cause which has rendered these well-paid fellowships so unprofitable, is the system which makes them lecturers and examiners in all branches indifferently. Not all the political economy they may have learned from their professor of that science during the last fifteen years, has taught them the true principle of the division of labour. Instead of having fellowships for each branch, and then distributing them, some to the superior and others to the

inferior classes, that the fellows might thus, devoting themselves to their respective pursuits, become true masters and doctors in them, the college labours are divided among the fellows according to some inexplicable arrangement, by which each may have every variety of classes and subjects confided to him. This distraction of the mind precludes that interest in a particular branch which is necessary to make an effective teacher. Coupling this destruction of the internal impulse with the want of external stimulus, we need not be surprised at the barrenness of the results.

And the same cause, it is manifest, has tended to produce the low character of Trinity College before the world. Excellence we know is only produced by a concentration of labour and intellect upon one department of study. Now, suppose a student to have a capacity and a passion for the mental sciences. There is no provision in the university by which he could have the means of prosecuting his studies of them to his own distinction and that of his college. In order to enable him to live on the college foundation, he must first read for fellowship, the course for which embraces almost all branches of learning, but for the obtaining of which the pure sciences are of by far the most value. Suppose him again to be so rarely gifted, that he can master these as well as his own favourite pursuit, and suppose him even to retain his predilection for the latter in spite of the deadening effects of two or three years' dispersion of his intellect amid a multitude of studies, yet when his fellowship is attained, then, in addition to the indolence and inclination to ease inevitable to a man who has made one tremendous exertion, and so secured himself in comfort for life,—in addition to that he finds his time and mind frittered away by the same sort of distraction, by being obliged to lecture in the manner above specified on topics wearisome and distasteful to him, so that it is no wonder his mind becomes “unfitted for mental labour.”

Of the state of society in college, and the habits and mode of life of the students, there is little to be said. There is much less of expensive and riotous living, than in either Oxford or Cambridge, arising, we presume, from inferiority of wealth. The vast majority of the students are composed of the sons of Protestant clergymen and Professional men. Irish noblemen disdain to send their

sons to the Irish College. We believe that only one *filius nobilis* has graduated there for the last thirty years. As regards morals, we believe that Trinity College has a worse character than it deserves, though the discipline of the college imposes little or no restraint upon the inmates. The college gates are open for egress up to 9 o'clock in the evening, and for returning, up to midnight. A large proportion of the students are of reading habits. There exist several literary societies within the college, which were founded by the students themselves, and afterwards taken under the patronage of the board. The most famous of these is the celebrated College Historical Society, the history of which is a curious instance of the perpetual tendency of the spirit of freedom to sprout anew among young men in spite of all opposition. In the year 1794, this society which had been then in existence upwards of half a century, came into collision with the board. The too free discussion of politics at that excited time was the cause; the pretext was the retention of students as members after their names had been removed from the college books, and the result was the secession of the society from the walls of the college altogether, and the setting up of an independent standard outside in defiance of the board. But after the union, when politics grew more torpid, and wanting the natural attraction which a society within the walls possesses for collegians, the external society languished, and finally died in 1806. But at the time of the secession in 1794, there were just a dozen members who were willing to submit to the arbitrary terms of the board. This rump of the old society, possessing the unspeakable advantage of being *intern*, continued to grow and flourish down to the year 1815, when it also in its turn became too liberal for the notions of the college authorities, and accordingly it was driven to dissolve itself.

“The Provost took immediate advantage of the occasion, and discountenanced any attempt to revive the society. After the expulsion from College, several societies of a similar nature arose in Dublin, and were principally composed of the students of the University; but the Board never thought fit to enforce their decree of 1794. No attempt was made to revive the Historical Society within the walls until the year 1843, when the present Society was established. The principal fundamental regulations are, that no one be admitted below the standing of Senior Sophister; that no one continue a member after his name has been removed from



the College books; that topics of religious controversy and present party politics be prohibited; and that at every meeting of the Society, the chair be taken by the President, one of the Vice-Presidents, a Fellow, Professor, or Resident Master. The Society meets once a week from November to June: the regular business is a debate on some question of History: an average of six speakers addresses the chair. There are medals awarded in History, Oratory, and Composition. The annual subscription is £1 5s., and there are at present 127 members. The Society has a library, and takes in the principal magazines and reviews.\*

---

\* We cannot help quoting the list given by Mr. Heron of some of the members of the Old Historical Society (1770-1815), who either delivered addresses at the opening or close of the session, or obtained medals. It is certainly an array of names sufficient to awaken the strongest feelings of enthusiasm and emulation in the mind of a young Irishman.—Thomas Moore (author of "Irish Melodies,"), Right Hon. Wm. Conyngham, Lord Plunket (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe (Lord Chief Justice), Theobald Wolfe Tone, Temple Emmett, Right Hon. William Lord Downes (Lord Chief Justice), Right Hon. Standish O'Grady (Lord Guillamore, and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer), Edward Lysaght, Peter Burrowes, Thomas Addis Emmet, Robert Emmet, Right Hon. Edward Pennefather, (Lord Chief Justice), Sir John Stuart, Right Hon. Richard Pennefather, (Baron of the Exchequer), Judge Jebb, Sergeant Browne, Sergeant Ball, General Ross, (killed at Bladensburg), Judge Chamberlain, Judge Day, Judge Osborne, Judge Fox, Judge Mayne, Rev. Dr. William Hamilton, Dr. Jebb (Bishop of Limerick), Dr. Hall (Bishop of Down), Dr. Kyle, (Bishop of Cork), Dr. Magee (Archbishop of Dublin), Dr. Graves (Dean of Ardagh), Sir Lawrence Parsons (Lord Rosse), Rev. C. R. Maturin (author of "Melmoth"), Dr. Perceval, Dr. Plunket, Dr. Stokes, Dr. Cleghorn, Dr. Clancy, John S. Townsend (Master in Chancery), Judge Torrens, Baron Lefroy, Rev. Dr. Sadleir (Provost Trinity College), Right Hon. Maziere Brady, (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Judge Ball, Dr. Radcliffe, Right Hon. Wm. Saurin (Attorney-General), Dr. Miller (author of "Philosophy of History"), Right Hon. R. W. Greene (Attorney-General), Right Hon. Judge Crampton, Right Hon. Richard Keatinge (Judge of the Prerogative Court), Rev. Robert M'Ghee, John Henry North, Charles Philips, William Orr Hamilton, Hercules Henry Graves, Bingham Walker Hamilton, Rev. Charles Wolfe (author of "Burial of Sir John Moore"), J. J. Murphy (Master in Chancery), William Brooke (Master in Chancery), John Anster (translator of "Faust"), Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, John Finlay, Right Hon. Louis Perrin (Judge Q.B.), John Sydney Taylor (editor *Morning Herald*), Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, Right Hon. Stephen

"There is no sacramental or other test required on entering the Society; and the utmost liberality of sentiment pervades the majority of the students. We trust that no internal dissensions may ever mar, or external influences blight, the present prosperity of this most valuable institution. Of such, at present, there is no apprehension. The heads of the University sanction, by their presence at the annual opening of the session, the efforts of the Students at self-education. At the opening of the last session the Lord Chancellor of Ireland took the chair. Since the revival of the Society, the resident Students have become more united; and by its existence opportunities have been afforded for friendships which otherwise would never have been formed. It is a noble school for the cultivation of oratorical talent, for the acquiring of historical knowledge, and for educating a man to perform the practical business of the world."—pp. 153-55.

Being yet in its infancy and subject to the above stringent regulations, the revived society has hitherto kept on good terms with the board. But let us wait a little: the nature of young men continues unchanged, and so does that of college boards. As to the rule against admission of Politics, when the whole atmosphere of the country gets electric with political excitement, it is folly to think that sparks of it will not be struck out in the meetings of young men, whatever their nominal subjects may be. So in times such as are apparently in store for Ireland, we may with tolerable confidence expect to see the scenes of 1794 and 1815 re-enacted, and the society once more proscribed. Of the liberality of sentiment which reigns at present among that body, striking evidence was given in the election of Mr. Heron to the office of auditor a year or two since.

But to turn to the main subject of this book, the position of Catholic students and the relation of the University to the Catholics of Ireland. The smallness of the number of Catholics who have entered since their legal admission in 1793 is extraordinary. From 1794 to 1829, Mr. Heron computes the average number of Catholics *who took degrees*, to have been 15 per annum. For the years from 1829 to 1844 inclusive, there are statistical returns ordered

---

Woulfe (Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer), Right Hon. John Doherty (Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas), Right Hon. Francis Blackburne (Lord Chief Justice), John O'Brien M.P., Dr. Dickenson (Bishop of Meath).

by the House of Lords, of the number of Catholics who entered. The average for those years is 32, but the numbers have been decidedly decreasing of late years, and in the year 1844 only 23 entered, being the smallest number for any year out of the sixteen. Mr. Heron accounts for this paucity, by the fact of the college emoluments being closed against Catholics, there being exactly *one seventy-fifth part* of those emoluments open to their competition.

We for our parts do not think this the sole cause, but that there is a reason lying deeper. We do however receive it as quite a sufficient explanation of another fact, namely, that even of the Catholics who have entered college, a disproportionately small part have distinguished themselves in the competition for the gold medals at the close of the course.

"The encouragement given to Catholics, by their being permitted to compete for the Medals given at the Degree examination, is to be estimated very highly. However, the course for the Moderatorship in Mathematics and Physics is studied by very few, except Fellowship candidates; and only two Catholics have obtained gold medals in Mathematics and Physics, out of forty-seven which have been awarded since the institution of the Moderatorship in 1834. The course for the Classical Moderatorship, also, is so extensive, and requires such great classical attainments, that very few, except Scholars, or those who have read the Scholarship course and been defeated, ever go in for these Moderatorships; and only one Catholic has obtained a gold medal in Classics, out of twenty-nine that have been awarded since 1834.\* For the Moderatorships in Ethics and Logics, they are on equal terms with the other students, and eight Catholics have obtained gold medals in this department out of fifty-seven awarded since 1834."—p. 131.

The number of moderatorships in Ethics and Logics obtained by the Catholics, is therefore considerably above, as that in the other departments is beneath the due proportion.

The disadvantageous position of Catholics in the University, is taken by Mr. Heron as a sufficient explanation, not only of their comparative fewness and of their reluctance to struggle for prizes, which are generally considered preliminary or appendant to more substantial successes, but

---

\* The University Calender informs us that this redeeming exception was Mr. Heron himself.

of another very shameful circumstance, the annual conversions which take place for the sake of obtaining scholarship. Mr. Heron's testimony to the *fact* is clear and decisive. In his preface he speaks of it as a thing well known, and exculpates the fellows from any charge of deliberate proselytism, attributing the conversions solely to the system. Afterwards he mentions it more explicitly.

"There have been many amongst the Fellows of Trinity College, who dated their Protestantism from the time when they 'turned for Scholarship.' The apostacy for Scholarship in Trinity College, even now, excites but little surprise. Of those who thus conform, some remain in their new creed, and even become ministers of the Established Church; others, on the expiration of the five years during which Scholarship lasts, return to the profession of the Catholic faith, after having profaned, with unholy lips, the sacrament of the Eucharist."—p. 192.

And in another passage he speaks with indignant eloquence upon the subject.

"It is a grievous thing to have this degrading relic of former persecution still remaining. It is a grievous thing to be compelled to allude to this apostacy, so frequently exhibited at the present day, —so remarkable in former times, when the ways to all wealth, and power, and fame, were closed to all except the fortunate members of the established religion. Even now, these conversions happen almost annually, and, more than any thing else, assist in maintaining the old jealous quarrel between the rival creeds. The Protestants are constrained to feel contempt for the fellow-worshippers of the man who, for sake of a paltry gain, changes his religion during five years. The Catholics chafe with just animosity against the system which thus degrades their faith. For this apostacy, which still continues, every Catholic has mingled shame and indignation; but, on reflection, the latter feeling should alone remain. The temptation is too great for poverty—the system almost alone is to be blamed. By it, if intellectual poverty seek Education in Ireland's only University, the unhappy student, in most cases removed from spiritual direction, is tempted most severely; not only the emoluments of Scholarship are before his eyes, which, though in themselves trifling, appear great to one who has nothing, but also the tuitions which will be sent to him on his success. Once that Scholarship be gained, the road to the Bar appears open; or to the Church, if he will remain in his new religion. On the other hand, if he continue a Catholic, he, without money, has his hopes in life bounded by the prospect of a tutorship in a school. It is too great a trial for frail human nature. By the fervour with

which we, Protestants and Catholics alike, pray each day to be delivered from temptation, take pity on these victims to this hateful system, and abolish it at once and for ever."—pp. 189-90.

It is indeed a miserable and disgraceful fact, disgraceful alike to Catholics and to the college. But what remedy are we to devise to put an end to this accumulation of every kind of injustice, and to place Catholics in Trinity College in a position of equality as to rights and security as to religion? The popular idea on this point is simply to abolish religious tests in the college altogether, and then let all sects fight their way on equal ground, and without any temptation to apostacy. If the Catholics of Ireland be content with this, to this they have an undeniable right. Trinity College is the national university of Ireland supported by Irish lands, and to the benefit of its endowments all Irishmen have an indisputable title. If we were of opinion that such an arrangement would be perfectly safe and satisfactory, if we believed that the external mercenary temptation of a scholarship or fellowship exhausted all the danger with which the faith of a Catholic is threatened in the college, we should feel light of heart on the matter, for such a reform is most simple in the conception, and would be comparatively easy in the attainment. But our ideas on the subject are very different. We regard the position of Catholics in Trinity College as one perilous to their religion, putting the allurements to apostacy out of the question, and we scarcely see the possibility of setting things on a right basis in this particular, without a breaking up and re-casting of the constitution of the university altogether.

To comprehend this we should be aware how thoroughly Protestant Trinity College is, not merely in its constitution, but in its spirit, atmosphere, and teaching. It is so in its teaching, so far as it can be with any appearance of neutrality. Catholics, it is true, are not bound to attend catechetical lectures or examinations; they are not taught absolute anti-Catholic theology. But they are taught anti-Catholic philosophy, a much more subtle and efficient agent. They are taught Locke, with his rationalizing material tendencies, and his open scorn of Catholic mysteries. They are taught Paley and Butler, excellent and useful books if read with proper correctives, but which from their very excellence and from the assumption running

through them that Christianity means the Protestant scheme of Christianity and none other, are calculated to have influences most injurious to Catholicity. They are taught what is called "the Scotch school" of metaphysics, the very basis of which is the sufficiency of the human understanding to measure itself and everything else, and an overweening contempt for the whole race of Catholic philosophers, who are lumped together under the title of schoolmen. We say it is impossible that such reading, unalloyed and uncounteracted, should not insensibly warp the mind of a young Catholic. Most probably he does not at first perceive the opposition between the spirit of such philosophy and the spirit of his faith. He thinks very likely that those metaphysics may be made to square with any form of belief and with Catholicity among the rest, and he may be quite right as to the bare metaphysical dogma. But his cast of thought, his mode of regarding spiritual and supernatural things, becomes absolutely Protestantized; and if he should come, (as he undoubtedly will,) to have theological disputes with his Protestant fellow students, he finds his weakness in supporting his faith under the influence of the common metaphysical ideas, and is thrown into doubt and perplexity. And if, when his range of reading extends, he makes acquaintance with the French philosophers who have taken up the principles of Locke, and developed them into absolute atheism and materialism, how can he, with his outworks thus shattered, hope to defend the citadel of his belief? And to turn from metaphysics and moral philosophy to other studies: some few years ago, the professorship of modern history was revived, (or rather its duties were, the office and the *salary* never ceased,) and examinations were appointed, with premiums for proficiency. This examination does not of course form a compulsory part of the course, but the nature of the study is such as to be necessarily attractive to young men. Now what have been the books selected in this department? Works full of the old shallow falsehoods about the middle ages, and the Catholic Church and clergy, with not a whisper to suggest how many of those falsehoods have been refuted and exposed of late years. What books?—Hume and Robertson, such as we all know them, Hallam, Dr. Miller's philosophy of history, showing, amongst other things, how God providentially disposed matters in Europe for

the diffusion of Gospel light and truth at the time of the Reformation. Or if we seek beyond these, we find the productions of the modern French school, such creedless rationalists as Guizot, or such Anti-Catholic fanatics as Thierry. We may be tolerably certain that none of the profound works that have appeared during the last twenty or thirty years, putting the Catholicity of the middle ages in its true light, is ever put into the hands of the student. It would be vain to expect Schlegel's philosophy of history to be offered for examination instead of Dr. Miller's. But we shall be asked, do we expect Protestant teachers in a College, five-sixths of whose students are Protestants, to offer to their pupils works tending indirectly to favour Catholicism? We do not expect it; that is precisely what we mean to say: but as little can we expect that works tending not indirectly at all, but very directly and pointedly to slander and degrade the Catholic religion, should not produce their effects on the minds of those who read them.

So much as to actual teaching: the Protestant *atmosphere* of the college is even more powerful in its influence. The whole public opinion and cast of thought which the Catholic student finds around him is essentially Protestant. His tutors, whom he is bound to listen and look up to, are clergymen of the established Church; his intimate and chosen friends will be in all probability Protestants: Controversy is a thing of necessity. Some good may possibly come of this, in the way of allaying bigotry and dissipating prejudice. The Catholic may succeed in persuading those of his circle, that our religion does not absolutely inculcate perjury and murder, that the Pope cannot dispense with moral obligations, or give license to commit sin, and that Roman Catholics themselves are like other people, and may be loved as well as hated. Heaven forbid we should conceal or underrate any good that is effected in the breaking down of prejudice and the diffusion of Christian charity. But we should not forget at what disadvantage, and with what danger to himself, the young Catholic enters the arena of theological discussion. Well grounded in controversy it is almost out of the question that he should be, while his opponents have all their common places ready at hand in the armoury of the Divinity School. He is assaulted with texts of Scripture whose perversion he is not theologian enough



to expose, with the falsest statements of Church History, easily made but not so easily confuted. And his situation, as one of a minority, and combating against inveterate prejudice, makes him of necessity take up a low, merely defensive and apologetic position, instead of the high vantage ground becoming a son of the church. It is just possible that under peculiar circumstances and with a rare constitution of mind, this sort of controversial warfare may operate to confirm the student's belief in Catholicity. But it is for the rule we provide, not for the exception, and it is too plain for argument that the general result must be the unfastening of religious conviction.

Again: whatsoever religion is presented to his eyes at all, within the walls of Trinity College, is presented in a Protestant form. Not that amid mechanic routine and a worldliness tingling to the finger-ends, there is much positive religious zeal of any kind; still among such a number there will be some pious men, whose lives exhibit the effect that any Christian belief, any faith in the New Testament, will exercise on those who sincerely try to obey its dictates. The Divinity students, in spite of the character they have got outside of the walls, and notwithstanding the fact that among them are always to be found some of the greatest scapegraces in college (a fact explainable by the gross want of the slightest supervision over those whose situation requires so much, and by the rule, *corruptio optimi fit pessima*) are on the whole much more moral and orderly than the rest of the students, and naturally so, if we are to expect a man's studies to produce any effect upon his life. The result of all these manifold influences—a result pressed upon the young Catholic from every side, and in every shape is, that after all there is no difference between one religion and another; that a Catholic who acts up to his faith will be a good man, and a Protestant the same; that the two religions are but different modes of worship and thanksgiving to the same God, who in all probability looks down on both with an equal eye, weighing not the creeds but the character of their professors; that each has produced its persecutors and martyrs, its zealots and hypocrites, its saints and sinners; that as a man's profession of faith is the result of a thousand accidents independent of his will, it is impossible it could either serve or injure him in the sight of heaven;

that Catholics and Protestants are filled with foolish prejudices against one another, and that the great bane and curse of the world is bigotry and theologic bitterness. Thus does absolute indifferentism come in the guise of tolerance and Christian charity, while Deism and Pantheism, and all the foul vapours of France, and of the pit, hover not far distant.

Nor should we forget how, during all this time, the great safeguard is almost sure to be gone. By a miracle, or little short of it, a young Catholic might continue, during his college career, a faithful attendant on the sacraments. There is everything to withdraw him from them, and nothing, humanly speaking, to attract him towards them. It is then, too, that the vicious passions are in their first bloom and strength, and upon their gratification the peculiarly lax discipline of Trinity College lays absolutely no restraint whatever. And we all know what effect such offences have in deadening the roots and parching the springs of religious faith.

When, therefore, that temptation to apostacy which Mr. Heron considers too much for poverty, but which, or greater than which, has not been found too much for hundreds of thousands of our poor countrymen whose notions of faith and heresy, of right and wrong, had not been previously sapped and corrupted—when that temptation assails the Catholic sizar or pensioner of Trinity College, what antagonists does it find to fight with? Mainly, we fear, human reputation, love of character, and fear of shame. If faith kept the garrison, the tempter were easily repulsed. Not the most miserable *quinquen* that ever swallowed the sacrament, but had first poisoned the roots of conscience, so as to be half persuaded that his act was more criminal in the sight of men than of God. "Blame not tempted poverty," says Mr. Heron. If tempted poverty had a real religion, and deliberately sold it for twenty pounds a-year, we should be very little likely to shelter it under a plea that might be extended to Judas Iscariot, who also was poor and tempted. But a far more available palliation might be found in this, that at that time he has rarely a real religion to sell, that it is a contest chiefly between worldly honour on the one hand and worldly lucre on the other, and that when the latter prevails, what appears to the world the first deliberate plunge

into sin and apostacy is but the seal and rivet of an apostacy long before begun.

It is evident that some inkling of this state of things has got into the minds of the Catholics of Ireland, and that it accounts for the small and decreasing number of Catholic students. The monopoly of the emoluments would not be sufficient to do so. It is evident that the vast majority of young men who are sent to college, are sent merely with a view to their education and the obtaining of a degree; many, of course, in the hope of gaining honours and premiums in their course; but comparatively few with an eye to the pecuniary emoluments of the college. And it would seem absurd, if there were not some strong reason in the way, that the families of all the Catholic gentry in Ireland, of the wealthy merchants of the south, east, and west, of all who bring up their sons to professions, should not furnish more than thirty Catholic students a year to the Irish university. In fact, it is Clongowes and Oscott and Stonyhurst, which have no emoluments to bestow, that gain the pupils thus lost to Trinity College.

This is an evil that the abolition of religious tests for collegiate offices would not remove. The external mark of the evil influence would be no more, but would the influence itself cease to exist? Catholics would certainly not apostatize to the Established Church, for the current of neither the belief nor unbelief of the world is setting in that direction, but they might lose their Catholicism just as effectually. The education would not be altered,—not at least until Catholics had such a majority in the governing body of the college that they could direct it according to their pleasure; and if such a contingency came about, the changes they would introduce might possibly be as unjust to the religion of Protestants as the present system is to that of Catholics. The Protestant atmosphere would not be altered, unless everything connected with religion at all was summarily banished from the college, which (putting the Catholics out of the question) would be another injustice to Protestants who do not desire education without religion. But in any case we could not consent to having our Dublin University made like that of London. The fact is, that in our age and country it is not merely the effect of actual anti-catholic instruction, but the absence of positive Catholic instruction, that is to be dreaded. In a time

when, through God's providence or judgment the intellect of the world is in a great measure set apart from His truth, and wanders in a shoreless sea of speculation, that influence detrimental to faith, which we believe to act so powerfully within the walls of college, is far from being bounded there. It breathes through all our current literature, through all that a young man could select for himself to train and educate his mind. It is at the time when the mind of youth becomes impatient of the implicit faith of his boyhood, and in the pride of maturing intellect launches into enquiries upon all topics in earth and heaven; it is then that it especially requires that wise instruction and guidance which leads and does not drive, that it needs to be pointed out the errors lying at the root of that mis-called philosophy which has usurped the modern throne of intellect. If, as we believe, the doctrines of the Church form the only truth and the only sure basis of action that a man has or can have in this life; that in them lies the key of his destinies, and that with them all human wisdom, all true moral and mental science must have relation,—it seems a deadly injustice to make no provision whatever for impressing these truths upon the mind at a time when it is thirsting for the reception of all truth,—to send forth the educated Catholic, if not sceptical as to his religion, yet holding it as a fragmentary, unassimilated portion of the great fabric of his opinions—a portion which exercises no influence, or almost none, upon his life. In brief, we never can consent to any permanent settlement of collegiate education in Ireland which does not provide the Catholic students with Catholic instruction, as well as Catholic service and supervision.

---

ART. XIII.—*The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary; A Selection of Poetry arranged in accordance with the Prayers and Meditations of the Rosary.* By a Member of the Sodality of the Living Rosary. Thomas Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby: 1847.

THIS charming little volume, has been compiled by a lady who has felt with regret the absence of poetry of a devotional and meditative character adapted for the use

of Catholics, and in conformity with their faith. The idea of her work, as she announces in her preface, has been borrowed from the very beautiful volume of Protestant poetry the "Cathedral," by the Rev. Isaac Williams, the various parts of which are a theme successively illustrated by some beautiful meditative, and at the same time miscellaneous verses.

The compiler expresses her fears lest in publishing a volume of poetry for a generation so very shop-keeping in its spirit and tendency, she may be attempting a quixotic enterprise, and in conclusion, makes a somewhat polemic allusion to an article that appeared in this Review, on the *Lyra Innocentium* of Mr. Keble. Has not the fair compiler somewhat misapprehended the meaning of what she attacks? She says, "The writer would not have felt it necessary to make this elaborate apology for offering a book of poetry to the Catholic public, had it not been for an article on Mr. Keble's last work in the Dublin Review. The view that Protestantism develops the poetical temperament better than Catholicism, appears to be taken in that article, and any one who received the reviewer's decision implicitly, would consider it useless to expect the slightest encouragement for any work of a poetical character from Catholic readers." Is not this to create an imaginary antagonist for the pleasure of a little gentle amateur skirmish? The writer in question must surely have known his own meaning; and yet so far from despairing of the Catholic public, as incapable of being interested in a volume of poetry, his main object, which is singularly similar to that of the present volume, is to introduce Mr. Keble to their notice, and not content with mere commendation, though it amounts to the extent of saying,

"Tale tuum carmen nobis divine Poeta  
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum  
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restringere Rivo."

He quotes a very large portion of his poetry. But how could this have been done, had the conclusion been already come to, that it was useless to expect the slightest encouragement for any work of a poetical character from Catholic readers?

The school of poetry that was then under review in the person of its most distinguished poet, is remarkable for its ideal descriptions of the beauties and charms that exist in

the Church. And the idea expressed in our pages, was that with regard to such poetry in general, it need be no matter of surprise that it should in England be found external to the Church, rather than within her communion, inasmuch as Poetry is the refuge of those who have not Reality; or to state the matter more plainly still, that they who have not the blessing of communion with the living society of Christ's Church, will be disposed to create for themselves in imagination a poetical substitute for this blessed reality, and by the force of imagination will seek to invest what remains of their dead skeleton form of former English Catholicity, with the semblance of a life that has long since departed. There surely can be no difficulty in admitting, on contrasting the respective positions of a poetical nature placed either in the Anglican or the Catholic Church, that there is much more demand for the poetical temperament in the former, inasmuch as in it there is a vast real blank, an existing dreary waste, to be filled up by imaginary representations; while of the latter it may be said truly, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing; He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort." And since it is certain matter of experience, and may consequently be believed to be providential, that great excellence of whatever kind is called forth and trained by the very circumstances of its position, it will be quite possible to allow the perfect truth of the view taken in our pages, without therefore inferring that the Catholic Church is inimical to the growth of the poetical spirit. The truth is simply "poeta nascitur non fit." The Catholic Church does not make men poets, but merely trains and directs those who are born poets, in the same manner as all other talent is directed and employed. Nor are persons born out of the communion of the Church the less poets, nor can more be said respecting them, than to regret that they have not had the blessing of her maternal direction for their divine gift. The circumstances of the Church in which Mr. Keble, Mr. Williams, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Faber, and others wrote and were trained, have been and are especially at this moment, so peculiar, as to call forth such men to be poets. In a similar manner, the circumstances of Switzerland called forth William Tell, the position of France gave birth to her Napoleon, and various circumstances in the history of the Church have called forth her saints,—

St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Ignatius Loyola. The poetry of the above mentioned writers has been called for, has been eagerly read; and circumstances common indeed to Protestantism, yet not the less peculiar in their case, have formed their poetry, have imparted a vein and a character to it, nay even called it forth and made it what perhaps it would not have been in the Catholic Church, so much do men owe to the circumstances that surround them. Yet for all this our belief, we would most heartily join in the prayer, that all would follow Mr. Faber's example, and would abandon the lifeless skeleton which they have so wondrously adorned in the bloom and colours of real life, for that Mother in whose fostering care they would find the reality of those visions, with which they have so long fed their imaginations.

Such must indeed be ever the prayer of a devout Catholic in favour of those to whom, in the providence of the all-wise and beneficent God, gifts of singular rarity and value have been given, though they are for some wise purpose suffered to grow external to the influence and training of the Catholic Church. An elaborate argument to defend the capacity of the Church for the encouragement of poetry has, then, in the present case been quite a self-imposed task. For with the truth, that the Church is a divine institution for the *teaching* of mankind, not for the creation of the natural gifts which they bring into the world, all that the compiler has said follows at once. Poets have their place in the Church (who has or can doubt it?) together with every other description of talent. The Church is their true home—the home in which all that is divine in poetry will have its best direction, and will be turned to its noblest account. But to say that circumstances without the Church may not at a particular time be such as rather to call poets into being, than circumstances within the Church, is to be very positive in the face of facts, whose natural interpretation is certainly quite the contrary.

But to pass from our fair antagonist's remarks to her compilation, which is chiefly taken from these self-same refractory poets, who will not become Catholic to gain the advantage, of a better development of their poetical nature. It is a very admirable and appropriate selection, and cannot fail to be highly welcome (notwithstanding the compiler's apprehension) to the Catholic public. It is a new



thing for the Catholic body to see the works of those separated from their communion turned to their account. But the selection is chiefly formed from translations, either of the Psalms or of Hymns and Proses from different Breviaries; and as the translations are of acknowledged beauty, there appears to be nothing in the volume which would prevent its introduction among Catholic families, who might perhaps entertain some vague fear on learning from what sources it was derived. One of the tests in Mr. Newman's "Essay on Development," it will be remembered, is the "*Power of Assimilation*,"—viz., that the Church has the gift of taking up whatever she finds, whether in art or literature, and of assimilating and moulding it to her own uses. The present little volume may be taken as a practical application of the doctrine, of course, as we presume, with the consent of the publishers of Mr. Keble's and Mr. Williams's works, otherwise it might be deemed rather too nearly to resemble an Israelite invasion into the land of Canaan. A very welcome volume we have no doubt it will prove. The circumstance of the deficiency is worthy of remark, which the authoress in a very modest manner speaks of as being herself compelled to supply—the one, namely, of some poetry for the Fifth Joyful Mystery, the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. Our readers will be obliged to us for citing the following beautiful Prose, and its very melodious translation by herself:

"Induant justitiam  
Prædicent lætitiæ  
Qui ministrant Numini.

"Vest yourselves in righteousness,  
Ye who do the faithful bless,  
And proclaim the tidings glad.

"It in suam requiem,  
Infert cœli faciem  
Arca viva Domini.

"For unto her glorious place  
Mary rises, in the face  
Of all Heav'n, God's Living Ark!

"Christum cum huc venerat,  
Quo mater suscepit  
Non est venter purior.

"Christ when he came down on  
earth,  
Found no shrine of greater worth  
Than the stainless Virgin's womb.

"In quo, dum hinc revocat  
Matrem Christus collocat,  
Thronus non est celsior.

"When He bids His Mother rise  
To her home above the skies,  
A royal throne He sets for her.

"Quæ te, Christe, genuit  
Quæ lactentem aluit,  
Nunc beatam dicimus.

"She, O Christ! who gave Thee  
birth,  
Who nourished Thee upon this  
earth,  
Now indeed we blessed call.

"Imo quod crediderit,  
Quod sibi viluerit,  
Hinc beatam novimus.

"But rather that she did believe,  
And with humility receive  
All glory, do we hail her blest.

"O! præ mulieribus!  
Quin et præ cœlitibus,  
Benedicta filia!

"Oh above all women blest!  
Above the Angels too confest!  
Oh most glorious sweet Ladye!

"Hauris unde plenior,  
Hoc è fonte crebrior  
Stillet in nos gratia.

"Now thou drinkest without mea-  
sure  
From the Fount of Grace at  
pleasure,  
Refresh us from thy boundless  
store.

"Ad Deum ut adeant  
Per te vota transeant  
Non fas matrem rejici."

"That our prayers may reach  
God's throne,  
Oh let them become thine own!  
His Mother meets with no de-  
nials."

WE have received from the author of the work entitled "From Oxford to Rome," the following acknowledgment of error, which the author is desirous of making through the channels which have already given publicity to the work.

"SIR—I am desirous of publicly stating, and especially through channels which have noticed the book called 'From Oxford to Rome,' that, having every reason for believing that, partly from erroneous information, and partly from hasty impression, I have in some important particulars maligned the Church of Rome, and misinterpreted the feelings of some of its members; I, therefore, lament the publication of that work, which, excepting as a record of facts and experiences, has obviously no claim to consideration as an argument in controversy. If I am further asked to name the points of my book to which (among others) I refer in the above description, I would say—First,—That the incident of the story which has been taken, *though never meant*, to pre-suppose the com-

pulsory separation of married persons in the Church of Rome was founded solely on information about one of the converts, which information was, as I now find, ridiculously false, while the thing supposed is impossible according to the law of the Church itself. Second,—That in my account of confession I did not mean, and could not have meant, without the greatest ingratitude, to describe *my own* experience; and that, even supposing the impressions under which I laboured to be correct ones, it would seem highly unjust to make no allowance for peculiarities of manner, or even faults, in the *administration* of the Sacrament of Penance, which are undoubtedly at variance with its general intention, and with the prevailing experience of its effect. Third,—That whatever may be the sufferings of my own case, I am far from considering that the Roman Catholic Church is anywise accountable for them—they being too easily traced to a spirit of wilfulness and impatience; that I had no authority, but mere rumour, for intimating (page 91, &c.) that disappointments were felt by converts in general; and that, especially with reference to one whom I had in view (page 205,) I find that I was most completely mistaken in supposing his feelings in the Roman Catholic Church to be any others than those of contentment and happiness. In conclusion I beg to state that this act of reparation is purely voluntary; that I cordially subscribe to all I have here written; that I beg pardon of the Church which I have offended: and that had not the book in question been withdrawn from my control, I would recall it.”

THE AUTHOR OF “FROM OXFORD TO ROME.”

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*A Treatise on the Church.* Translated from the German of the Rev. Dr. H. Klee, by the Rev. EDWARD COX, D. D. London, T. Jones, Paternoster Row; C. Dolman, New Bond Street: 1847.

**T**HIS treatise is worthy of its subject; profound in itself, it is the key to a still wider range of learning, there is nevertheless a distinct clearness in its arrangement; which makes it intelligible to every earnest and cultivated understanding. There is a short but valuable introduction to the work by the Rev. Translator, in which he gives a sketch of the life and labours of the Rev. Henry Klee; and goes on to state the reasons which have induced him to select this portion of his great work—the

"Katholische Dogmatik" to make known to the English public.

"The Church, as all Catholics believe, is the one divinely-appointed guide to saving truth; to hear the Church, is the one means, ordained by our blessed Lord, for learning the doctrines of that religion which he came to found. And in order to prove infallibly to the many, that she is what she professes to be, His accredited representative on earth, He has impressed on her forehead certain plain obvious intelligible notes, which she bears now, as she has ever borne them, from the very day when the Holy Ghost descended, to the present time. This, then, being the case, it follows by necessary consequence, that it is a far more simple and obvious task to identify the present Catholic Church with the Church of the Apostles, than the present Catholic doctrines with the doctrines of the Apostles; as it is far easier to identify a comparative stranger by his face than by his mind. Exactly in the same manner and in the same proportion, will those who as yet are strangers to the spouse of Christ, discern her more readily by her outward features, than by her inward and hidden spirit. The notes of the Church are plain matters of fact, which cannot be denied or mistaken; but doctrines are often of a less palpable and definite nature, and such as do not admit of being seen in their true lineaments and proportion by the prejudiced, by the careless, or by the spiritually inexperienced."—p. 7.

Dr. Cox guards carefully against the idea that Catholic doctrines are not perfectly susceptible of historical proof, but he maintains that "unless under very extraordinary circumstances, this will be rather a *reward* and *confirmation* of faith, than a preliminary help to its acquisition; or at least will not be understood until both reason and affections have already been, to a great extent, engaged on the side of Catholicism." (p. 9.) The truth contained in this observation is most evident and striking; to trace the doctrines of the Catholic Church from their first principle, through their various manifestations, and gradual development for eighteen centuries, requires such learning, patience, and acuteness of mind as few possess; and hard indeed, would be the condition of our separated brethren, if they had not the means, without this arduous study, of recognizing the church of the early Christians. They have not been left in such a difficulty; the Ark in which the treasures of the faith are contained,—the Church,—has been preserved, distinct, conspicuous, as the light shining in the dark, as the city set upon a hill; to admit her

infallible authority and guidance require no long complicated chain of reasoning; the sanction of ages, the general consent of the Christian world in all ages, *must* have lent their weight, and prepared the way for a conclusion which becomes irresistible, when by one vigorous act of the will and the understanding, the subject has been taken into consideration. This, then, is the key-stone in the great controversy; and hence, the value of such a work as the one we are noticing. The Church,—her visibility, object, necessity; the four “marks” which she ever has, and will be known by; her authority, communion and primacy, and as the basis of her existence, truth, and power—her divinely inspired—divinely guaranteed infallibility;—these all-important points, and those in a minor degree depending upon them, have been treated by Dr. Klee with a depth and closeness, which, as we said before, are worthy of the subject. The utmost justice has been done to the argument by the excellence of the translation, which is easy, and purely English. We can only hope that all who read the book may experience the truth of the Rev. Translator’s words.

“The human mind feels itself to be then really free when it is in the possession of the truth, and can endure no more abject slavery, than the being left in subjection to its own blindness and weakness. True, the authoritative promulgation of the truth imposes at first a heavy burden; just as the first introduction of light is acutely painful to the eye long immersed in darkness. But the reward of faith and humility is not long in coming: and the devout Catholic student, whose mind has been ever carefully restrained by a spirit of hearty submission to the Church, finds at last that he has winged a far higher flight, and has arrived at truths far more really in harmony with his intellectual, as well as moral nature, than the lessons of this world’s philosophy have ever taught; he began with submitting to a yoke, he ends in finding an unspeakable consolation; he began with faith, he ends with wisdom. ‘For those who have thus become one with the object of their belief, authority may be said to have ceased as an external power, as for those who have become truly sanctified the law is no longer a law.’”—p. 21.

II.—*The Catholic Child’s Prayer-Book, with authority.* London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

THE idea of this little prayer book is excellent—those who have tried to make a child follow the mass, and know

the difficulty of getting him to read long prayers, while the altar, and what is doing there, irresistibly attract his attention from the unloved book, will be thankful for this attempt to make his devotions shorter and more intelligible. We think we could suggest some improvements, as, that the prayers should be still shorter, more direct, and childlike, prefaced by some short plain directions, as to whether he should sit or stand; and when, Jesus being present, he should speak to him in his own heart, and when in his heart he should ask the priest's blessing; something that still keeping up the character of a prayer book would supply (in the fewest and simplest words) a sort of reminder of previous instructions; such a commentary, in short, as his mother, were she not then otherwise engaged, might make upon his devotion. It may be thought that this would be needed at an earlier age, and children differ so much, that it would not be easy to answer the objection; at all events we welcome every attempt to make the habit of prayer intelligible and familiar to them.

III.—*The Octave of Corpus Christi, or the Mystical Life of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.* From the French of FATHER NOUET, S. J. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

It is with great reverence, and proportionate distrust of ourselves, that we seek now to recommend to Catholics these beautiful meditations for the Festival of the Blessed Sacrament and the ten succeeding days. We ourselves prefer this work even to the highly spiritual "*Anima Devota*," although we cannot profess to have studied it, or to be able to speak of it as it deserves; and no one should speak without diffidence of the different modes of treating of this remarkable mystery, and drawing forth some of the endless considerations for comfort and instruction which it suggests. Those which are contained in these meditations have undoubtedly been selected by a most devout spirit, and are treated with depth of learning and piety, and great richness of illustration; so, at least, it appears to us, and we wish the book were universally read, for it could not but nourish that veneration of the Blessed Sacrament and constant recourse to It so visibly on the increase in our congregations.

- IV.—*Father Drummond and his Orphans, or the Children of Mary.* By MARY C. EDGAR. Dublin, James Duffy : 1845.

"FATHER Drummond" is a good Scotch priest, in whose house a few orphan boys are sheltered, and one of them, the son of an Irish railway labourer, is supposed to write the history of his life, previous to becoming one of the "Christian Brothers;" the story of his trials as a young servant lad, of his temptations, and the different incidents which befell the boys who had been brought up with him as brothers, is simple enough, but it is natural, and has the merit of being told with plain, straightforward homeliness, and with a great air of truth. This is a merit which places it far above the generality of books of this class, which are too often disfigured by a sort of sickly sentimentalism. Neither is this story overloaded by controversy, which we consider as also an advantage; the firm faith, the experience of divine protection, the religious feelings of the Catholic youth, are recorded as simply as they might have arisen, and it is therefore exactly the book one might put into the hand of a young person of that rank of life, with every expectation that it would be *read*, and read with interest and profit.

- V.—*The Holy Sepulchre of our Lord.* By a Lady, a Convert. Authoress of the Catholic Bouquet, S. M. S. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son : 1847.

A SLIGHT description of the Sepulchre and other holy places in Jerusalem, mingled with the outpourings of a pious mind, excited into the warmest devotion by the scenes and recollections she is dwelling upon. The humblest flower of piety finds acceptance in some Christian's nosegay of devotion, as this we doubt not will. If the authoress should ever have an opportunity of revising her work, she will excuse our drawing her attention to a blunder which she has fallen into, evidently through inadvertency, in her description of the site of the nativity.

- VI.—*Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures.* By J. M. McCULLOCH, D.D. Minister of the West Church, Greenock. . 12mo. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd : 1847.

THIS little tract is a republication, with some modifications, of two lectures delivered in the Mechanics' Institute



of Greenock. It is a creditable attempt to popularize a branch of biblical study which, though it forms part of every hermeneutical course upon the continent, is absolutely unknown in England, if we except the learned, but now almost forgotten, work of Bishop Lowth.

The lecturer, as might be anticipated, makes no pretension to great learning or profundity; but his little volume is written in a clever, orderly, and pleasing style, and though not entirely beyond exception, contains much useful information not to be gleaned elsewhere without considerable research.

VII.—1. *Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land.* Burns, London: 1847.

2.—*The Book of Poetry.* Second Edition. Enlarged. Burns, London: 1847.

Two new contributions from Mr. Burns' inexhaustible store, to the amusement and instruction of youth; and like most of those which have gone before them, they are of a class from which even the oldest need not scorn to draw entertainment, and, it may be, even solid improvement.

VIII.—*The History of Don Quixote De La Mancha. From the Spanish of Cervantes.* A new Edition divested of cumbrous matter, and Revised for General Reading. (Burns' Select Library.) London: 1847.

WE have long wished for an edition of Cervantes' immortal work, executed upon some such plan as is indicated by this title. The advantages, both in a literary and a moral point of view, of the plan, are too obvious to require any explanation; and from the cursory examination which we have been enabled to make, we may venture to congratulate the public, and especially the young generation, that the execution of it has been entrusted in the present instance, to a hand so judicious, so tasteful, and so accomplished, as is evinced in every page of the volume before us.

IX.—*Devotions for the Souls in Purgatory, with a Series of Pious Practices, and an Appendix.* Translated from the French of the Ven. H. M. Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

AN excellent little book, containing many short and practical devotions, to be used for the relief of the poor

souls who are in temporary suffering. Directions are given for applying indulgences to their benefit, wherever the Church permits it; and by many extracts from the Fathers, and many pious exhortations, the venerable writer endeavours to quicken our faith in the sufferings of these poor prisoners, and the help we have it in our power to afford them, as well as to draw closer the bonds of charity between us and our fellow members in Christ, to whom we might exercise the functions almost of guardian angels, had we a larger portion of the love and zeal with which those servants of God are ministering to us. We trust this book, by offering so many short and beautiful devotions for this purpose for the use of the faithful, will do its part towards awakening attention to this pious practice wherever it may hitherto have been wanting.

X.—*The Path of Perfection; Purifying, Illumining, and Uniting; divided into its Paces or Steps, for the extirpation of Vices, and the adoption of Virtues, and also for the subject matter of Particular Examination, proposed to all the Faithful, especially those bent upon Perfection, for their Walk.* By the Rev. Father JOHN DIRCKINCK, of the Society of Jesus. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

HERE again is one of those books of which we speak with reverence and fear;—a book that will be known to few, and that fewer still will appreciate; but an inestimable treasure to those who are happy enough to desire and find such a guide; we will content ourselves with indicating the plan pursued in the work; the name of its author, and of the illustrious society to which he belongs, will be a sufficient recommendation of it. The path to perfection is made to consist in three stages: the first purifying, the second illuminating, the third uniting the soul with its Creator; each of these stages are to be trodden step by step, and each step or pace requiring all the energy of the soul and the helping grace of God. For our assistance in the consideration of each pace we have a text, a cognizance or definition of the virtue to be sought, or of the vice to be avoided, and an enumeration of the acts by which it is made manifest; a prayer for help and a fervent aspiration. How great an advantage might be derived from the use of such a work in self-ex-

amination (to take it at its lowest value) it is not for us to point out.

**XL.—***Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore. Consisting of a Taxation of those Dioceses compiled in the year M CCC VI; with Notes and Illustrations.* By the Rev. W. REEVES, M.B., M.R.I.A., &c., &c., 4to. Hodges and Smith, Dublin: 1847.

THIS learned and exceedingly elegant volume, is another contribution to the store of Irish antiquities, and a new evidence of the increasing interest with which every local, as well as general, record has come to be regarded in Ireland.

We have received it at so late a period, that we must content ourselves with a mere notice of its publication. Its appearance has long been expected, but the minuteness and variety of the information collected in the notes, appendixes, and illustrations, will sufficiently explain the delay. We trust that it is hardly necessary to urge upon the lovers of our antiquities, and especially upon the members of our antiquarian societies, that it is to them chiefly if not exclusively, such works as this must look for support and encouragement.

**XII.—***A Short and Easy Guide to the Truths of the Catholic Religion, taken from the Writings of Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal, and Bullet.* By the Superior of a College. Translated by L. C. WYNN. London, Dublin and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son: 1847.

THE controversy embraced in this little work is more comprehensive than usual. It begins from the beginning:—that indifference to religion is as detestable as it is foolish; that all men can arrive at the truth; that there is a God; that man is bound to worship Him; that He is the Author of the true religion; that the Catholic Church is the only depository of true religion, and that there is nothing to make this belief repugnant or hard to the human understanding. It is a difficult undertaking to condense any reasoning upon so many important points into 126 small pages; but there will always be a large class for whom controversy, to be useful, should be short as well as decisive. Short as it is, the argument in this

book is neither hurried nor superficial, being chiefly carried on in passages taken from the best French theologians, which are carefully arranged and combined with reference to each other and to the subject.

XIII.—*Faust, a Tragedy.* By J. W. VON GOETHE. Translated by CAPTAIN KNOX, author of "The Rittmeister's Budget," "Harry Mowbray," "Day Dreams," &c. 12mo. London, Ollivier: 1847.

ANOTHER translation of the Faust! We had hoped that at last its "Mystery" might be regarded as solved, or, at all events, abandoned as insoluble. But it would seem that speculation is not one jot less busy than in the palmy days when the translations and critiques and commentaries, to which the "Faust" gave occasion, would have afforded full occupation to the most active and eminent of our publishers. It would require a very tolerably sized article barely to recite the titles of the works of Captain Knox's predecessors. We ourselves are acquainted with nearly a dozen translations of the First Part—Lord Leveson Gower (now Earl of Ellesmere), Dr. Anster, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Birch, Mr. Blackie, Mr. Lyme, and Mr. Hayward, besides several published anonymously; and (though we own it is no very attractive labour) we really wish that, instead of pursuing further the (one would suppose) worn out First Part, some one could be tempted to undertake the Second.

We have neither time nor space to enter into any detailed examination of Captain Knox's new translation; nor indeed have we been able to do more than glance at a few of what we may call test passages in the poem. But from a cursory comparison of the work in those passages with previous translations, we are led to form a very favourable estimate of its general merit.

Perhaps we may best enable the reader to judge by extracting one well-known passage, — Margaret's Hymn before the Mater Dolorosa.

"Mother of woes divine,  
Thy gracious boon incline,  
On my extremity.  
Keener than pangs of steel,  
Did thy pierced bosom feel,  
When thine uplifted eye,  
Marked thy Son's latest breath  
Fade into death.

" Lifting thy tearful eyes  
Unto the Lord on high,  
Sending thy heavy sighs,  
In thy Son's misery,  
And thine extremity.

" Who feels what agony,  
Riots unceasingly,  
In this poor wasted frame?  
Thou, only thou canst tell,  
Why trembling on it fell,  
What will afford relief!—  
Pity my grief?

" Wherever I may go,  
Still woe, still woe, still woe,  
Deep in my heart doth wake.  
Ah! 'tis not all alone,  
I moan, I moan, I moan,  
My heart swells nigh to break.

" The flower-pots at my window,  
My tears bedewed in showers,  
As in the prime of morning,  
I plucked for thee these flowers.

" Ere in my chamber shone,  
Clearly the early sun,  
Maddening in misery,  
Up in my bed sat I.  
Help! shame and death are nigh!  
Mother of woes divine,  
Gracious thy boon incline,  
Look upon me."—pp. 265-67.

Although some of these lines are very happily translated—especially the last verse—yet we doubt whether, upon the whole, the translation will bear a comparison with some of the earlier ones, and particularly those of Anster and Talbot. Indeed, we think it is pretty apparent that the translator has felt himself cramped by the desire of appearing original, and the fear of repeating the words and forms adopted by his predecessors.

We may venture also on a few verses of Margaret's Song,—in the original play one of the most exquisitely simple outpourings of love and melancholy in the whole range of German poetry.

" My heart is dreary !—  
My peace of mind  
I never, never,  
Again shall find.

" Life is without him  
Sepulchral all,  
And the whole wide world  
Is steeped in gall.

" My poor, poor head,  
It ruleth madly,  
My poor, poor senses,  
They wander sadly.

" My heart is dreary,  
My peace of mind  
I never, never,  
Again shall find.

" For him alone,  
My glances roam ;  
For him alone,  
I stray from home.

" His stately step !  
His bearing high !  
His lips' sweet smile !  
His regal eye !

" In winning words  
What spell is his !  
His hand's dear clasp,  
And oh ! his kiss !

" My heart is dreary !—  
My peace of mind  
I never, never,  
Again shall find !" —pp. 244-45.

With these specimens, and with a general assurance that Captain Knox's versification is, generally speaking, most pleasing and agreeable, the reader must for the present rest contented.

As an additional evidence of the interest with which this strange creation of Goethe's genius is still regarded, we may add, in conclusion, that a new and cheap edition of Mr. Hayward's prose version has recently appeared.

- XIV.—*Midsummer Month, or the Month of June, consecrated to the most precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Translated with some additions from the fifth Roman edition. London, Dublin, and Derby, Thomas Richardson and Son : 1847.

THIS work is now in its fifth edition, and has been translated into various languages. It is highly sanctioned and strongly recommended. There are devotional meditations enforced by anecdotes from the lives of the saints for every day in June, the authorship of which is attributed to a venerable prelate, Monsignor Romano, Bishop of Norcia; and the book concludes with litanies and other prayers, adapted to this peculiar form of devotion, to the passion of our Lord and Saviour and His infinite mercy in our redemption.

- XV.—*On the site of the Holy Sepulchre, with a Plan of Jerusalem.* By GEORGE FINLAY, Esq. London, Smith, Elder, and Co. : 1847.

THE controversy on the Site of the Holy Sepulchre is of old standing. Fully a hundred years ago the authenticity of the memorials of our Lord's passion and entombment, now revered at Jerusalem, was called in question by a German traveller named Korte, whose work was published in 1751. It has since been freely criticised by tourists and biblical critics; and in a formal and professed examination of the question undertaken and conducted upon the spot, Dr. Robinson, author of "*Biblical Researches in Palestine*," not only unhesitatingly rejects the evidence which is alleged in favour of the present sites, but declares it impossible that they can be the real sites of the crucifixion and burial of our blessed Lord. The pamphlet now before us is a vindication of the identity of the sites now shown at Jerusalem, and, in part, it is exceedingly solid and satisfactory.

Dr. Robinson's objections are of a twofold character. The first class is directed against the authority of the traditional and historical evidence alleged in favour of the present site; the second, to prove that it is impossible from the nature of the facts themselves, that the present can be the real sites; inasmuch as the place of our Lord's crucifixion and of His burial were *without* the wall, whereas the sites now shown are in Dr. Robinson's opinion *within* the ancient wall of Jerusalem.



Into the second question Mr. Finlay has not entered at all; and it is much to be regretted that, with the opportunities which he enjoyed, he did not complete his defence by personal investigation, against what is the newest, and certainly the most ingenious part of Dr. Robinson's argument. We have long been looking for a reply to this portion of the evidence from some of the many biblical scholars who annually visit Jerusalem. Lord Nugent has entered into it to a certain extent; but there still remains something to be done, which can only be done upon the spot, and which we earnestly commend to all biblical tourists, and especially to all those of the catholic communion.

The true ground, however, upon which the question must ultimately turn, is that to which Mr. Finlay has addressed himself; namely, whether in the time of Constantine there existed means of identifying the blessed memorials of the world's redemption, and whether Constantine availed himself of these means. For it is certain, beyond all possibility of dispute, that the present sites are those recognized in the time of Constantine, and consecrated for the veneration of posterity by the piety of the Empress Helena.

In this portion of the argument, Mr. Finlay's book will be found extremely interesting, though we must say he grievously underrates the value of tradition on a subject of such interest to the early Christians as the site of our Lord's sepulchre. The principal novelty in his argument, is the stress which he lays upon the facilities for identifying the site afforded by the exceedingly minute and perfect arrangements of the census. His observations on this point are very clear, solid, and satisfactory, and coupled with the evidence of Eusebius, and even so much of the tradition as must be admitted to be beyond all dispute, must remove every doubt even from the minds of the most sceptical.

The subject, however, is one of so much interest, that we cannot bring ourselves to relinquish the hope that some Catholic tourist, with all the pious interest which hardly any other can feel for these blessed memorials of the love of our Lord, may before long retrace the steps of Dr. Robinson, and remove all the obscurity in which his ingenuity and his display of erudition have involved the subject.

XVI.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*. T. B. Sharpe, Skinner-street, Snowhill.

WE have seen some numbers of this periodical, and have derived very great pleasure from its perusal; it contains, we think, more for the price than any other work of the kind we remember to have seen; the stories, different selections, and poetry, are all good of their kind, interesting, and for the most part very original; the work is ornamented by graceful engravings of very superior merit, and if it has not, so far as we can judge, the commanding talent some periodicals show in particular articles, there are very few, which we should think preferable for general interest.

XVII.—*Soliloquies before and after Communion, for every Sunday in the Year; taken from the Gospel, and chiefly expressed in the language of Holy Scripture*. By A MEMBER OF THE URSULINE COMMUNITY. J. O'Brien, Cork: 1847.

ANOTHER and most acceptable help to devotion, in a different style from the Meditations of Father Nouet; this little work is probably intended for the young, to whom it is admirably adapted. Presupposing a weekly approach to the Blessed Sacrament, there is for every week a short preparation and thanksgiving for communion, which harmonizes with the gospel of the day and the mind of the Church at that particular season. The idea is excellent, and it is well carried out; the soliloquies are short and practical, without being dry—far from it, indeed, they are full of tender devotion, and abounding in the spirit and beautiful language of Scripture. We must add that it is very handsomely got up, (a circumstance which we are weak enough greatly to delight in, in a prayer-book,) and forms an appropriate companion to the "Manual," "Spirit of Prayer," and other admirable books of devotion, for which we are indebted to the Ursulines.

XVIII.—*A General History of Europe, from the beginning of the Sixteenth Century to the Peace of Paris in 1815; with Addenda, bringing the history down to 1840*. Second edition, with considerable additions. London, T. Jones: 1846.

THE value of this work has been long recognized by the public, and will be found to be greatly increased by

the additions that have been made to it. This history was drawn up expressly for the young, actually made use of for some time (as the author informs us) in manuscript, and, before submitting it to the public, every alteration was made that had been gradually suggested by this practical method of testing its efficiency. Accordingly, it has not only all the essential requisites of truth and accuracy, but also those of a remarkable clearness of style and arrangement; and the stirring events of the more modern period are narrated with spirit and animation. It is fully indexed.

XIX.—*The History of the Saracens; comprising the Lives of Mohammed and his successors, to the death of Abdalmelik, the eleventh caliph, with an account of their most remarkable Battles, Sieges, Revolts, &c.; collected from authentic sources, especially Arabic MSS.* By SIMON OCKLEY, B.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Fourth edition, revised, improved, and enlarged. London, Henry G. Bohn: 1847.

THIS history has long been a standard work, requiring no recommendation. We congratulate the public upon the acquisition of this excellent and very cheap edition of it.

XX.—*Lectures on the Religious Antiquities of Edinburgh, read to the Holy Gild of St. Joseph.* By a MEMBER OF THE GILD. Second Series, with permission of Superiors. Edinburgh: J. Marshall.

THE idea contained in this little work is so excellent, that we could wish to see it carried out in every town in England. Whoever could bring any gild or society of Catholics into the habit of meeting regularly to listen to such addresses as are here set down, to hear the history of every monument in their native town—whether it be one of which they have long boasted to strangers, entertaining for it a sort of traditional respect; or whether it lies hidden in the rubbish of old courts, its existence chiefly revealed by the names of adjoining streets and lanes—to hear the history of the illustrious orders or saint-like men to whom it owes its origin, of its ancient splendours, and the deeds of charity, spiritual and temporal, formerly done within its walls,—such a one will have done a great thing

for Catholics, will have gone far to realize the idea entertained by the author:

"Like the invisible electric current which, without sensible interval of time, would pass through a chain of persons encircling the globe, provided only its continuity were unbroken, the mysterious union of minds in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages is proved by the almost instantaneous response which came from the most distant voice at the call of charity. Witness the Crusades, whither every European nation, at the summons of Christ's vicar, sent the flower of its chivalry. And witness also the easy road which lay open for every new order to the very heart of our dear country. Times are sadly changed since then; but yet, through God's mercy, there is still a chain uniting us with our brethren all over the christian world. It does not send along the invisible wave of Catholic feeling with the same lightning speed as formerly; but that is because our hands are not joined as firmly, nor our hearts so intimately bound together as they might be. Let them become so, and our sense of even the slightest christian impulse set in motion at the farthest corner of the earth will be as acute and instantaneous as ever, or more so, because the means of passing it on are easier than ever."—p. 101.

We know not who was the person who delivered these lectures, but we can imagine the delight with which they must have been received, as one after another the antiquities of old Edinburgh were brought again before the mental vision, re-invested in all their pomp, their holiness, their poetry; with slight sketches of their history and those points in the history of the Church in which they were concerned. This is exceedingly well done, and the style and sentiments of the author frequently remind us of those of Kenelm Digby, from whose "*Mores Catholici*" he often quotes.

XXI.—*A Commentary on the Apocalypse.* By MOSES STUART, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Edinburgh, Maclachlan, Stewart and Co.

THIS book is of too much importance for a mere notice, and we hope to consider it at more length in an ensuing number.

# CONTENTS

OF

No. XLVI.

ART.	PAGE
I.—Tesoro de Novelistas Espanoles, antiguos y modernos con una introducion y noticias. De DON EUGENIO DE OCHOA. Baudry, Paris : 1847. Treasury of Spanish Novelists, Ancient and Modern, with an Introduction and Notes. By DON EUGENIO DE OCHOA. ... ..	273
II.—1. Antiquariske Annaler.—Antiquarian Annals. 4 Vols. 8vo. Copenhagen : 1816, &c. 2. Nordisk Tidskrift for Oldkyndighed.—Northern Journal for Archæology. 3 Vols. 12mo. Copenhagen : 1822, &c. 3. Annaler for Nordisk Oldkyndighed udgivne af det Kongelige Nordiske OldskriftSelskab.—Annals for Northern Archæology, published by the Royal Northern Archæological Society. 4 Vols. 8vo. Copenhagen : 1836-1843. ... ..	305
III.—History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In Two Vols. London, Bently, 1847.	322
IV.—Omoo : a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas. By HERMAN MELVILLE. London : Murray, 1847.	341
V.—A Manual of British and Irish History; Illustrated with Maps, Engravings, and Statistical, Chronological, and Genealogical Tables. By the REV. THOMAS FLANAGAN, Professor at St. Mary's College, Oscott. 8vo., London, Jones, 1847. ... ..	364

# CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE
VI.—Brownson's Quarterly Review. New Series, No. IV. Art. 3. Greene, Boston, U. S.: 1847. ...	373
VII.—1. <i>Historica Russiæ monumenta ex antiquis exterarum gentium archivis et bibliothecis deprompta</i> : Aut. J. TOURGENOFF. Pratz, 1841.	
2. <i>L'Eglise Schismatique, Russe, d'après les relations récentes du Prétendu Saint-Synode</i> ; par le R. P. THEINER, Prêtre, de l'Oratoire. Traduit de l'Italien par Monseigneur LUQUET, Evêque d'Hésebon. Paris 1846.	
3. <i>Persecutions et Souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie</i> ; ouvrage appuyé de documents inédits, par un Ancien Conseiller d'Etat de Russie, Chevalier des Ordres de Saint-Stanislas, Sainte-Anne, et Saint-Wladimir. Paris, 1842.	
4. <i>Correspondance et Mémoires d'un Voyageur en Orient</i> ; par M. EUGENE BORE, chargé d'une Mission Scientifique par le Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, et par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Paris, 1840.	
5. <i>Missions du Levant</i> ; Syrie, Egypte, Ethiopie. Paris, 1841.	
6. <i>The Greek and Anglican Communions</i> ; a Letter respectfully addressed to the Rev. T. ALLIES, by P. LE PAGE RENOUF. 1847. ...	405
VIII.—1. <i>Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore, consisting of a Taxation of those Dioceses compiled in the year MCCCVI. with notes and illustrations. By the Rev. WILLIAM REEVES, M.B.M.R.I.A. perpetual Curate of Kilcouriola, in the diocese of Connor. Dublin, Hodges and Smyth, 1847.</i>	
2. <i>Leabhar na g-ceart, or the Book of Rights. Now for the first time edited, with translation and notes, by John O'Donovan, Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister at Law. Dublin, printed for the Celtic Society, 1847.</i>	
3. <i>Publications of the Irish Archæological Society, namely,</i>	
1.— <i>The Circuit of Ireland, by Muircheartach Mac Neill, Prince of Arleach</i> ; a Poem written in the year 1442, by Cormacan Eigeas, chief poet of the north of Ireland, now for the first time printed, with a Translation and Notes by John O'Donovan, Esq. Dublin, 1841.	

# CONTENTS.

ART.

PAGE

- 2.—The Banquet of Dun Na N—Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath: an ancient historical tale, from a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and Notes by John O'Donovan, Esq. Dublin, 1842.
  - 3.—A Treatise of Ireland, by John Dymock, from a manuscript in the British Museum, with Notes by the Rev. Richard Butler, A.B.M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1842.
  - 4.—Jacobi Grace Kilkenniensis Annales Hiberniæ, edited with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. R. Butler. Dublin, 1842.
  - 5.—The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's Country, with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Many, by John O'Donovan. Dublin, 1843.
  - 6.—The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs, of Hy-Fiachrach, commonly called O'Dowda's Country, now first published, with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Fiachrach, by John O'Donovan. Dublin, 1844.
  - 7.—The Book of Obits and Martyrology of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin: edited from the original manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, by John Clarke Crosthworthe, A.M., with an introduction, by James Henthorn Todd, DD., V.P.R.I.A., F.T.C.D. Dublin, 1844.
  - 8.—Registrum Prioratus omium Sanctorum Juxta, Dublin, edited from a manuscript in T. C. D., with Additions and Notes by the Rev. Richard Butler. Dublin, 1845.
  - 9.—A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar, Connaught, written A.D. 1684, by Roderick O'Flaherty, Esq., author of the Ogygia, edited from a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with Notes by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A., Dublin, 1846.
  - 10.—The Miscellany of the Irish Archæological Society, Dublin, 1846, containing a Poem attributed to St. Columbkille, with a Translation and Notes by J. O'Donovan, and many other interesting papers. 469
- IX.—Sermons, Academical and Occasional. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Vicar of Hursley, &c. Oxford: Parker. 497
- Notices of Books. ... .. 522